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MEMORIALS OF THE WEST.

TWILIGHT

ON THE COLY BY W. NEWBERY

MEMORIALS OF THE WEST,

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE,

COLLECTED ON THE BORDERLAND OF

SOMERSET, DORSET, AND DEVON

BY

W. H. HAMILTON ROGERS, F.S.A.

"DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH."

EXETER:
JAMES G. COMMIN, 230 HIGH STREET
TORQUAY: A. IREDALE. BRISTOL AND PLYMOUTH: W. GEORGE'S SONS.
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THE APOLOGY TO THE READER.

With such words authors of old were wont to introduce their tomes, a custom then sufficiently laudable, and certainly in these days of many books, and eke of book-making, much more necessary to be observed.

What may be termed an outline of some of the following subjects was printed a few years since; these have been revised and amplified, and the others added.

Written entirely as a recreation, during such intervals as were found available amid the more prosaic employments of a busy life, the following pages are chiefly offered for the perusal of those who, situate like the writer, are principally engaged in the pressing requirements of the hour, yet possess in their leisure a kindred interest in the local history, and enjoy the natural attractions of the district traversed, some stray points of which it is attempted in homely fashion to describe. The work lays no claim, therefore, to be treated as a text-book, containing an elaborate chronicle of facts and dates, supplemented by a formidable index; such a compilation—usually dull and repellant to the ordinary reader—would result in the exact reverse of the object here sought, which endeavours, however imperfectly, to wed the past to the present, and preserve, as much as may be, the delightful continuity of living interest that ever exists between them, and lends also the most attractive form to these investigations. It pretends to no merit either of style or composition, and consequently courts neither encomium nor criticism at the hands of literary analysts, archæological or otherwise.

Here grateful thanks are offered to many friends who have afforded genial assistance in conveying information and answering queries. To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, for the prompt and courteous transmission of a copy of his fine transcript of Toplady's noble hymn, and to all other authors whose works have been quoted to enrich and elucidate the little narratives. With regard to the illustrations: pre-eminently to Mr. Roscoe Gibbs, whose sympathetic companionship throughout has given special pleasure in these researches, and the responsive ring of whose mind towards antient art is manifestly reflected in his work. Particularly also to Mrs. G. P. R. Pulman, Messrs. Blackie & Son, Messrs. G. Bell & Son, and Messrs. Parker, for the valuable loan of several of the illustrations. Lastly, to the printer, Mr. Winget, whose excellence of typography is apparent on every page.

W. H. H. R.

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BEER AND ITS QUARRY.

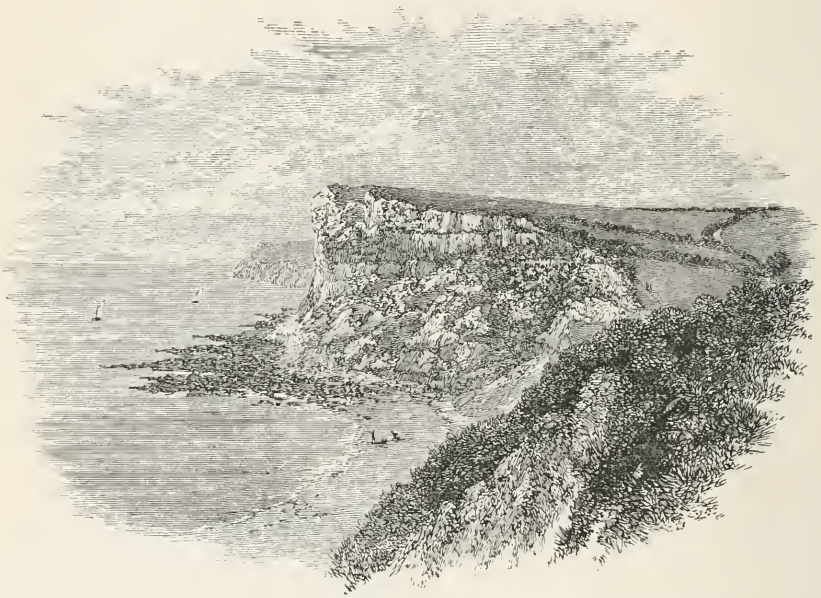
"THE toun of Seton," saith Leland, who wrote about the middle of the sixteenth century, "is but a mene thing, inhabited by fischarmen;" but we trow, if the zealous old antiquary could now once again open his eyes on the present attractions of this healthy, thriving watering-place, he would scarcely credit them; such has been the influence of improvement here of late years. The short branch railroad runs us down to the mouth of the Axe as its terminus, and lands us on "the myghty barre and rigge of pible stones" that so often stops the ingress to the little harbour, but otherwise forms the magnificent open beach for which Seaton is so famous.

Edmond Walrond, 1640: Seaton Church.

Before us rises the great red Haven Cliff, and the giant mass is reflected again in the glassy depths of the transparent Axe, that moves slowly along at its foot, pouring its limpid tribute, a few yards further on, at the "very smaul gut" of harbour—where now as of old "come in smaul fischar boats for socour"—into the great briny hand of Neptune. Of this little harbour, whose construction appears to have taxed the ingenuity and resources of men for many centuries—specially during the rough days of Cromwell, and again in the luxurious era of "the first gentleman of Europe"—only the shattered ruins of its single stone pier now remain. The great pebble ridge is wider and deeper here than at any other point, being driven forward and heaped up by the billows' shoulders, when urged by the strong west wind's breath, and so, enviously encroaching on the precincts of the little estuary, forms the shifting but continuous bar across its mouth.

A leisurely stroll across the expanse of beach, a passing glance up the main street of Seaton, and we halt at the other extreme end, where the stupendous and beautiful White Cliff rears itself before us, with a sort of implied question as to our further progress this way. Singularly handsome in outline, a very *beau idéal* of the famed English white cliffs, it is composed of dazzling lime stone, rifted into large block-like masses, some fallen portions of which lie in huge

débris of confusion at its base, where, about and between, the waves hiss and churn themselves impotently into spray whiter than the barrier that challenges their progress. Overhead, a bevy of sooty choughs are darting out and in from numerous "coignes of vantage" near the apex, chattering noisily,—while at some distance below, in mid-air, a solitary gull sweeps slowly on in grand and noiseless equipoise, his long wings glancing in the sunlight. A friendly winding stair reveals itself a short space off, and up this we carefully clamber, emerging at the top into the narrow lane leading from Seaton to Beer.



WHITE CLIFF.

Here, the road leads straight away up over the hill which forms the adjoining cliff, and is cut out of the solid rock, at a gradient literally as steep as the roof of a house. But another path invites our attention, threading along the extreme edge of the cliff, and we slowly and cautiously ascend, halting a few moments at the stile half-way up, to notice a quantity of scarlet poppies growing on a ledge in the face of the cliff, and looking like a band of glowing flame traversing the creamy limestone.

On the top. What a glorious prospect! To the left lies Seaton, and beyond it stretches away for many a mile the fertile valley of the Axe. Below, the brown curve of beach extends across to Axmouth, with its white Church tower and the grand hill of Hochsdun rising behind it. In front, the mighty blue expanse, studded here and there

with stray sails, and the long grey mass of Portland reaching out in the distant horizon; to the right,—

"Cape after cape, in endless range,"

down almost to the Start.

Image of Eternity,
Thou boundless Sea,
That profferest heaven thy clear pellucid brow,
Where the golden sunbeams sleep,
And the soft winds moan their ceaseless lulling vow,
Far o'er thy bosom deep!

Spirit of inquietude,—
Prisoned in solitude,—
Though slumbering now in seeming listless rest,
Still and profound,
A mighty whisper trembles o'er thy breast,
With murmurous sound.

I watch thee stretch afar,
'Till the clouds thy barriers are,
Away in the mist-hung distance pale,
When the sunset hour
Gilds the sea-bird's wing and the far lone sail
With glittering power;

When welteringly
Thy blue waves rise and die,
Along the deep-ribbed sand so crisp and soft,
As if in sportive play
They wooed the vagrant breeze that bore aloft
Their snowy spray.

As oft thy will shall seek
An aspect wild or meek,
Above thee beauty hovers lingeringly,—
Spread o'er thy gleaming rest,
Or hurled in foaming anger to the sky,
Curled in the billow's crest.

What a feeling of isolation and unimportance creeps over the soul as we stand solitary and thoughtful on the verge of a high precipice, while around and about, far as the eye can reach, is laid out in stupendous, passionless immutability the vast panorama of Nature. On the glorious prospect is written in indelible characters the eternal prerogative of its Maker—"a thousand years are but as yesterday." But where will be the handful of frail breathing dust that now contemplates its beauty and stability, when such a yesterday shall have passed over its destiny? How many such yesterdays of myriads length have passed over yonder fair valley lengthening away before us? The "mighty barre and rigge of pible stones" that now restrains the sparkling tide was not always there, and the blue ripple ran many a mile up. The white glimmer in the far distance is Axminster, and beyond that, two miles space or so—spreading out into the vale—is a large gravel bed. The stones that form it must have found their way down from the neighbouring hills, and were there washed together at some distant time altogether beyond the ken of human calculation. Yet man was on the earth then—nay, long before—and skilled man

too, if but rudely. His descendant of the present hour, in laying the iron road, has invaded the precincts of this antient deposit, and found strange spoil therein.

Fathoms below the green turf, the steel-tipped pickaxe of the navvy oftentimes exhumes the stone hatchet of his primeval ancestor, most carefully made and symmetrically finished in itself and with each other, as if fashioned with all the "mechanical" arts and appliances of modern "civilization." Ages after this period—who shall say how many?—when the blue sea had retreated to its present boundary, and the fair valley was gradually fashioning itself to become a safe resting-place for the sole of man's foot, the warlike and vigilant Danmonii, as a defence along their borderland, entrenched themselves in the three grand hill-top fortresses of Hochsdun, Musbury, and Membury—all perfectly visible from this point. But these were comparatively modern times; and then the conquering Roman steered his galley into the placid Axe, and (may we say?) settled in the Moridunum at our feet. In his turn he also disappeared, to be succeeded by the many-dynastied Saxon, until he was constrained to bow himself before the marauding Norman, sailing across hither from the land just beyond the dip of this bright expanse. Very many such yesterdays, we ween, have passed during all these changes, and many a beating heart with them. And yet,

> "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul."

And to the vision of these *older* changes, others equally remarkable, which followed during the succeeding centuries that witnessed the rule of Plantagenet and Tudor, picture themselves on the sense, and rise in review, as our eyes traverse the retreating perspective of the fair valley. Wolf and wild boar had their lairs in the forest combes that stretched down from the hill sides to the river's rushy marge—refuge of agile-winged widgeon, or stately heron leisurely towering up—a grand presence that is still preserved to us. Then came hart and fox, horseman and hound, resounding along in sport of venerie, with jerkined archer, long-bow in hand and sheaf of arrows at his back, creeping stealthily across the densely-foliaged glades. To these, the present chequered maze of hedgerows, fertile steeps glowing with golden corn, and broad grassy meadows dotted over with bright wooled sheep or rich red Devon kine—handsomest of their kind.

But, concerning the Roman occupation of Seaton, a homely thought here by the way. On the acclivity of a hill a short distance from our left, the interesting discovery of a villa of some size was made a few years ago, at a place known as Honey-ditches. The foundations were all grown over, but below there remained all the usual characteristics pertaining to these structures, including specimens—some nearly perfect—of fine red tile. Visiting the excavation one day, and being desirous of possessing a relic of the old Roman's habitation, we casually picked up one of the shard-like portions strewed in the trench. On examination, a significant mark upon it haunted our thoughts for some time afterward. Upon its upper surface was traced a simple reeded

pattern, but on turning it over we observed, imprinted with startling minuteness, a perfect impression of

THE POTTER'S THUMB.

Who wert thou, Potter of the Past, that here
Hath left such record of thine outward frame—
A fair sign-manual, remaining clear,
As if as many letters spelled thy name?

Impress of thy deft thumb on the bright clay,
Unconscious left, each curving line fair shown,
As though thy task were finished yesterday,
Nor over it near twenty centuries flown!

This outward eye may see thee not, but yet
Doth Fancy picture thee before her stand,
Pale, thoughtful-faced, dark hair and eyes of jet,
Moulding the pliant mass with well-skilled hand.

Didst thou with Roman legionary come,
His gold-prowed galley moored in yon bright stream;
Led to this knoll to found his new-sought home,
So long beneath the turf hid like a dream?

Doubtless—and still of thee bides record fit—
True work beyond all time and change survives;
In deeds alone our epitaphs are writ,
Where all, as on this fragment, print their lives.

"Fine a'aternoon, zur," said some one close behind, in full manly tones; "but zum-how or 'nother, thec plagey school o' mack'el is gone out to zay again, wuss luck, and I've been watching 'um this dree hours, I'll war'nt."

Lost in our reverie on the scene before us, we were quite unconscious of the contiguity of the living being who had thus quietly approached and was standing a foot-pace at our rear.

"True!" we ejaculated with a half start, "but then, my friend, you know that patience is the fisherman's chief virtue,—better luck to-morrow."

"That's it, maister," said our companion, who was a fine specimen of a representative race—the English sailor—and none finer are to be found on the indented British shore than those of Beer, from their being accustomed to the deep-sea fishery in their swift luggers—excellently trained, daring and intrepid, thorough seamen in every sense of the word, and as such eagerly sought after to man "Her Majesty's ships." A bronzed face, garnished round with iron-grey curly hair (over which shadowed the orthodox and comfortable sou'-wester), red neckcloth, and long blue jersey, trousers dappled with tar, and rolled half way up the leg of a large pair of fishing boots. Such was the outward *personnel* of our companion, and, discoursing briskly on marine matters and fishing prospects, with all things proper thereunto pertaining, we pleasantly wended our way down the circuitous path to Beer.

The first view of the romantic village that we catch in our descent from White Cliff shews us a long string of small-roofed houses, ranged along the base of a narrow gorge or valley, bounded on either side with steep, hilly acclivities, and stretching down to the little cove or

bay. But the track winds rapidly down the face of the cliff, and in a few moments we land on a square platform or promontory, which leads out from the main street of the village, yet at considerable height from the beach below. There we found three or four old salts in quiet conversation with a smart preventive man, who looked, in this antient and redoubtable head-quarters of smuggling, like a marine Othello, with "his occupation gone." Possibly the venerable mariners were regaling his ears with some of the stories of their youthful days, when the contraband traffic was in its full glory and activity—when Jack Rattenbury, the Rob Roy of the West, and his daring companions in this hazardous traffic, performed exploits whose recital now almost savours of romance. It was thought nothing of in those times to take a trip across the Channel in one of their open boats, bargain with Monsieur for a cargo of tubs, and back again to Beer, hoping for the chance of a favourable "run,"—a piece of luck which was rarely denied them. Careless of danger, and relying on their own consummate knowledge of seamanship, few accidents befel these adventurous sailors, who seemed in their persons and habits a cross between a seagod and a freebooter. This was the era for

> "A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
> A wind that follows fast,
> And fills the white and rustling sail,
> And bends the gallant mast;—
> The white waves heaving high, my lads,
> The good ship tight and free;
> The world of waters is our home,
> And merry men are we!"

Directly behind this platform is a delicious patch of green sward, where to stretch ourselves at length and quietly enjoy the scene is the work of but an instant. Before us the little bay is circled like an amphitheatre. To the right the cliffs run out for a considerable distance, forming the headland known as Beer Head; inside which is accounted one of the few safe anchorages in this terrible bay of south-westerly gales and a lee shore. On our left is the noble cliff from which we have just descended. Ere we arise, however, our notice was attracted to some beautiful flowers of a little vetch, which are spread thickly over the green, and whose intensely rich golden-bossed blooms look as if they had been shaken from the girdle of some fleeting fairy.

We soon find our way down to the beach below, stopping for a moment to admire the little cataract that pours down the rock, some forty or fifty feet from the village above, and vanishes forthwith in the shingle beneath. A number of noted Beer trawlers are hauled up just above high-water mark, with sails, stores, and nets all aboard and in trim for the next day's venture. From one of these, as we pass, the clear tones of a fisherboy, singing a popular refrain, catch our ear. We draw off a yard or two to get a glimpse of the joyous roysterer, and there he lies on his back, stretched at length on a pile of nets, with his sou'-wester hat drawn over his eyes, to keep the sun off, and his legs and feet mounting up and down in the air, beating time to his

song, while just below, a pair of ruddy arms, with hands clasped, lean on the gunwale, and on them rests a sweet face, surmounted with an unkempt profusion of bright fair hair, 'neath which a pair of mild blue eyes keep an unconstrained watch on the passers below. Surely, we thought, here is the Laureate's happily-conceived picture, of a verity:—

> "O well for the fisherman's boy
> That he shouts with his sister at play,
> O well for the sailor lad
> That he sings in his boat in the bay;"

and as we looked at the merry lad, and then at the smiling sea, the inward prayer flashed across our heart that another scene, described by the same powerful pen, may never be consummated in his fate—

> "Boy, though thou art young and proud,
> I see the place where thou wilt lie;—
> The sands and yeasty surges mix
> In caves about the dreary bay,
> And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
> And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

God forbid! said we, as we passed down to the tidal marge, where tiny wavelets were crisply curling along in unrestful glee. Here a true Beer incident was in store for us. A trawler had just made the shore, and a little knot of fishermen were busily unloading her finny treasure. Three or four were half-leg deep in the water by her side, landing the fish, one or two others on the beach sorting them over, and engaged in an animated wordy warfare with a couple of those amphibious-looking bipeds, known as "chouters," chaffing, gesticulating, and bargaining with great energy for the less valuable portion of the catch, the best being carefully placed aside to be forthwith packed and consigned elsewhere by railway. Quietly but interestedly watching the proceedings of the marketers was a tidy, well-grown young woman, evidently the wife of one of the fishermen, which latter surmise was well attested by the vivacity of a chubby little boy, some two summers old, whom she was carrying, and who, guiltless of hat or shoe, was plunging and crowing, and with extended arms endeavouring by every possible means to arrest the attention of a stalwart figure in the boat. Another group a short distance beyond completed the picture—three patient asses, nose to nose, with great panniers on their backs, stood lazily munching a small bundle of provender, and waiting the issue of the little trading venture, their large ears busily flapping away the plague of flies that continually tormented them.

On the east side of the short beach, at the base of the limestone cliffs, there rushes out from a large fissure in the rock, with considerable volume, one of the most beautifully clear springs of water it has ever been our fortune to witness. Making use of the first drinking cup probably ever invented by man,—the hollow of our hand,—we quaffed with delicious satisfaction a good draught of Nature's bright and generous supply,

> "Pure from the mountain urn!"

The natural advantages of Beer have, we believe, on several occasions suggested the feasibility of forming a harbour of refuge here, but nothing of late years seems to have been actually proceeded with; yet Leland speaks of such an attempt having been made before his time:—"At Brereword," he writes, "is an hamlet of fischar-men. There was begon a fair pere for socour of shippelettes of this Brereworde, but ther cam such a tempest a 3 yeres sins, as never in mynd of men had before bene seene in that shore, and tare the peare in peces." About the beginning of the present century, Telford, the engineer, surveyed the country between Beer and Watchet, for the purpose of forming a canal; but the project was abandoned, and a railroad now traverses the district instead.

The main street, through which we stroll, consists of a long line of true fishermen's cottages on either side, with here and there a house of larger size and somewhat more pretentious character. Beside the pavement runs down a channel filled with the produce of another of those magnificent springs of water that take their rise in the rocks around; and, after supplying the place with a glorious plenteousness for culinary purposes, and the surplus acting as an invaluable sanitary commissioner, pours itself finally out over the rock at the beach.

The "inhabiters" of Beer are a fine, well-built race; the men exceedingly frank and manly, and the women remarkable to a proverb in this part of the country for comeliness of figure and smartness of attire. A constant association with Nature in her various moods, exhibited to them in the vicissitudes and ventures of the fisherman's life, doubtless lends much of that innate nobleness of form and freedom of manner that distinguish them so notably in appearance from the pent-up city artizan, however skilful, who has always been inured to the sickly torpor and hot-house monotony of a town life. The *morale* of the village, too, is very satisfactory, notwithstanding the number of little "publics" dotted up and down the street; and the supreme treasure of religious feeling and experience is largely shared in many a cottage in the place—that true and blest kinship which identifies them in all parts of their calling with their holy predecessors of Galilee. Happy England, methought, whilst thou art guarded by a cordon of such hearts as these Beer fishermen; they are of more importance to thee than a fleet of the most powerful ironclads. Where, so defended, is the foe that would face thee?

"They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good thy graceful maids,
Make bright like flowers the valley shades,
What generous men
Spring like thine oaks from hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest,
By thy lone rivers of the west;—
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams."

We look in at the strange little nondescript-shaped Church, which, with our usual good fortune, we find open; but there is nothing worth remembrance, except a shield with the *three bulls' heads* of the Walronds on one of the chancel pillars, and a memorial to

JOHN, THE FIFTH SONNE
OF W. STARR OF BERE, GENT, AND DOROTHY HIS WIFE,
WHICH DIED IN THE PLAGVE, AND WAS HERE BVRIED, 1646.

Not to be taken to Seaton. This fearful scourge, no perfect diagnosis of which has survived the period of its dreadful visit, appears to have decimated our western valleys with terrible mortality. In the neighbouring parish of Colyton, out of a population which at that time could not have exceeded a thousand souls, there died in the two years 1645-6, of "*the sicknesse*," as the recording minister notifies in the margin of the grand old register, four hundred and fifty eight persons.

But a few words further respecting the *old* picturesque Church of Beer, in form so quaintly characteristic of its village architecture, and which has, alas! since the foregoing account was written, disappeared from the face of the earth. Alas, too, for numbers of the little homely thatched cottages of the fishermen, that snugly nestled themselves aforetime in straggling line down the cleft of the rock; they also have yielded to the fate of all things of human origin, and the old-world look is fast disappearing that gave such charm to the Beer of thirty years since. Now, square monotonous buildings of the usual lodging-house type are usurping the birthright of the cottages, and a large modern Church, with a tall but somewhat heavy spire, supplants the former one—the generous gift of the lord of the manor.

High above the west front of the former Church was a large wooden turret, and from within, through its weather-beaten ports, the single venerable bell of St. Michael had for centuries sped forth the prayer that encircles its crown, "Ave Maria," on the wing of the salt breeze—anon quivering in gusty accents of supplication for the storm-tossed seaman, or wafted slowly onward in gentle tones of benison to greet the home-returning fisherman. Fortunately this memento, that connects the past and present of Beer, has been preserved, and now, translated to its higher stone-built aerie, the old familiar tone still travels seaward, to greet the mariner's ear, bidding those "that go down to the sea in ships" not to forget also the Temple of Him "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand."

At Seaton there is another very old bell, one of the most antient in the county, the largest in the quatrain; but the voice there comes from the low massive tower of the learned St. Gregory, and its solemn tone invokes the help of that too-humanly confident but faithful apostle

to whom the power of the keys was given—borne often on the south-west wind far landward across the fertile champagne of the Axe, and echoing the ascription—"Sancte Petre ora pro nobis."

THE PRAYER ON THE BELL.

High in the belfry, out of sight
I hang in my rusty frame,
An antient priest that day and night
Still chanteth ever the same.
Through summer calms my accents steal,
Or sweep on wintry blasts far round—
A prayer for all the commonweal
Fills the wide welkin when I sound:—
"*Sancte Petre*," pealing sure,
"*Ora pro nobis*," evermore.

Ever and often, with plaintive tone,
I count the hours of day,
And mark the midnight watches lone,
And ring at curfew gray.
The bride hath smiled to hear me ring,
And o'er her hopes my blessing say;
The mourner sighed, as slow I swing,
Warning that all must pass away:—
"*Sancte Petre*," pealing sure,
"*Ora pro nobis*," evermore.

And still I chant, with changeless note,
Amid all changing time,
And calm and true my accents float,
In knell, and ring, and chime;
'Till youth to antient days hath passed
My welcome note knows no decay;—
Type of the joys, and bright foretaste
Of those sweet tones that last for aye:—
"*Sancte Petre*," pealing sure,
"*Ora pro nobis*," evermore.

There is, however, one noticeable example left, deserving record, amid the congregation of small dwellings that originally formed the main street of the village. This is the house of the Starres—an extinct but once important family resident here, and joint possessors of Beer with the Walronds. Their dwelling, composed of stone taken from the neighbouring rock, displays the picturesque peculiarities of the Tudor era, the front door having an arch of good proportions. Directing our eyes upward to the chimnies, we discern on one the initials of the founder, "J. S.," and on the other his device or rebus, *a star radiated of many points*.

The manor of Beer, from William the Conqueror's time downward, appears to have belonged to that large mediæval landowner the Church, and at the dissolution of religious houses, "the abbate of Shirburne was lord and patron of it." Henry VIII. gave it to his Queen Katharine Parr, of whom it was purchased by the Hassards, who were wealthy merchants of Lyme-Regis. "The demesnes," says Pole, "were sold by the Hassards to Mr. John Starr, of Beere. The manor was after

sold, the on moyty unto my father, which I sold unto John Walrond, of Bovie, Esquier, and unto John Starr, eldest sonne of the said John Starr; and the other moytye was by Robert Hassard sold unto the said John Walrond, whose sonne Edmond hath nowe the whole manor; and William Starr, a younger sonne of the forenamed John Starr the elder, hath the demesnes."

The "sonne Edmond" had married Ann Pole, the daughter of the antiquary, and will be referred to again during our little progress.

Not only were the Starres important in Beer, but several of their daughters and sons intermarried with the more opulent yeomanry of the district and smaller 'squirearchy, and settled themselves in adjoining parishes, while their name, inscribed as the last record of their former existence, is not infrequent on the pavements of the neighbouring Churches. At Seaton, the family burial-place (as, indeed, until recently, of all others residing in Beer) is the pleasant allusive epitaph, with emblems, to John Starre:—"*etiam hic sepultus, 1633.—conjugalis amoris ergo posuit Elizabeth Starre.*"

JOHN STARRE.

* * *

STARRE ON HIE!
WHERE SHOULD A STARR BE
BUT ON HIE?
THO' UNDERNEATH
HE NOW DOTH LIE,
SLEEPING IN DUST,
YET SHALL HE RISE
MORE GLORIOUS THAN
THE STARRES IN SKIES.
1633.

But from the stars to the earth once more. There *was* also (for it, too, has recently shared the fate of other antient buildings in Beer) to be seen, on an eminence near John Starre's old residence, a mediæval cruciform barn of large proportions. The walls were very massive, with occasional long narrow crenelated openings to admit light, and which also seemed to infer the building may have been intended for a temporary fortress, when "boes and arroes" decided the chances of war. In the front porch was a very high and wide pointed arch, of sufficient size to admit the largest wain-loads of the husbandman, and it had left remaining a fine specimen of an open timber roof, almost entire. It was termed the "Court Barn," and probably in former times was the general repository of the manorial harvest.

As we saunter up the street our eyes unconsciously wander into the open cottage doorways, and just inside sits many a fisherman's daughter, with her lace pillow on her lap, busily and dexterously weaving the delicate and fragile fabric, so world-famed when linked with the singular misnomer of "Honiton" lace. The well-recognised rustle and click of the "sticks" catch the sense as we pass on, and it may be that the tasteful "sprig" which the bright eyes and nimble

fingers of the maiden are slowly elaborating, is destined to deck the robes of Royalty itself—no uncommon occurrence—as the lace made at Beer is of the very finest quality, and is held in great esteem by Her good Majesty of these realms, who used continually to employ it in the attractions of her attire on festal occasions, previous to these later and sadder days of her widowhood, and it still constantly graces the persons of her Royal daughters. This "glorious raiment of needle-work" is now, as of old, the heritage of Princesses—

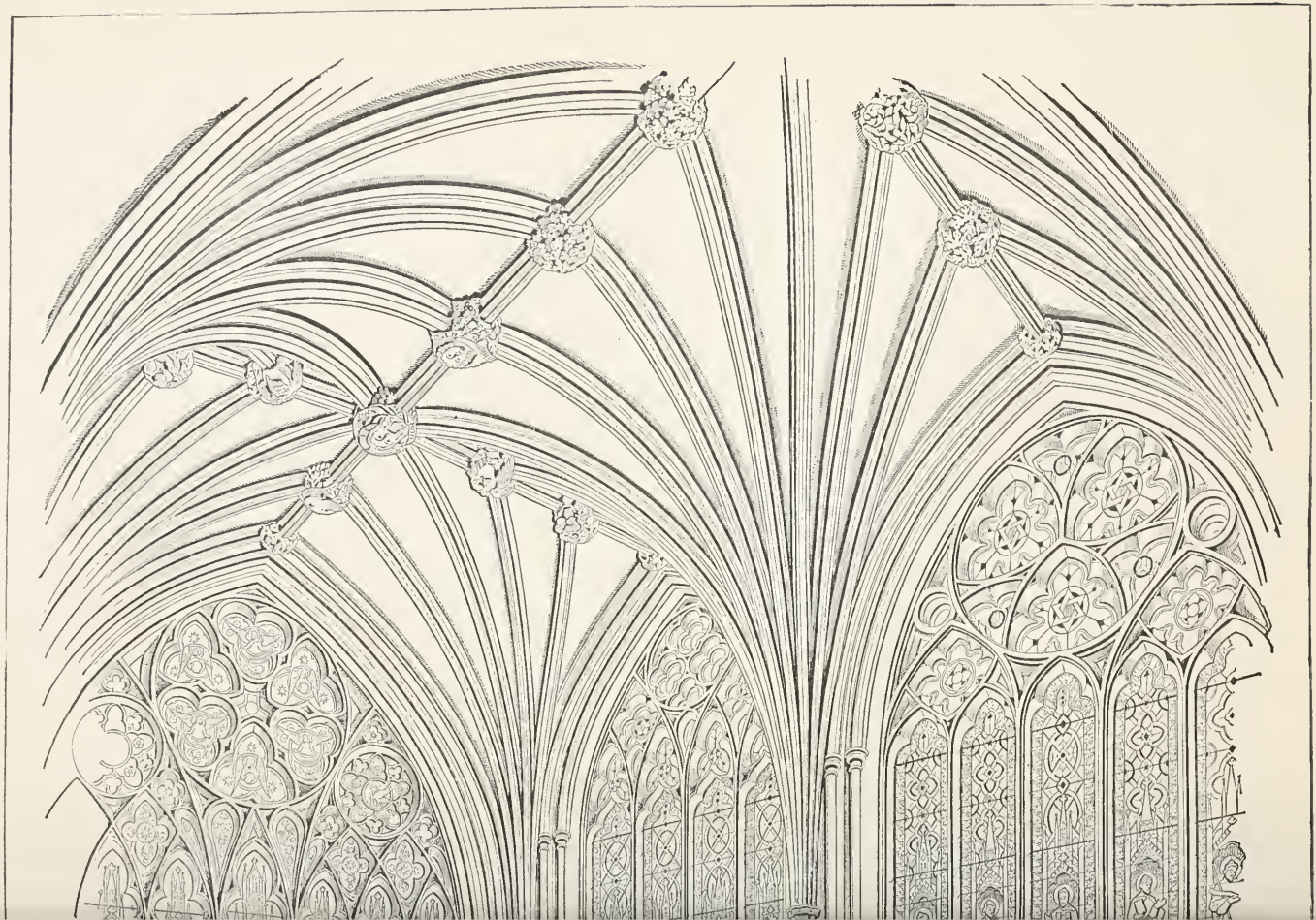
"The daughter of the King
Is glorious to behold;
Within her closet she doth sit
All deckt with beaten gold;—

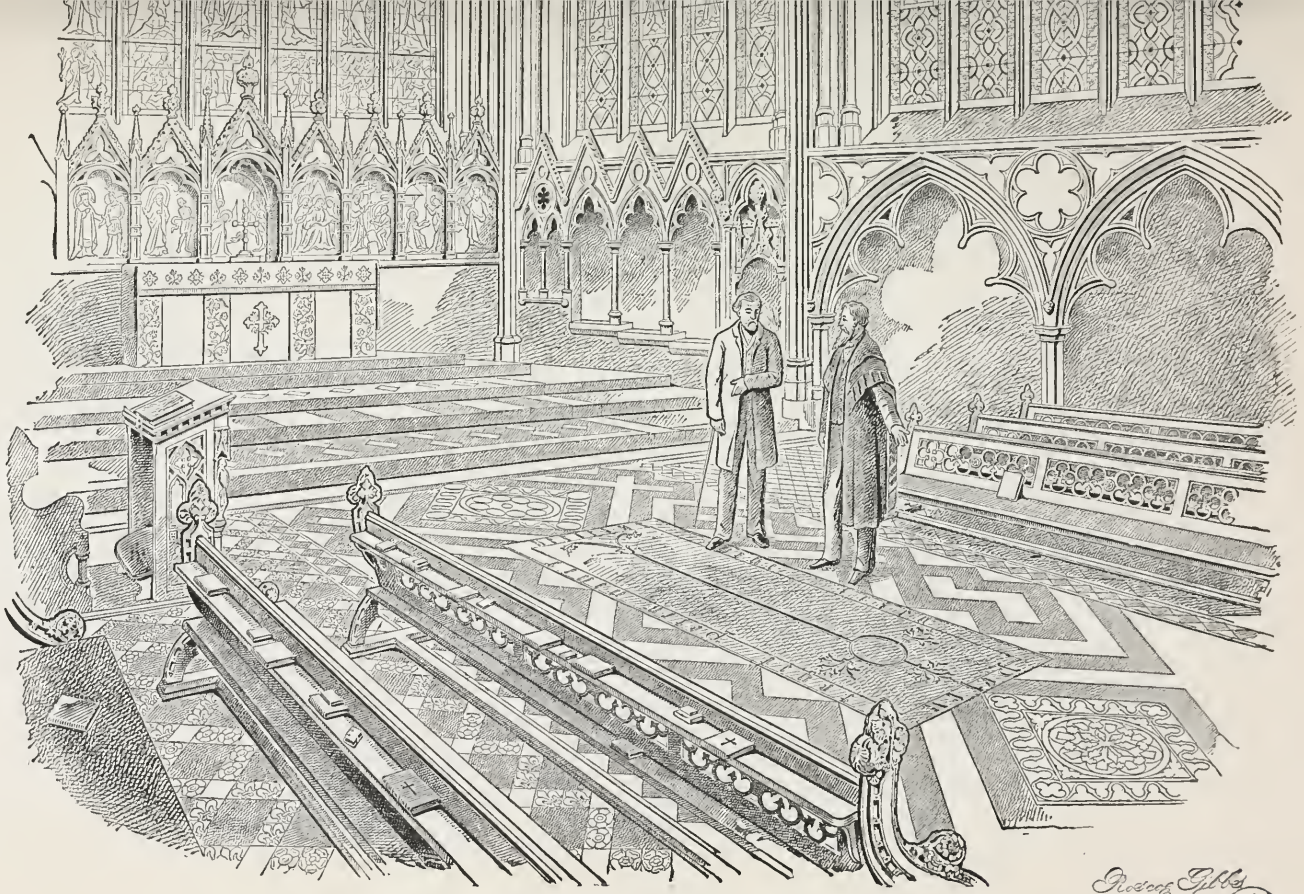
In robes well wrought with needle
And many a pleasant thing,
With virgins fair on her to wait,
She cometh to the King!"

The way to the Quarry leads on from the main street of the village, and huge boulders of rock jut out from the sides of the path, covered with moss and ferns, and hoary and worn with the attrition of ages. We pass the pretty row of comfortable alms-houses, and the school erected (as a memorial on them informs us) by Judith Maria, Baroness Rolle, last representative of the antient family of Walrond, of Bovey, the olden lords of Beer—a lady whose memory is embalmed in the grateful traditions of the place by this and other acts of beneficence. A group of the foundation boys are congregated at the school-room door, and their quaint dress attracts attention—a suit of true navy-blue serge, with round cap, and on the breast of the jacket is embroidered a red pater-noster cross. A short distance further brings us to two or three quarriers' cottages, and on the left, close by, a large cavernous-looking arch in the rock tells us we have arrived at the entrance of the celebrated Beer Quarry.

Provided with a pilot in the person of one of the quarry-men, and armed with lantern and candle, we enter its gloomy-looking precincts, and a strange sight awaits us. We are in a veritable mine, extending a considerable distance underground. Galleries or passages, hollowed out of the solid rock, lead in various directions, some quite clear, and others partially blocked up with the *débris* and refuse of adjoining excavations, and huge pillars support the roof. Few fossils are found, but occasionally some beautiful crystalline formations occur between the interstices of the beds. The quarry we are in now is the new one, as it is called, but must have taken ages to excavate. The old one is to the right, and is said to occupy a large extent.

What a sensation of awe and lonesomeness creeps over the mind on finding itself thus so far underground, in the very bowels of the rock as it were—the damp cold feeling of the air, the oppressive silence, and intense Cimmerian darkness, all the more apparent from the imperfect red blink of the candle. Yet here, day after day, the patient quarryman passes the long bright *outside* day, the best part of his existence, hewing and delving out the ponderous blocks, so that





THE GRAVE OF QUIVIL.

to him the quarry becomes a kind of second subterranean home. No stranger, we should presume, ventures into the labyrinthine maze of galleries without a guide, as no earthly aid could find the lost in such a place; but many of the Beer men are well acquainted with a large portion of the cave's ramifications, and legendary lore speaks of it as having been a great storehouse and fastness for smuggling operations in days gone by. Returning towards the mouth of the quarry, we are struck with the immense number of the pipistrel family, which in all their varieties make these dark galleries their head-quarters during the day, and are seen hung up by their hooked heels to the sides of the cavern, sallying forth in swarms in the evening twilight.

Out once more into the daylight—ah! how beautiful is the sun—even oppressively so just now, until our eyes are schooled afresh to his grateful radiance.

The Quarry of Beer we take to be one of the celebrities of the county in its way, and is well worth a visit by the tourist who seeks to explore the remarkable places embraced in this interesting portion of Devon. Traces of the product of its dark recesses may be found in almost all the buildings of any size within a radius of many miles, and large quantities are annually exported. Geologically, we believe, the bed which furnishes such large supplies at Beer rises again at Widworthy, seven miles off; and the noted quarries at Bath are but a continuance of the same stratum.

The old quarry has been worked from eight hundred to a thousand years probably. Almost all the antient Churches in the neighbourhood are partially constructed of its product. Where are the sturdy hands that through so many ages laboriously delved out its rocky contents, and the cunning fingers that subsequently deftly carved and fashioned the rough blocks into delicately-shaped foliage, fretwork, and finial? The visitor who views with admiration the many-ribbed, bold, fan-like groining of the roof of Exeter Cathedral—that noble conception of the munificent Quivil—those lengthening arcades, poised so fairy-like aloft, yet withal seemingly imperishable in their beauty,—would scarcely imagine it to be composed of Beer stone. In the centre of the Lady-Chapel of his Cathedral, under a large blue stone, on which is incised a beautiful floriated cross, lies the great Bishop-Architect, Peter Quivil.

Quivil,—in lowly grandeur and alone,
  Amid the mazes of this marble floor,
Looms the great presence of thy funeral stone,
  Carved with the emblem of life evermore.
The dust that's coffered 'neath its giant lid
  This wildering beauty reared around it, planned:
Yon strong-arched vista rose as thou did'st bid,
  With thousand-ribbed roof-glory over-spanned.
I think of thee, great Prelate, here to-day,
  As roves my glance o'er thy creation's grace:
I see thee, in the ages past away,
  By midnight lamp its fair proportions trace
With raptured care,—then, with prophetic eye
Thou in these aisles to be, pace silently.

With fancy's eye we can look back with admiration at the glorious perseverance that accomplished it, amid difficulties of such magnitude that nothing but the real influence of religious feeling—that most powerful of all incentives—could have surmounted them. Those were not the days of railroads, let us remember, with their wonderful facilities of celerity and easy transit,—and Beer is distant some five-and-twenty miles from Exeter. Neither was it an age of good roads, nor of wheeled carriages—the early dawn of the fourteenth century. No broad turnpike aided the heavily-laden wain with its ponderous load, nor was its humble coadjutor, the parish highway, threading its tortuous, well-rutted windings over hill and valley, available, but only the narrow, obscure, and miry track-way or halter-path; and therefore the probability is that much of the stone was carried to Exeter on pack-horses, and we can easily picture the heavily-laden convoy, slowly defiling through the green combes, accompanied by their drover churls, patiently plodding on till they reached the stupendous fane—still the chief ornament of our county—then slowly rising from the ground like a coral rock from the briny depths of the ocean.

"From hence came buttress, shaft, and stair,
From crypt and vaulting rising fair;
And all that slender steeple too,
That, like a fountain, in the blue
Rises exulting; here the branch
Of the great windows, dyed with blood
Of martyrs that no time can stanch;
The altar and the by-gone rood;
The mullions, drip stones, and the shrine;
The pavement, long since trod away;
And saints that in their long array
Wait patient for the judgment day;
And angels that, still gazing, smile
Upon the abbot in the aisle,
Who on the flat tomb lies in prayer."

Our return is by another route, and we pass Bovey, the ancestral seat of the Walronds, a cadet branch of the main house at Bradfield, which, says the antiquary, "hath been divers times granted to their younger sons, and in the latter end of the reign of King Edward IV., John Walrond, of Bradfield, conveyed this land unto William, his younger son." Bishop Lacy, in 1438, licensed John Walrond to have divine service performed within his residence, "*de Boveyh in parochia de Branscombe.*" The last heiress was the Judith Maria, of charitable memory, Baroness Rolle and founder of the almshouses. She died in 1820, and in the north aisle of Seaton Church, near the Walrond chantry, is a monument to the memory of her father, William Walrond, of Bovey, Esq., who died in 1762, and "*Sarah Oke, his second wife, by whom he had issue, Sarah, Courtenay William, and Judith Maria. Of these, the last and only surviving one, wife of John Rolle, Esq., M.P. for Devon, erected this monument, in respect to the best of parents and at the request of her mother, who departed this life February 1st, 1787, aged 67.*" A portion of the screen that once separated the chantry from the Church still remains, with carved shields of Walrond and alliances.

Relative to this antient family, the visitor will further find, within the chantry, the remains of an interesting memorial to an olden member thereof, with the effigies of the deceased clad in the half armour and trunk hose of the time of the Commonwealth, kneeling in prayer before a *prie-dieu*. Below is this quaint inscription, "composed" and "set vp" by his widow, who was a daughter of Sir William Pole, Knight, of Colcombe, the county historian, and who thus seems to have inherited, in some measure, a taste for her father's literary proclivities :—

AN EPITAPH ON THE DEATH OF EDMOND WALROND OF BOWE, WHO WAS BVRIED SEP. 10, ANNO DOMINI 1640, ÆTAT SVÆ 48; COMPOSED AND SET VP BY ANNE WALROND, HIS WIFE:

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF MY HVSBAND DEARE
WHOM NEXT TO GOD I DID BOTH LOVE AND FEARE.
OVR LOVES WERE SINGLE, WE NEVER HAD BVT ONE,
AND SO I'LL BEE ALTHOVGH THAT THOV ART GONE,
AND YOV THAT SHALL THIS SAD INSCRIPTI: VIEW,
REMEMBER ALWAIES THAT DEATH'S YOVR DVE.

He was a barrister of the Inner Temple, and was admitted in 1611.

BOVEY HOUSE.

Bovey House is a small, plain mansion, of Jacobean origin apparently, and a strange gloom of desolation seems to invest it. Polwhele gives a graphic picture of its last residents, on his visit there about a century ago. "On visiting Bovey" (says he) "a few years since, I was pleased with the venerable appearance of the house and every object around it. It was then the residence of Mrs. Walrond. There

was something unusually striking in the antique mansion, the old rookery behind it, the mossy pavement of the court, the raven in the porch, grey with years, and even the domestics hoary in service—they were all grown old together."

As we came out at the end of the short lane, we turned to take a last look at the old deserted manse and the few scattered trees forming the remains of the antient avenue. The sculptured forms of the rampant leopards still support the escutcheon of Walrond on the pillars of the gateway; but where is the living representative of the name? And where is the name of him who wedded the last green branch of this antient stock, whose wealth and influence in his day and generation had from their vastness become an adage in the county? Gone too, and a stranger, comparatively, represents them both.

Often thus, thought we, does the Supreme Disposer of events arrange it. The peer with broad acres boundless, and wealth untold, sighs in his state that no child of his love may place him in holy earth, or fill his honoured station, and shudders as he dreams of an extinct name and his time-hallowed heritage apportioned to an alien; while the cotter, whose only fortune is his brawny arms, and his inheritance the sweat of his brow, sighs too, as he deposits his shining tools at the cottage door, and casts an anxious glance at the merry, careless phalanx bearing his name congregated on the path and step, and who straightway swarm around his knee in the little ingle corner, while the great brown loaf is frugally apportioned among them by his thrifty partner.

Curiously chequered, and with seeming impossibility of perpetuity —often amid the fairest prospects—has been the descent of Rolle. The first settler of that name at Stevenstone, North Devon, was George Rolle, a merchant of great opulence in the city of London in the reign of Henry VIII., and he, according to Burke, married thrice, and had no less than twenty children—a sufficiently goodly number on whom to found a descent. "*Henry Rolle, Esquier, fourth sonne of George Rolle, of Stevenston, who maryed Margaret Yeo,*" is sepulchred in Petrockstow church, where he also leaves on record that he "*had by her sonnes and daughters nineteen.*" The main branch, descending from John the eldest son of George, ended with the early death of Denys Rolle, Esq., of Bicton, in 1638, aged 24, described by Prince as "the darling of his country of his time, adorned with all the desirable qualities that make a compleat gentleman." He left one son and five daughters, of whom the second, Florence, married her distant cousin, John Rolle, a grandson of George, second son of George, the first possessor of Stevenstone. At the death of his wife's brother, he succeeded to both estates, and became chief of the family. He was a zealous adherent of Charles II., was made K.B. at that monarch's coronation, and was a leading member of the House, representing Devon in Parliament. He lived to be a very old man, and at his death, in 1706, was said to have been the wealthiest commoner in England. He was succeeded by his grandson, John by name, who is reputed to have been offered an earldom by Queen Anne's last ministry, and refused it. Of his four sons, Henry, the eldest, was

created Baron of Stevenstone in 1747-8, and dying two years afterwards, unmarried, the dignity expired. Denys, the youngest, only survived to perpetuate the family. He was the father of John, the last Lord Rolle, in whom the barony was revived in 1796; but he, too, died childless, and at his death, not only the title, but the name also, in the direct line, expired and became extinct.

The red rim of the rising moon is just up-wheeling behind the "brown shoulder" of the distant hill, and a single star is tremulously struggling for existence in the long line of saffron sky. A great white owl has just floated stealthily round the corner, noiseless as a cloud, and, scared by our unlooked-for presence, darted over the hedge with the celerity of magic. The grasshopper is busily carolling at our feet:—

"Singing himself to sleep
Beneath some pleasant weed;"

and all flowers and forms are fast merging into one soft neutral hue.

"Homeward the soul's strong wings are bent!"

Good night!

Good night!—from a form in shadow
That meets me in the lane—
From a blythesome farmer's lad, now
On his homeward road again—
Singing the song of his sweetheart
At service far away;—
Just two kind words as we meet—part—
The strain of his roundelay.

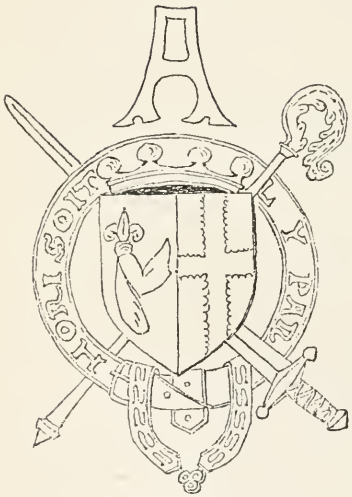
Good night! from a light step speeding
Along the pathway lone,
It's terrors all unheeding,
A low and trustful tone—
Speaks, 'mid some soft caresses,
By anxious lips addressed
To a tiny form she presses
Close to a mother's breast.

Good night! and a hale voice greets me
Where sturdy footfalls come,
And a weary labourer meets me,
Seeking his village home;
To his household wee returning
Laden with hard-earned spoil,
Store for his ingle burning,
Tithe of his long day's toil.

Good night,—from stars that glimmer
Their endless farewells bright;
Good night,—from earth that, dimmer,
Speaks the adieu of night;
Good night,—from a heart that prayeth
Secret to heaven's throne;
Good night! from ONE who sayeth
Thou never art alone!

JOHN PRINCE:

THE DEVONSHIRE BIOGRAPHER.



lustrous warm atmosphere, and a changeful sky, emblematic of sweet April, though her glowing elder sister, sunny May, is now verging towards mid-age. Masses of dark humid cloud are slowly passing over the intensely blue void of heaven, and anon scattering their watery arrows with transitory vehemence, between the bright bursts of sunshine. Far down the valley a larger wrack than common curtains out from an adjoining hill crest, and, facing the dark mass, the glowing opalescent half-circle of the rainbow attests the fall of its glittering burden.

The trees have just put on their new year's suit of leaves, and are quietly waving their branches in the gentle morning breeze, over the polished depths of the river, like a fresh-clothed gallant at his glass.

"O thou breeze of Spring!
Streams have felt the sighing
Of thy fragrant wing."

Fragrant, aye—for the flowers are everywhere. What would be the aspect of these meadows without them? By covert banks, over the river, the great golden ranunculus exhibited his exuberant clusters; along the oozy ditches, ranks of bleached lady-smocks trembled on their long stems, while at intervals a few lingering primroses—

"Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!"

shewed their pale starry clusters, and bare sweet company in the

hedgerows. The wee daisy was broad awake everywhere, having long since doffed his ruby nightcap and donned his silver frill; his lofty neighbour, the butter-cup, was leisurely unfolding his golden chalice;

> "The bees hummed o'er the level mead,
> Where knots of trembling cowslips bowed;"

and the swallows, a gay company, were bounding and careering around, showing their snowy breasts and jetty backs to the sun-glint.

This was a faint picture of things around as we sat down on the banks of the Axe, a field *plus* Bow Bridge, just as the Axminster clock had finished striking the hour of three-fold trine (the chimes in the old tower tinkling away merrily), and were putting together and overhauling our slender fishing "harness" for action.

What fly this morning? A small tidy palmer, of course, as a stretcher—what beside? We cast a look into the quiet water at our feet—a kind of little bay among some reeds, at the foot of a stickle, where a gentle current flows in and around. Ah! of course, there thou art, thou tiny, delicate sailor, with thy fragile, sail-like wings of transparent steel gauze—the iron blue. A thousand glittering eyes and fleet fins are waiting the advent of thy short life this morning, to make it even shorter, as the continuous quick flips and plunges in the adjoining stickle amply testify. But stay, we shall endeavour to make reprisals on thy natural enemies this morning.

Now a hunt over our book, and we select an excellent representative, tied by some lissom fingers in the adjoining town. A plague on't! there, at last! after three several tyings and slippings; those "rises" in the river are making us nervous and impatient. One more furred and feathered ambassador, of sallow jaundiced hue and bloated dimensions, with name unmentionable to ears polite, but of special importance in our speckled friend's bill of fare, and our collar is complete. Don't hurry—the whole day is before us—what sound was that?

> "Oh, cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?"

There he comes, with hawk-like flight, and has mounted the topmost branch of yonder elm, and is pouring out his glorious fluty diapasons down the vale.

What an indescribable charm do these two soft continuous notes convey to the mind amid the unfolding beauties of sunny spring—the sweet oracle of its hopeful and blissful anticipations and associations.

> "O fairest April! rainbow of the year,
> The glory of sweet hope is in thine eyes;
> Thy breath perfumes the happy atmosphere,
> As fragrance borne from distant Paradise:
> For very joy of life, thou need'st must weep
> To wake the roses on thy breast that sleep."

And now a cast or two into the sparkling river. Gone!—gone again! with a vigorous momentary tug at the slender deception, but with a sharper reminder this time, and a narrow escape to boot, for

our collar has come back festooned in elegant convolutions, which enables us to exhibit five minutes' patience in the unravelling. Once more in order and our extended flight pitches like a snow-flake. There, again! ah! hooked this time, as we surmised from the business character of the rise. Steady!—you're a plucky rascal, and in good condition, too, from your strength and resistance, we find—but gently is the word, or the small hook will tear out; there, safely landed, full six ounces avoirdupois, with a coat of lustrous pearl, dappled over with rubies, and now securely stowed in our wattled creel, with a handful of sweet clover and buttercups for a bier.

Thus, with varying success, sometimes landing a fish and sometimes losing one, we saunter quietly down the river half a mile, until the outer signal-post of the railway almost vexatiously warns us we are approaching our journey's end. It has been a pleasantly-spent hour, though our temper has been somewhat ruffled at intervals, by one of those now numerous fishing novices, or rather nuisances, who, in defiance of all piscatory courtesy, has crossed our fishing ground repeatedly, and from his appearance and cart-load of gear, looked like Behemoth come to swallow up our sweet stream. Even as we reeled up we watched him, two fields in advance, striding along, his arm and rod going like the sail of a windmill—

His luggage half a ton,
His fish an ounce!

Now across a couple of fields, to look at old Newenham Abbey, or rather where it stood; permission being asked, and courteously granted by the worthy occupant of the farmhouse, which is built on part of the site.

We were shown into an orchard at the back of the premises.

"And is this all that remains of Newenham Abbey?" asked we, looking at a few massive foundations peeping up amid the green sward, and the ruinous fragment of a thick wall, with indications of arches on one side, which originally formed a portion of the antient cloister.

"This is all that is left," said he, "except the old chapel yonder," pointing to the decaying walls of a small building, at the end of which was the stonework of a window with beautiful triple lancet openings; while, up over, the cherishing ivy had clambered, and hung down in dark lustrous masses.

Here stood a noble Abbey, of Cistercian rule, founded early in the thirteenth century by two pious brothers, Sir William and Sir Reginald de Mohun. A curious little story hangs on the circumstance that made Lady Alice de Mohun (the mother of these two knights) the wife of their father, Sir Reginald de Mohun the elder, and is, perhaps, worth the recounting.

There lived in that age a powerful baron having large possessions in Devonshire, Lord Briwere by name, and this nobleman had a pious and dutiful daughter called Alice. It would seem that Reginald de Mohun, her subsequent spouse, was left an orphan while but a child, and as he had a great property bequeathed to him, the wardship of the parentless boy was eagerly sought after—as, according to a monstrous

law of that age, the territorial property, personal liberty, and matrimonial prospects of a ward were almost absolutely at the disposal of his trustee.

This privilege of thus taking care of the young Reginald was accorded by the King (Henry III.) to Lord Briwere, who, with proper regard to family interests, in due time married the youth to his fair daughter Alice; and, as both the young people were of distinguished birth, and had large inheritances, we may conclude that the matrimonial arrangements terminated happily. The whimpled and robed effigy, presumably of this lady (who died about 1228), and which represents her clasping the blessed Virgin and Child to her breast, is found in the chancel at Axminster; and, opposite to her, the chasubled figure of her Confessor and Chaplain to her father, Gervase de Prestaller, Vicar of the parish, who died about 1215.

One of the seats of the noble family of Mohun was at Ottery-Mohun, a few miles east of Newenham; and the reader will doubtless recollect the description of our visit to the old place. To-day we are

NEWENHAM ABBEY.

about to explore a munificent foundation, the offspring of their pious beneficence—a splendid example of real, tangible, religious faith, however imperfectly set forth, contrasted with the starved sentimentality of the present day.

We must now invite the reader to carry his thoughts backward some three centuries, and imagine to himself a magnificent Church and conventual buildings standing on the site indicated by the faint traces of foundation now visible along the green turf.

The Abbey-Church itself was a splendid building, about three hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, with a lofty tower, built in the Early English or lancet style, contemporary with Salisbury Cathedral, and designed probably by the same architect, as the names

of both are very similar; and Lady Alice de Mohun, the mother of the founders of this structure, is said also to have given a large portion of the stone used for the erection of that Cathedral.

The ceremony and scene at the laying the corner stone of this noble structure (as recorded in the chartulary) may be worth a passing comment. All ecclesiastical and legal preliminaries had been settled, the site chosen, and the foundation laid in, a short time previously—chiefly under the direction of Abbot Geoffry de Blancheville, an energetic and industrious man; and, everything being now ready for rearing the superstructure, on the 13th of September, 1254, the Abbot and monks, with the community, walked in solemn procession, clothed in appropriate vestments, from their then temporary chapel close by to the site of the new Church, chanting the *Quam dilecta* and similar appropriate psalms. Arrived there, they met the founder, Sir Reginald, who laid the corner-stone and two other stones, each signed with the cross; the choir singing the *Te Deum* and other thanksgivings the while. Then the fourth stone was placed by Sir William de Mohun, and the fifth by Sir Wymond de Ralegh—a representative of that antient family resident at Smallridge.

The ceremony over, the Abbot, Deacon, sub-deacon, and the whole fraternity, on their bended knees, besought the founder to choose his grave, and to adopt the new Church as the place of his burial. To this request Sir Reginald replied that such had been his intention.

So ended this striking and reverend function. Three years afterwards (in 1257) death ratified the compact thus solemnly made; the unwearied and diligent Abbot Geoffry—doubtless with a heavy heart—chanted a requiem over the body of the founder, Sir Reginald, brought to Newenham for burial, and piously interred before the high altar. In 1265 his brother and co-founder, Sir William, was laid by his side.

The Abbey-Church, dedicated to the blessed Virgin, 6 July, 1250, was altogether about thirty years in building, being finished in 1280. The good Abbot Geoffry pushed on the works with such zeal "that before the close of his government the first mass was sung therein by brother Walter de Boreham, the architect and overseer of the buildings." This was performed in the sacristy in 1257. The stone was a free gift from the quarries of Sir John de Staunton. Bishop Bronescombe, whose stately effigies—perhaps the very finest in the county—repose on the south side of the Lady-Chapel of his Cathedral, was a munificent benefactor, giving the large sum of six hundred marks, and which formed the endowment of six altars, three in each transept. Rich sculpture to adorn the high altar, and a figure of the Virgin, were presented by the Abbots and fraternity of Beaulieu, as an offering from the Mother-Church, from whence issued the original colony of monks that founded Newenham. A peal of bells hung in the tower, and one of them, as at Exeter, was named the Grandisson, in honour of that renowned Prelate, who gave ten marks towards its purchase. The high altar was consecrated 16 Oct., 1277, and the relics used for the dedication "were some thorns that bore the character of having once belonged to our Lord's crown." A chapter house, cloisters, &c., were afterwards added.

The whole of this fine Church, thus begun and carefully completed, has passed away, conventual buildings and all, where, for more than three hundred years, twenty-six successive Abbots and their reverend brotherhood lived in peaceful contemplation and retirement.

Abbey of Newenham! and is this all
That now remains to speak thy olden fame?
These mouldering relics of a broken wall,
Marking the spot still hallowed by thy name.

How altered now, from when thy structure rose,
Amid the trees, in quiet stately grace,
When all around thee breathed a calm repose,
And thou in this fair valley kept thy place.

When knight and noble at thy shrines oft vowed,
And rich oblations proved a wealthy store
When belted barons at thy altars bowed,
And ever faithful to thy interest swore!

Now gone is altar, arch, and tower, and aisle,
And lost the saint in fretted niche enshrined,
Buttress and battlement, and all that style
And art and beauty once had here combined.

Gone is the solemn choir, where, eve and morn,
The grave procession slowly wound along,
While, rising to the vaulted roof, was borne
The holy strain of chant and sacred song.

And cloister dim, where oft the sandalled feet
Of white-cowled monk pass'd on with measured tread,
When meditation made the dull hours sweet,
And pious thoughts had worldly visions sped.

And all that would have told that these had been,
Save here and there an o'ergrown ridge of stone;
For e'en the deep foundation scarce is seen,
So sure hath Ruin reared her crumbling throne.

But Solitude hath wove her charm around,
And Legend cherishes the hallowed spot,
While Fancy revels freely o'er the ground,
And pictures to herself these scenes forgot.

We must not forget to notice a remarkable incident as having occurred in the otherwise unruffled annals of Newenham, and the consequent flutter of surprise and preparation that filled the breast of a certain good Abbot John and his fraternity, on a murky November morning in the year of grace 1497. On that occasion the parsimonious and learned Henry VII. visited the Abbey, on his return from Exeter, after the suppression of Perkin Warbeck's rebellion, journeying hither from Ottery St. Mary.

The King appears to have remained several days, and "it is difficult," says Mr. Davidson, "to imagine for what reason the King remained so long a time at Newenham, unless he was engaged making enquiries for such men of consideration in the counties of Devon and Somerset as had taken part with the rebels, and in appointing the

commissioners for detecting them. Among those commissioners the name of Sir Amias Paulet appears, whose residence in Somersetshire was at no great distance from this place. It may be conjectured also that the King was entertained by the Lord Marquis of Dorset, at his manor and mansion of Shute, which is nearly adjoining the Abbey demesnes." This was Thomas Grey—half-brother to his Queen Elizabeth—and the wife of the Marquis was Cicely Bonville—the girl-heiress of Shute, and last direct representative of that great and unfortunate Devonian name, many of whose ancestors were buried in the Abbey.

Perhaps the King went over to enjoy, with his relative, the sport of archery in the splendid glades of the park; but his Majesty does not appear to have been always a match as a bowman with the Marquis, for early in the following year an entry occurs in the privy purse expenses, as to the King having "*loste at the buttes, to my Lord Marques*," a ring of gold.

Hush! we are on holy ground. Beneath this green turf reposes the dust of hundreds. Within those dimly-descried foundations lies many a noble scion of the families of Mohun and Bonville—the first founders of the Abbey, and their descendants, together with all the succession of reverend Abbots there from time to time deposited "in His faith and fear."

"The whole breadth of the choir," continues Mr. Davidson, "was occupied by a series of interments disposed in regular order. Of these, the first on the south side of the altar, against the wall, and near the seats of the Ministers, was the body of Sir Giles de Cancellis, the donor of Plenynt to the Abbey; next him lay Sir William de Mohun, one of the founders, and then his brother, Sir Reginald, whose remains occupied a spot near the officiating Deacons' station. Close to his father, under a small stone, was deposited the heart of Sir John de Mohun, whose body was buried at Bruton; and next to it the remains of Sir William de Mohun, of Ottery-Mohun, his half-brother: lastly, against the north wall of the choir lay Sir Nicholas Bonville, a benefactor to the Abbey, who died in 1266. The bodies of several other individuals of the Bonville family were buried in the nave, and in the centre of the choir, between them and the high altar, immediately before the great cross, lay the remains of the wealthy and munificent Sir William Bonville, of Shute, who died in 1407, and those of Alice, his second wife."

No trace of the sepulchres of these noble benefactors to the Abbey, nor indeed of the Abbots or any one connected with the Monastery, has survived. The choir of the Church, at its surrender, doubtless presented a striking array of tombs, effigies, and brasses; but not a fragment either of gravestone or monument remains, or has been found, to tell the story of those once commemorated here. The desecration is as complete as at Ford, a few miles distant; and the memorials of Mohun and Bonville have perished as surely as those of Courtenay.

Without the Church a host of sleepers are sepulchred—the cowled brethren of the cloister, together with all those who dwelt within the

Abbey precincts, and for three hundred years were gathered, one by one, into the silent fold of death under the shadow of her walls. The Abbots often reposed near the buildings they had reared. Litigation-loving Abbot Richard de Pedirton, in 1314, was interred "before the Church door, in that part of the cloister he had built;" after long affliction, John de Cokiswille, in 1324, was buried "in front of the chapter house;" and blind John de Getyngton, in 1338, "beneath the first arch of the cloister he had erected."

What a spectacle of wondrous awe would be presented, we contemplatively and reverently picture to ourselves, if that Voice of the Omnipotent, that originally called them into being, were now to summon the inanimate dust back once more to His presence! The earth under our feet would spring to life, and the enclosure itself scarcely yield sufficient room for the awakened sleepers to appear on. And yet the time will surely come when this dread scene will be called into being—when that multitude which no man may number shall awake at the sound of the last trump, and the earth and the sea give up their dead, summoned by that Voice which alone can

"Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath!"

Thus, with sobered musings, we stealthily and slowly pace round and explore the enclosure. The apple trees that take root in the hallowed soil seem like mute and loving mourners, keeping continuous watch and ward over the entombed host below. At present their branches are all a-blush with sweet blossoms, through which the bees are keeping a continuous hum, and the ground beneath is strewn with the fallen, pale, odorous petals.

But gracious Heaven! what see we there! starting back, as our eyes unconsciously wandered among the branches of a short apple tree at the further extremity of the enclosure. A grinning, chapless, human skull, perched on a large limb, but evidently placed there from motives of safety and care, was staring vacantly at us through a kind of screen of lesser boughs, loaded with pink bloom. Peace! thou bounding heart—the unexpected sight of that cavernous arch and those eyeless sockets has sadly disturbed the regularity of thy "healthful music," as the misgiving crosses thee that to this complexion we also must some day come.

Who was this? thought we, taking the mouldering relic down from the branch; not an old man, evidently, from the regularity of the teeth, and one of good power of mind, judging phrenologically by the ample development of the frontal portion of the skull; one of the monks, probably.

The place of his sepulture was soon found. A little brook—that originally ran outside the Abbey precinct, and doubtless supplied the fraternity with its ample supply—swollen with some late rains, had fretted through the corner of the hedge into what was apparently the common graveyard of the Monastery, and was the unconscious exhumer, for a portion of the bank had fallen, and there the extended skeleton of a monk, stretched in his last long sleep, was easily traceable, about four feet below the surface.

The skull was placed in the branch for security, and was afterwards re-buried, with the skeleton, and the stream turned back to its original channel.

"Who sleeps below! who sleeps below?
It is a question idle all;
Ask of the breezes as they blow,
Say, do they heed or hear thy call?
They murmur in the trees around,
And mock thy voice, an empty sound.

Then what is life, when thus we see
No trace remain of life's career?
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson liveth here;
Place not on aught of earth thy trust—
'Tis doomed that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter, then, if thus,
Without a stone, without a name,
To impotently herald us,
We float not on the breath of fame;
But, like the dewdrop from the flower,
Pass, after glittering for an hour;
Or, a ripe apple falling down,
Unshaken, 'mid the orchard brown!"

An old and oft-told tale. Perhaps he was one of the victims of the ghastly plague that ravaged the Abbey during the sway of Abbot de la Houe, about the middle of the fourteenth century, when every soul living here was swept away, except that reverend dignitary and two of the monks!

One hundred and eleven people then died belonging to the Monastery —"twenty monks, three lay brethren, and eighty-six secular persons of both sexes who lived within its walls, were carried off by the violence of the malady, which is described as the most fatal pestilence recorded in the history of mankind. It raged over Europe with great severity, and arrived at the coast of England in 1349, and was termed 'the great plague,' or 'the black death.' In Germany, the cattle, and even vegetation, are said to have perished under the awful visitation. It lasted about five months in each country, and in some places nearly half the population is said to have been cut off." What a fearful season of trial must that have been! Or did the sleeper waste silently and almost imperceptibly away in his little cell—like a beauteous flower, carefully tended and nourished, but slowly and surely perishing in tint and odour, till death put his irrevocable but hallowed seal upon his brow, and the mournful requiem chanted its sadly exultant strain over his bier, as an earth-freed spirit now translated with the blest? But who may penetrate the mystery of thy secret, O grave?

To the singularly appropriate association connected with these ruins we must now recur. Here was born, in 1643, the celebrated biographical chronicler of our Shire, John Prince, the learned, chatty, painstaking author of *The Worthies of Devon*, among whose long list of notabilities he himself now occupies a distinguished place.

A word or two as to his lineage. John Prince, grandfather of the biographer, was of Nower, in Kilmington, an attorney-at-law, and "had the honour" to execute the office of under-sheriff when Sir William Pole, the antiquary, filled the office of Sheriff of Devon in 1603. Bernard Prince, a son of John, was settled at Newenham, where he held a lifehold estate, which was a part of the Abbey demesne, and which he farmed himself, and there resided. His eldest son, Bernard, succeeded him; and John Prince, the biographer, was his eldest son. His mother was Maria, daughter of John Crocker, Esq., of Lyneham, in South Devon—an antient Devonian stock—and, subsequently, his father married Jane, daughter of Philip Drake, of Dunscombe, Salcombe Regis, a branch of the Drake family of Trill, near Newenham, the head of which house then living, Sir John Drake (Prince informs us), was his "honourable god-father."

The following filial memorial is to be seen in Axminster Church:—

In
Memoriam,
Dilectissimi Patris
Bernardi Prince Gen'si
Nuper de Abby & Mariæ Crocker
Uxoris ejus imæ de Lyneham oriundæ
et Janæ Drake uxoris ejus 2dæ ex Longo
Stemmate natæ. Hoc monumentum Pietatis ergo Joh'es Prince, A.M. olim
Vicarius de Totnes nunc de
Berry-Pomroy, d'ti Bernardi
et Mariæ filius, mœrens posuit
1709.

John Prince, having finished the usual course at Brasenose College, Oxford, took holy orders, and after serving, in his vocation as Curate, successively at Bideford, and St. Martin's, Exeter, in 1673, was preferred to the living of Totnes in 1676; and finally, in 1681, through the friendship of the Seymours, to the Vicarage of Berry Pomeroy, where he ministered forty-two years, dying in 1723, aged eighty, and was there buried, and a small tablet erected in that Church to his memory bears this brief inscription:—

In memory of the Rev. John Prince, A.M.,
Vicar of this Parish, and author of the Worthies of Devon.
He was instituted in the year 1681, and died 9th September, 1723.

He married a daughter of John Ackland, merchant of Exeter, and niece of Baldwin Ackland, Treasurer of the Cathedral.

In addition to his *Worthies*, Prince was also the author of several tracts and sermons. His fame, however, rests on his great biographical tome, now a recognised and most valuable county work, full of interesting details, anecdotes, and pedigrees; in this latter particular

it is especially trustworthy, being derived in great measure from the writer's access to the invaluable storehouse of information collected by Sir William Pole. The first edition of his great tome was published in 1701; its quaint title-page thus describes it:—

> *Danmonii orientales illustres: or,* THE WORTHIES OF DEVON. *A work wherein the lives and fortunes of the most famous Divines, Statesmen, Swordsmen, Physicians, Writers, and other eminent Persons, Natives of that most noble Province, from before the Norman Conquest down to the present age are memorized, in an alphabetical order, out of the most approved Authors, both in print and manuscript. In which an account is given, not only of divers very deserving persons (many of which were never hitherto made publick), but of several antient and noble families; their seats and habitations; the distance they bear to the next great towns; their coats of arms fairly cut; with other things, no less profitable than pleasant and delightful.*

A second and improved edition was issued in 1810. Nearly two centuries have now elapsed since the original advent of the work, and another biographer is now needed to continue the list of eminent men, natives of this county, who have distinguished themselves in the various walks of art, science, discovery, theology, and warlike operations; for their name is Legion.

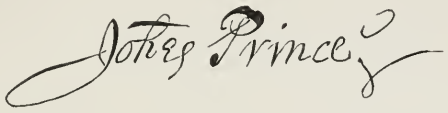
And here it may be noted that our biographer left a *second volume of Worthies*, all ready for the press; but it was never published. The MSS. formerly belonged to Mr. J. Fraunceis Gwyn, of Ford Abbey, and, at the sale after his decease, was purchased by Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle-Hill, and is now in his collection. It is greatly to be wished that *both* volumes could be reprinted, and so made accessible at a reasonable price.

It has been somewhat the fashion of late years, since the study of archæology has formed a pet—or rather, we should say, fashionable—subject of research by local historians, to throw the shaft of ridicule, or launch a sneer, at Prince's homely gossiping pages, because, we presume, they contain the average quantity of inaccuracies inseparable from a work of this kind, and the incorporation of a few traditional stories, the which some eager pens, guided by the facilities of later research, have been able to dissipate. Modern authors should not forget that it is upon the information found within old tomes, such as this compilation, that they have first to set their feet in the endeavour to reach at something more exact and "exhaustive" (save the mark!), as the cant phrase of the day delights to express it. To us a feeling of gratitude is ever present as we turn over the pages of these olden pioneers into the study we enjoy; and, while we carefully eschew such mistakes as may appear—or, if of necessity they have to be referred to, then in a well-considered and careful spirit—never seek to proclaim a superior intelligence by ostentatiously gibbetting the slips or misinformation of these venerable Worthies, or, indeed, of their followers of to-day.

Of our author himself, and his "no less profitable than pleasant and delightful" labours, we cannot do better than conclude with a stanza addressed to him by a contemporary, William Pearse, Vicar of Dean Prior:—

> "You've done the work, sir; but you can't be pay'd
> Until among those Worthies you are laid;
> Then future ages will unjustly do,
> To write of Worthies, and to leave out you."

No known portrait of Prince has been reported as existing, but we are able to supply his autograph from the *Book of Subscriptions* on his appointment to the Vicarage of Berry Pomeroy, in 1681:—



There is yet another name inseparably connected with these ruins —that of a most careful, erudite, and correct antiquary, the historian of the Abbey and neighbourhood, the late James Davidson, of Secktor, Axminster. From his retiring disposition, few were acquainted with the immense store of most valuable information descriptive of our county which he had accumulated after years of the most laborious research, wherein he spared neither time, trouble, nor expense, and every word of which ought to be published; and his almost unequalled library of books relative to the county, the result of a life-time's discriminating and zealous collection, it is fervently hoped may some day be placed among the most valuable public treasures of our Shire.

His first published topographical work was "*The British and Roman Remains in the Vicinity of Axminster*" (1833), being "an attempt to rescue from undeserved oblivion some few vestiges of antient times in its neighbourhood which are gradually disappearing from observation, or are sinking beneath the reach of memory." Much painstaking and patient research is exhibited in this volume, which in 1835 was followed by "*The History of Axminster Church, in the County of Devon*," equally careful and complete; and in 1843 appeared "*The History of Newenham Abbey, in the County of Devon*," a model of conciseness and correctness, and of conscientious, unsparing labour, in gathering together and chronicling everything of interest relating to the past of these old crumbling walls and mouldering foundations before us. In 1851 he issued a tract, entitled "*Axminster during the Civil War*," full of interesting particulars concerning the doings and changes that occurred in the neighbourhood during this boisterous upheaval of national life. All the preceding works have now become very scarce, and are greatly treasured by those who fortunately possess copies.

The writer of these desultory lines feels the keenest pleasure in recording his obligations of access to Mr. Davidson's resources, and personal friendship and encouragement afforded in the pursuit of little

antiquarian inquiries in the neighbourhood. In the early spring of 1864 he was laid at rest in the cemetery about a mile from hence, and the following simple inscription is over his grave :—

In Memory of James Davidson, of Secktor, in this Parish,
Who died 29th February, 1864, aged 70 years.
The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Romans vi. 23.

Words that embody the true ring of that greater faith, and whose belief as the guiding principle of his life lent earnestness and fidelity to all his investigations. Peace to his ashes! The flower-sprent sod of this beautiful valley now forms his perennial winding-sheet, as it does those of the good Abbots beneath our feet, the even tenour of whose lives he delighted to chronicle. Both are now resting in the same hope, and awaiting the same blest awakening Voice.

A cup of the cheering brown infusion, a great crisp, home-baked loaf, with a basin of cream—such cream !—to be eaten thereon, *ad libitum*, and half-an-hour's chat with our host. As we enjoyed the dainty rural spread, we queried to ourselves, as we looked at the massive wall of the house, which was a portion of the old Abbey whether this was a part of the refectory, and, if so, whether the genial old Abbots on their feast days were ever initiated into the mystery of the glorious delicacy we were now enjoying. Not the tea, assuredly—(though not the least so to us, now)—but the cream, with the thirst-inspiring *addendum* probably of mulled wine or spiced ale. If so, they had a right noble and "dainty dish," fit in every sense to "set before a King," even such as the miserable seventh Henry himself, who once came here, and was comforted by hospitable entertainment, let us hope.

What a picture would be revealed could we draw the veil of time aside, and for an instant get a glimpse of the assembled banqueters—the good Abbot and his fraternity, the King and his retinue, together with all the great nobles of the district, gathered round the table and enjoying themselves with staid decorum and decorous jollity, as befitted the reverend host and his Royal guest. But both King and Abbot are turned to dust, and of the place of their rejoicing scarce one stone remains upon another.

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days."

With these words on our lips—said to have been written, the night before his execution, by the illustrious but unfortunate descendant of the Sir Wymond de Ralegh who laid one of the corner-stones of the Abbey—ere we leave, we go out and take a final saunter among its ruins.

Yes, we *can*, in imagination, portray the beautiful Church and extensive buildings, that once had their station, above these now scarcely discernible foundations, which Abbot Richard Gyll surrendered "*to the king's highnes com'ission the VIII. day of Marche in the XXX. yere of the reigne of o'r most dradde sov'einge lord king Henry the VIIIth,*" and afterward the greedy alacrity with which despoiling hands stripped the fine fabric, and pulled down its walls, carrying away the materials piecemeal to build their own petty habitations, until scarcely a trace remained to tell of its former existence. The rustic of to-day that herds his swine, or tethers his cattle to the fragments of the cloister wall, sees not the white-habited Cistercian that once paced its precincts in pious contemplation, and is now sepulchred beneath his feet—hears not the swell of voices that in solemn service of praise and thanksgiving, for three centuries night and day, arose ceaseless from within the ruins around him—dreams not of the attractive influence of the profession of those who aforetime dwelled within the old foundations, which brought Kings to seek hospitality at their doorstep, and the most powerful in the land to ask consolation for the vicissitudes of life at their hands, not elsewhere to be found, or finally in death to crave the privilege of laying their bones beside them. But not to the wealthy and the great alone was the blessing of their vocation exercised,—to the poor and needy, the unfortunate or distressed, the wanderer or homeless—the well-accustomed, and ever welcome Convent door was always open alike to all, an unfailing sanctuary of refuge, and treasury of help; and, therefore, no desolation or desecration can efface or extinguish the sanctity, that permeates and clings to every fragment scattered around, thus redolent of the history of human aspiration for all that is holy and good—and record of the attempt, however imperfect, of its exercise; for it is written "I have hallowed this house which thou hast built, to put My name there for ever, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually."

Another day is nearly gone, for the shadows are lengthening fast, and the sun, matchless monarch of the day, is retreating, with a dignity of glorious splendour, behind the heights of Hampton opposite, defining with marvellous distinctness the dark fringe-like edge of trees down the hill-slope. Oh, glorious sunset, how often has similar splendour gladdened the eyes of the sleepers below, such as is now pouring its flickering gold over the green pall that shrouds their inanimate forms!

Our kind host showed us some capitals of Early English style, found at a considerable depth underground, and informed us that the stone-work of the pillars which supported them lay, when discovered, "like a pile of cheese turned over," for regularity; also some fragments of encaustic tiles and bits of painted glass, of which we craved sundry pieces by way of memento. And then we bade adieu to the venerable precincts of Newenham; for the "busy, busy bee," with droning call, darted past our ear, and the quick-winged bat was threading his agile flight just overhead.

Off across the meadows once more for half an hour's quiet evening fishing on our road home. We readjust our collar, and, having placed

the captivating white moth among our trio of seeming fly dainties, are soon rewarded by a brace or so of spankers, whose appearance in our basket makes the size and weight of our "dish" respectable.

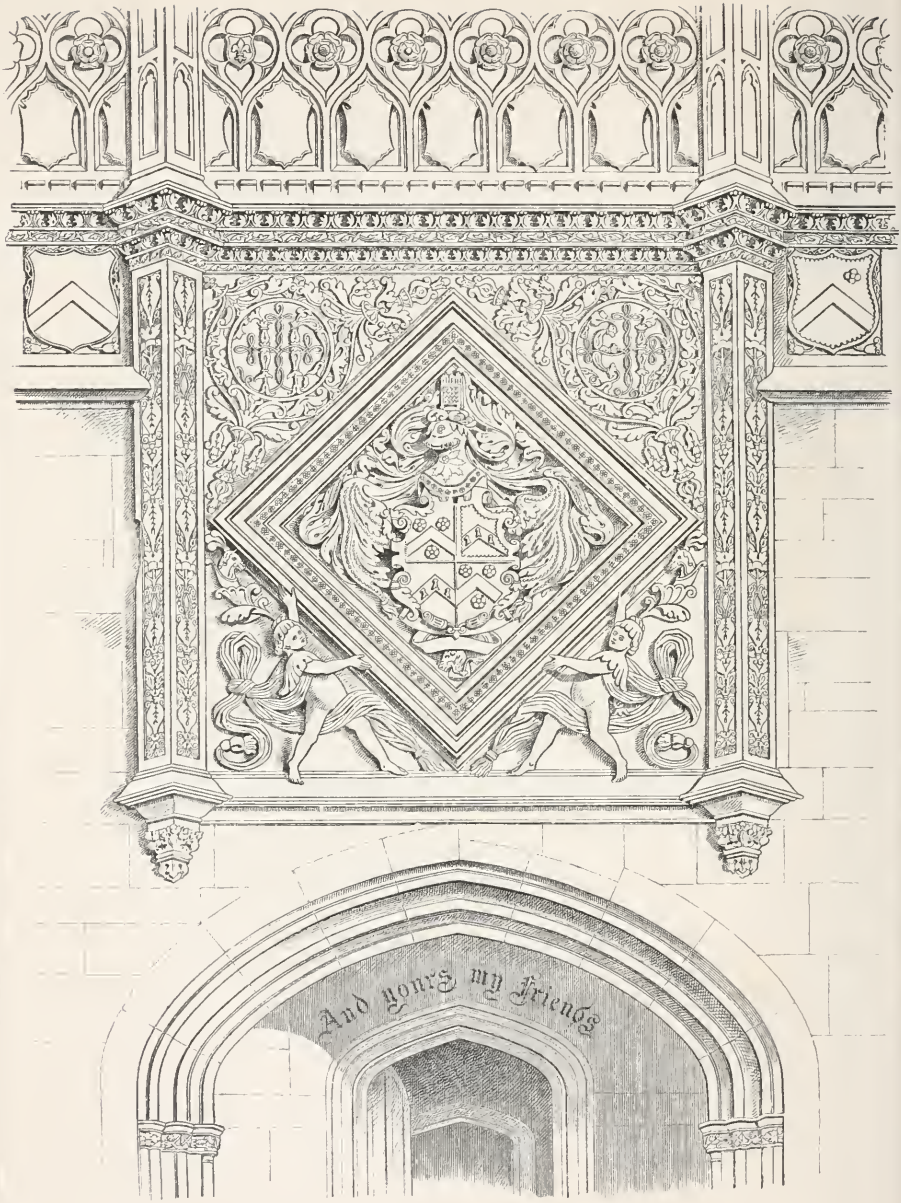
A field or two down, the gloaming is curtaining in closely around us, and we reel up, for the fishing hours of the evening are over. We take our rod to pieces and pack up, and as, from habit, the mechanical operation proceeds almost unconsciously, chastened thoughts are crowding on us, as we gaze at the last gleam of daylight slowly lessening over the Hampton heights, and listen to the indistinct murmuring of the river, fast fading into the common obscurity around.

Not far off, probably, is the period when Time shall in like manner wind up the skein of our life and pack up its slender gear for aye; and the presentiment of this common fate, reserved for us all, creeps solemnly over the sense. But a short while since, beside the banks of this stream—and for very many a time before—elate and in the full enjoyment of all its piscatorial attractions, historical associations, and natural beauties—traversed the footsteps of its historian. Those footsteps are now stayed for ever—haunt no more its mirrored pools or bounding stickles—and rest in their long sleep, literally side by side those of the historian of the Abbey. Aye, even so, verily they are passed from their labours, but their works do follow them.

In Memoriam

G. P. R. P.—7 Feb., 1880.

O much-loved Axe, that through the pleasant meads,
With many a bend and reach, doth lingering flow,
To-day sad sighs are murmuring through thy reeds,
And every ripple lispeth words of woe.
The silvery gossamers are slumbering deep,
'Mid sheen of chaliced gold upon thy marge,
Waiting sweet Spring to wake their trancèd sleep;
But will she set *his* prisoned soul at large,
Unchain those fast-set feet, again to roam
Along thy banks, to lure, 'mid changeful skies,
The pearl-mailed trout, high springing through the foam,
Black-flashing to the sun empyrean dyes?
Not May's bright smile, nor April's tearful rain,
And strong-voiced March shall call to him in vain!



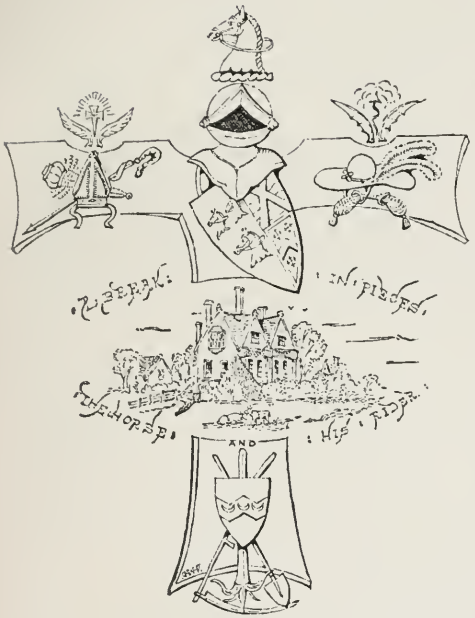
PANEL AND ENTRANCE ARCH FROM CLIFTON-MAUBANK.

At Montacute House.

Prosser Gibbes del.

THE

FATE OF CLIFTON-MAUBANK



TO the wayfarer in search of old-world reminiscences, the appearance of things as he steps from a railway carriage at Yeovil—or, as Leland hath it, "Ivelle"—Junction, does not offer to his eye much encouragement. The modern artificial plateau on which the station hath its being, covered with intensely ephemeral nineteenth-century erections—the maze of iron lines, leading straight into the infinity of shadows around; the labouring of two or more engines, collecting and arranging the creaking trucks scattered about; the occasional rushing glide of a long train up to the platforms; the sharp tones of the porters and clang of the passengers, busy to the full with the little common-place selfishnesses of every-day life—seem to afford the least possible hope of finding anything near at hand beyond the clamorous necessities of the present hour. But the Junction is only a momentary halting-place amid the current of excited life that is hurrying up and down; for the stream of existent being, here as elsewhere on these iron-shored rivers of hurry, hath two tides. Holiday-time, so-called, is it just now, with the larger number of pilgrims passing west in the

steam-horsed caravans—voyagers whose thoughts are alternately buried deep in the sensational trash of the latest penny daily, or revelling in the anticipated happiness of wasting a few days on the shores of southern Devon, or far Cornwall, where their chief pleasure will consist of oscillating between the stuffy precincts of pretentious lodging-houses, whose appearance external and internal will remind them so delightfully of dear Holloway or Camberwell, and a listless gaze on the stupendous, monotonous sea.

But a truce to this vein of cynicism! The glorious sunshine is overhead, our thoughts are afar, and Time, grim Time, not with a scythe, but a railway whistle in his hand, is waiting doggedly on our steps, and will, by-and-by, if we are not careful, stealthily out-march us.

We have said that all appears artificial and of yesterday here; but a glance at the quarried rampart above us, and under whose delicious shadow we are sauntering, tells a very old story indeed of this invasion of yesterday into the buried shores of the antient world.

Long lines of straight stony strata succeed each other, with the regularity almost of Cyclopean masonry, from the base to the summit of the excavation, revealing an outpost of the great lias formation that enters our shores at Lyme Regis, and runs by Axminster, Ilminster, and Langport, onward through the heart of the kingdom. These are the petrified beds of muddy deposit that gravitated from the still depths of primeval seas, formed at a period beyond the ken of investigation, and existent in the depths of time alike unfathomable. One after another succeeding layers of mud thus found their habitation, until the sea got its mandate to retreat, and let the dry land appear. Even then, until now, the while these soft ocean-beds were drying and being infiltrated to hardness, what a period of time must have passed!

Yet was this not an era of darkness and death, while the great factor Nature was gradually preparing this beautiful earth—companion of mine, shall I say, for thee and me?—as we fondly dream sometimes, and in our littleness often call ourselves lords thereof. No! Embalmed imperishably in its gracious keeping, and appearing to us now, as we rend their rocky sepulchres, fair, fragile, and doubtless beautifully-adorned beings, of the form and structure of the nautilus of the present hour, lived, moved, and had their being in the sunny shallows and translucent depths of these waters of old.

And not only has Nature embalmed them so imperishably, but, with that sweet cunning which knows no rival, she has in death, with transforming beauty, petrified, as it were, their living charms, and preserved and filled the delicately-partitioned chambers of their elegantly-convoluted shells with crystallization of great brilliancy, forming, when carefully exhumed and polished, choice objects for the cabinet of the collector.

From the amenities of a modern railway station back to the period of the life of the beautiful ammonite is far enough indeed, as ruminating thus we have been wandering down the trackway through the pleasant meadow that leads from its rocky bourne, and the extremes of things have once again duly met.

A sharp turn in our path, an open gateway, and something which pictures irresistibly another but much later old-world look, is before us. The tall handsome gable of a house, studded with windows below, a grand oriel in its gable flanked by high well-placed chimneys, glows between the trees with that grateful warmth of sunny brown which distinguishes at once, by its rich tint, the oolite of Hamdon Hill, as the factor of its presence, from all other building stones. This is Clifton-Maubank, the antient domicile of the Horseys, a race of 'squires great and wealthy among the greater and wealthier 'squires of Dorset, when the vigorous star of Tudor was in the ascendant; but, under change of relationship, waning at last by extravagance and folly to disastrous poverty and extinction in the last days of the equally ill-fated Stuarts. But of the history of these notables, and of this their house, some more gossip anent will we have by-and-by, when we retrace our steps this way, for at present we are bound for the Church of Bradford-Abbas, the summit of whose fine pinnacle-crowned tower is peering at us through the arch of the railway bridge that spans the river at the far end of the meadow we are traversing.

Here we are on the border land between the two counties—Somerset, with its low-lying rich alluvial plains, on one side, and Dorset, with its breezy downs and undulating chalk hills, on the other. And the distinguishing characteristics of landscape and soil of the two counties seem to have permeated and, by natural sequence, influenced the minds and purposes of the dwellers within their respective limits. Singularly observable is this in the character of the religious edifices in the two districts, and specially so of their towers contrasted relatively to each other, and also in considerable degree the palatial elevation of the halls and houses of their 'squirearchy, as at Barrington, Montacute, and elsewhere, and the wreck of another we propose to examine by-and-by. The forest of rich towers that rises from the Somersetshire lowlands looks as if architecture itself had taken root in the fertile soil, and blossomed freely into those beautiful buildings that add such glory to its landscape, and vie in height and stateliness with the giant elms they are associated with. In the sister county of Dorset, all is changed, and there, with few exceptions, strong, short, plain embattled towers peep up amid the more sheltered combes of the long grassy downs, or stand firm and snug on the shoulders of the heather-carpeted wind-swept hills. It may be, perhaps, that in Somerset the possession of the rich quarry of Hamdon in its midst had much influence on this development, but Dorset had also its Portland and its Purbeck.

The tower of Bradford-Abbas is built of the beautiful Hamdon oolite, and for handsomeness will compare favourably with most of its compeers in the adjoining county; and as we look at it the thought suggests itself that the genius of the glorious Perpendicular that had so long held high festival within the limits of its chosen locality had for once suddenly placed its foot over the border, and, having flung down a rich trophy of its creation, again retired. "The tower," says Hutchins, "is esteemed one of the best in the county;" but beyond telling us that the edifice is dedicated to St. Mary, and quoting a

solitary inscription, this usually painstaking historian gives no further particulars of this interesting Church. It is of considerable altitude, flanked at the corners with octangular graduated buttresses, crested at the top with fine pinnacles. In the west front are eleven niches, with

BRADFORD-ABBAS CHURCH.

rich canopies. The three largest are in the centre of the tower, immediately over the west window. In two of them the figures still remain. The statue in the centre is seated with a book in its lap, and apparently a Doctor's cap on its head; the other figure is headless and mutilated. A beautiful crocketted canopy surmounts the doorway below.

The outline and architectural composition of this fine tower may be regarded as one of the most satisfactory examples now remaining.

Its substantial lower stories, not needlessly broken by windows, except the single necessary one in the west front, yet relieved from monotony and heaviness by the series of niches and the handsome doorway, carries the eye to the bell-chamber, where the double windows occur, necessary at once to let out the sound of the bells, and to give lightness of construction at its proper place. The graduated buttresses, set angularly at the corners, and turret also diminishing, and terminating in pinnacles, give that pleasing pyramidal form so satisfying to the eye, and exhibits as beautiful and consistent an arrangement as can be devised in stone.

Within the Church all is comparatively untouched, the edifice fortunately not having been as yet handed over to the tender mercies of modern restorers, or rather destroyers; and mute voices, pictured on emblems around, speak to us of the earlier days of the Tudor Kings and their predecessor, Edward of York. Large red and white roses, alternate, look down from the panels of the open-timbered roof, and on one the faded insignia of a noble escutcheon, bearing the red cross of St. George quartering Mortimer, and impaling the *fleurs-de-lys* of France and the lions of England, is still faintly discernible. In the windows the regal crown, the sun in its splendour, and the white rose golden attired, bring back to us the memory of the handsomest man in Europe, and husband of his widowed subject, Elizabeth Grey; while on the carved bench-ends below, the double rose of his penurious son-in-law peeps out amid wealth of vine leaf and passion flower. Of these bench-ends, the ornaments displayed on those provided for the ministering Priest deserve special notice. The richest cunningly-interwoven vine-tracery aptly symbols Him who is the True Vine; and above, at the corners, on one sit the carved resemblances of the owl and the ape, on the other two dogs—significant reminders of the wisdom, skill, and fidelity necessary to him who presumes to set forth the way of salvation. Two curious chantries, opening into each other, form a south aisle, and a very fine panelled Perpendicular arch leads from the most eastern to the chancel.

Like its name, the Church of Bradford-Abbas has an intensely ecclesiastical appearance, the more readily reconciled when we find that from the time of Alfred both the landed property of the parish and the control of its sanctuary formed an appanage of the adjoining great Abbey of Sherborne. Four altars existed within its walls, which gave daily employment to as many of its religious ministrants, and although the altars are gone, the four piscinas still remain. Hagioscopes appear at almost every corner, and a doorless aumbry for the sacred elements has its appropriate place by the side of the high altar in the chancel.

The King holds the nave, but the Priest rules the chantry. Such is the emblematic manifesto still existent in the Church of Bradford-Abbas, and so, in the chantries, we find, amid the remains of painted glass and carved boss, ecclesiastical symbols predominant. In the windows the chalice and host is repeatedly pictured, an emblem of the Trinity occurs very perfect, and, amid a confusion of the wings and robes of angels, the letter S. On a shield in the roof of the western

chantry the monogram I.S. appears. This was doubtless for John Saunders, Abbot of Sherborne from 1459 to 1475, being the larger portion of the reign of Edward IV., whose devices are also in the windows. On another shield is the merchants' mark of the woollen trade in the west of England—the only secular symbol appearing—and even this is strongly emphasized ecclesiastically.

But concerning this merchants' mark, tradition hands it down that the wool-merchants of the district contributed liberally towards the rebuilding of this handsome Church—the monks probably loosening the purse-strings.

The most noticeable object, however, is the font, and again the Church asserts herself, literally at every corner of it. Of large size and square form, the central bowl, which is ornamented around with foliage, tracery, and shields, is flanked by four buttresses, panelled and groined beneath. At three of the corners stand figures of Abbots or Bishops, mitred, with crozier in one hand and the other raised in benediction. The fourth is apparently St. John Baptist with the Holy Lamb.

As may be expected from such a purely ecclesiastical foundation, no monument or inscription earlier than the seventeenth century exists within it.

Once more in the open air and sunshine, and, notwithstanding the attractiveness of the examination of the labours of these old monks, how delightful and invigorating is the beautiful ministry and minstrelsy of Nature! The flowers by myriads, as gaily-attired priests swinging their odorous censers; the hymn of the home-bound bee; the "feathered quire" in full chant in every hedge-row; the mute service of thanks for contented happiness from the herds at rest around; and the ascriptive amen echoed from the heart that surveys it all.

Yet how faint must this diffusive splendour be, compared with that clime whereof it has been said,

> "The regions of eternal day
> But shadows of His glory are."

And to-day only the shadow of that shadow. The quest of a revered disciple crosses the thoughts—

> "Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
> How pure that soul must be,
> When, placed within Thy searching sight,
> It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
> Can live, and look at Thee!"

But recall thyself, friend of mine; the cowled brethren have not finished their mission with you as yet, even though your feet have crossed outwardly the threshold of the sanctuary. There in the grave-yard, just above the tower, stands a silent monitor to the wayfarer, passing, business-bent, on the highway outside, or more devoutly-inclined visitant, seeking refuge in spiritual communion within the adjoining walls—the Churchyard cross, a hoary presbyter among the tombs, still existent, and preaching for aye the eternal lesson,—the present only is yours; the morrow may find you at rest beneath my

shadow. And as we picture to ourselves its original comely proportions when the cunning hand of the sculptor left its tall shaft crusted over with forms of religious imagery, but now battered and worn by "the edge of days" to an indistinguishable mass, the old cross reads to us another and equally important lesson, that in the second commandment may be found more completely writ at large. Even so, thought we, doth the letter moulder while the spirit faileth not.

Down through the western skirt of the village, across a wooden bridge, and our returning way runs along the meadow by the banks of the antient Ivelle and modern Yeo, some few furlongs length.

Just a word by the way, as we loiter on the bridge a moment, and con over the Anglo-Latin compound that gives name to the village. Being interpreted into homely English, does it not sound like "The broad ford of the Abbot?"

Slow, turgid, and somewhat deep, is the river's progress through the rampart of rich loam—so slow, indeed, that we were wondering which way its current really flowed, and also divining to ourselves what kinds of the finny tribes had their abode in its uninviting depths, when suddenly and unexpectedly we came upon a fisherman, armed *cap-à-pie*, snugly ensconced behind a large alder. Two rods had he, one stuck in the bank at his feet, a second in one hand, a capacious landing-net in the other, and a portly meerschaum in his mouth. Thus completely equipped, this patient—and, as it turned out, enthusiastic—Zebedee was engaged closely watching the two little coloured globes that rested motionless on the water beneath, amid a maze of disc-shaped water-lily leaves that floated lazily around, huge as the fat weed on Lethes wharf. Angler and visitor were equally surprised; and, having much of the spirit of the glorious old Izaak within us, we ventured somewhat timidly to enquire of our well-caparisoned friend what kind of fish frequented these waters, and that he was then presently in search of. Here was a question we had no sooner put than our conscience instantly suggested that it was one we had better left unasked. "What *kind* of fish, do you ask, are to be found in this stream?" repeated he, opening his eyes in undisguised amazement, and with a shade of compassion blended in his voice, as he replied to our ignorance and lack of piscatorial intuition, "*Every* kind of fish you can mention—pike, jack, perch, roach, dace, gudgeon, trout, eels—" and he stopped short, scrutinizing us closely to see if we comprehended the full value of the finny wealth he had set before us. "Enough, friend," said we, with a gasp; "you have indeed a glorious choice, and I wish you good sport;" and as we turned to depart, our informant added, sententiously and somewhat confidentially, as he cautiously raised the rod in his hand in response to a tremble of the little red globe below, "But *to-day* I am only trying to catch an eel or two, for I consider it the best fish of the lot."

All fishermen enjoy their pleasures alike, it seems, and every man in his order, thought we, as rose before us the vision of numberless pleasant hours spent ranging beside the crystal shallows and flashing stickles of Devon, with pliant rod and dainty fly luring as our prize

the speckled trout, pluckiest of its kind; and our friend here, with quiet equanimity and equal satisfaction, patiently watching his eel-floats on the still depths of quiescent turgidity.

But adieu to matters and cogitations piscatorial, for a turn in the road gives another cue to our thoughts, as it reveals to us again the airy gables and beautiful south front of the olden home of Horsey, rising above the foliage, and richly glowing with the departing fire of evening.

Before we proceed further, let us halt a moment in the meadow through which our path leads us, for a mysterious shadow seems to cross it. On our left, as the slanting sunshine strikes along the sward, depressions therein of regularly square form catch the eye, and assure the beholder at once that a building of great strength and of some (but not large) size had once a location above them. We saunter around the old foundation, and a short distance off we stumble over a very small stone, hidden among the grass, only a few inches high, but shaped with the orthodox semi-circular apex so common to the numerous memorials, of ever-varying size, which haunt our village churchyards; and this humble memorial—still holding its place—solved at once the secret of the old foundations. They mark the site of the antient Church of Clifton-Maubank, termed originally, in ecclesiastical parlance, a dependent chapelry of Yetminster; and, small as the traces of its precincts betoken it to have been, nevertheless the service of God was of yore frequent within it, for it had three altars, dedicated respectively to the honour of St. Mary, St. Nicholas, and All Saints.

But the Church and its services have disappeared, and the very foundations of the building have been lifted and removed. Around it doubtless

> "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

but the tiny stone with a brace of initials and a simple date is the only remembrance left of any of them. Though the sanctuary be gone, still the dust of the peasant rests in peace beneath the shadow of his master's—the 'squire's—hall. Strangely enough, too, the peasant's memory is nearly as well identified as his lord's. But where do the 'squires of Clifton-Maubank sleep? Ah! history is almost silent, but two or more of the most powerful of their race—the only ones, indeed, of whom any monumental record (at present* visible) exists—eschewing the little sanctuary of their home, chose the grand Abbey of Sherborne for their sepulchre.

There, side by side, their carved semblances lie, stiffened in their martial habiliments, on a tomb of estate. Displayed around, the armorial device of their house emblematically attests their race; but as for name and epitaph, a brace of initials and a simple date—in the Abbey for them, as over the peasant's grave in the meadow—is all that remains.

Impartial thus, as the stroke of Death, is memory's record for all sorts and conditions of men:

> "When in the dust we're equal laid,
> With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

* 1886.

"There is but a step between me and death," said the Psalmist, and the words evoked a kindred echo in our thoughts as but a foot-pace, almost, landed us from the old and forgotten graveyard to the precincts of a pretty garden, all aglow with flowers, fronting the remaining portion of the olden home of Horsey, now cheery and comfortable with the present inhabiter, but equally dead as to the memories of its antient possessors—a second and significant interpretation of the Psalmist's words.

CLIFTON-MAUBANK

The south front of the existing building, with its octangular trussed buttresses (suggestive, in era, of Bradford-Abbas tower) and frieze of pierced cusp work, speaks of the earliest part of the sixteenth century, or late in the fifteenth, also attested by the characteristics of the west front, with its fine oriel window in the gable, with row of panels at the base, on which is carved the allusive badge of the house, the golden horse's head, flanked by the Tudor double rose.

But this is a fragment only of the fair proportions of the antient dwelling. Conjecturally, it was originally fully three times its present size. Tradition speaks of its extending all across the court at the rear, but with equal probability it had its location where the modern garden now is, facing the old plesaunce. The portion now remaining was evidently one of two wings, with a connecting part between them. Round the whole of the inner front ran an ornamental screen, and

the central portion, much richer than the sides, is now incorporated with the west front of Montacute House. When intact, Clifton formed a beautiful object. The pierced parapet, broken by octangular buttresses, panelled at the top, with spiral terminals, on whose richly-carved capitals stood or crouched boldly-carved figures of men—one specially fine, in armour, with crest of dragon or salamander on his casquetel—and animals supporting shields charged with the Royal arms—the initials and armorial descent of the master of the house alternating with his crest—the array again repeated, and looking down from the row of gables above—must have been very striking. With wonderful strength these figures are sculptured, particularly the allusive crest of the horse's head, in itself a fine subject, and here grandly treated—snorting, glaring, champing, bitted, bossed, armoured, and plumed; it is almost impossible to exaggerate their fire and vigour, which the incessant warfare of storm and tempest, leagued with the edge of Time's scythe, for three centuries, has very little softened or abated—so does genius inherit a comparatively charmed life. These finials and figures, thirteen in number, and which probably include all that surmounted the buttresses and gables in the front quadrangle, are now at Montacute, together with the entrance arch and the finely-sculptured panel with frieze and finials over it. On these lower finials also stand figures supporting the arms of Horsey and Maubank; below are the single and double rose and *fleur-de-lys*, and a row of shields *à bouche*. The central grand escutcheon doubtless originally displayed the arms of Horsey quartering Maubank and Turges, surmounted by his crest*; and amid the mazes of the cunningly-interlaced spandrel corners, the J. H. and E. H. of its original possessors still survive. On the capitals of the doorway below are the horse's head and shield of Maubank.

Thus far for our imperfect description of the existing remains of this once beautiful house, vagrant, tattered, despoiled, degraded, and otherwise. Our next task must be the speculation as to which of the final trio of knightly Johns, or their predecessor the Tudor 'squire, we may presumably assign the honour and taste of being its builder.

The initials of the then lady of the house, nestling in the panel, point either to the first 'squire John and his spouse the distaff heiress, Elizabeth Turges, or the knight of the same name, his grandson, who took to wife Edith Phelips. The style of architecture and ornament are unquestionably Transition, but very early, and not sufficiently leavened with the classic to date its construction to the days of the Virgin Queen or her immediate predecessor. The figure on one of the finials that supports the Royal shield is a dog, probably intended for a greyhound, while the appearance below of the rose, single and double, shields *à bouche*, and other characteristics, seem to assure the quering eye that the first quarter of the sixteenth century must have witnessed its erection by 'squire John and his wife, the "mean manne's" daughter, although its final completion and ornamentation may have devolved on his successor.

* The shield is now occupied by the arms of Phelips, with their attendant crest and motto, probably placed on it by Mr. Phelips when he purchased the stone work.

Ah! our pleasant divination is over; the old carvers of man, hart, dog, and horse, armorie and finial, have long ago laid aside their chisels, and are at rest in the shadow of the past; but their glorious work is before us, shipwrecked, disjointed, and shattered it may be, but still alive in the eternity of its beauty. All honour to their memories, albeit both founder and craftsman be nameless; but know ye, friend of mine,

"Enshrined in his own works the man shall live;"

aye, and be honoured also, notwithstanding their legacies of delightful creation be but too often made a bone of contention for the crooked thoughts of self-sufficient error (!)-hunting critics to cavil over. *Vanitas vanitatem*—the armour of beauty is invulnerable.

Another and very uncongenial task is now before us, as our downcast thoughts grope in the gloom of the departed years, to convict the desecrating hands of those who first began the work of its destruction, and their successors, with axes and hammers, that finally wreaked the last vengeance of effacement.

After the death of the unfortunate Sir George Horsey in 1611, the noble old house appears to have been held intermediately by Hele, whose heiress, according to Hutchins, "brought it to —— Hungerford, who sold it to the Harveys of Comb in Surrey," and they were its possessors in 1661. Notwithstanding this fifty years' vicissitude of ownership and passing from hand to hand, it had probably suffered little change structurally up to the date of its purchase by the Harveys, but we now get an ominous glimpse of its preparatory declension. Writing in 1773, Hutchins continues, "the mansion house is a large and stately pile of buildings, *repaired, sashed, and otherwise modernized* by the Harveys." Then, doubtless, all the rich oak Tudor carved work and stone-mullioned windows, radiant with sparkling armories, were ousted to make way for the bald monotony of deal-panelled parallelograms, lit by the dingy bottle-green sashed transparencies of good Queen Anne—a "style" so devoutly worshiped by budding architects of the present day. If the demon of destruction had stayed his fingers here, we had been well content, but a darker fate hovered over it, although, when the last representative of the equally unfortunate dynasty of Clifton's second series of possessors, the Harveys, was "seized" on and deposed of its ownership by Peter Walker, the lawyer, in 1748, even then, it is probable its interesting exterior had not been greatly changed.

In addition to the mansion, there had also been erected "a very beautiful antient gateway leading into the court, and ascribed to Inigo Jones," of which Hutchins gives an engraving. Purely classic in style, it was doubtless built by the second race of the Horseys. This was also remaining in 1773.

Last scene of all—*when* was it humiliated to its present felon-like appearance? *who* were its then possessors that sanctioned, if not devised, its demolition? For sweet Charity's sake, companion of mine, concern thyself not to know. By the kind permission of Mrs. Phelips,

of Montacute House, the following extract from the manuscript "*Anecdotes of My Life*," compiled by her ancestor, Edward Phelips, Esq., supplies the exact date.

"1786. On the 2nd of May, my wife and self attended the sale of materials of Clifton House, then pulling down. We bought 600 feet of plain ashlar stone for Cattistock,—the porch, arms, pillars, and all the ornamental stone of the front,—to be transferred to the intended West Front of Montacute; besides which we purchased the chimneypiece in the withdrawing room, some windows, some wainscot, lead, marble, &c."

"1787. Proceeded briskly with my building the West Front, and on 16 June I was enabled to pull down the scaffolding, and began the inside. This year was remarkable for building the West Front of Montacute."

So perished ingloriously, as its quondam owners, stately palatial Clifton, and doubtless at the same time, Inigo Jones—his gateway.

Yes, it *is* difficult to conceive the callous vandalism that could permit the destruction of this fine house, which, in its pristine completeness, must have taken rank with the finest edifices of its era in the county. And it *is* a subject for thankfulness that good Mr. Phelips had the taste to rescue from the wreck one of its richest features, and preserve it. Perhaps he may have been influenced by the fact that the second great 'squire of the house of Horsey wedded an ancestress of his, and so he desired to possess it in remembrance of her.

To resume. Behind the present fragment of the house are the remains of a very interesting building, of date apparently anterior to the main dwelling; but what its purpose could originally have been scarcely appears. It consists of two large rooms, one over the other. The massive oak door by which the lower chamber is entered is a fine specimen of old work in a series of deep-cut quatrefoils, and deserves better preservation. A large turret at the angle outside, with winding stone stairway within, leads to the upper apartment, or rather hall—probably a guest-chamber, for it has a large chimney-place, and the roof is an open one, finely trussed and ribbed. The whole is fast hastening to decay, but should certainly be kept dry and preserved.

Lying before the west front is the antient plesaunce garden and bowling-alley. The turfed terrace around it is still very perfect, and at one corner is the customary music-room, tolerably intact. Hither, in the olden times of reality, when each well-bred gentleman and lady was able to take part in madrigal and glee, the company resorted for a little musical pastime between the turmoil of bowls, or the softer dalliances of beau and coquette. Traces of carved grotesques still linger on its doors, and tattered panelling hangs from its decaying walls. But where are gallant and sweetheart—the lover and his lute—the sweet strains of the singers—the honied accents once whispered into the ear of love? Gone, all gone, and hushed for ever; and—tell it not, publish it not, O genii of arbour and parterre, whose ghosts here still haunt the glimpses of the moon—its precincts are now occupied by a heap of old rusty iron and the *débris* of worn-out farm lumber. Base uses, quotha, for a shrine once sacred to tender heart and tuneful voice!

A "neat" dwarf brick wall now surrounds the enclosure, and two slender pillars of the same ruddy material—the very embodiment of common-place—occupy presumably the site of the once famous gateway of the renowned Inigo.

Outside, a fine stretch of undulating meadow, dotted over with handsome elms, with here and there a disjointed pair or two, attests the locality of the antient park and lengthening avenue.

Enough, say you, of this discourse on all now left appearing of the outward and visible possession of the olden owners of Clifton-Maubank. Let us say something of their chequered career, when they lived here and possessed it in the flesh. Willingly we make another raid on the coffer of Time, and from its vasty deeps summon once more these old and now well-nigh forgotten actors on the stage of life back to the proscenium of our thoughts.

Graphic and quaint old Leland shall be our pioneer. "Clifton," saith he, "standeth on the right rype of the Ivel, and this lordship longyd to the Mawbanks, whos heires generall were maried onto Horsey and Ware, and they parted the lands. Ormond, Earl of Wiltshire, about Kynge Edward the 4 time invadid Clifton, and possessyd it by violence, with a pretencyd tytle, and began a greate foundation there, for stable and howys of office, and entendyd to have buyldyd a castle there: but shortly after Clifton was restoryd to Horsey. The auncient name and manor place of the Horeseys was at the ende of the greate hylle that goith from Glassenbyry almoste to Bridgewater. It is about a myle from Bridgewater, and Sir John Horsey possessith yet the land. The Broke of Sherburne, and Myllebrokewater, metithe together a qwarter of a myle, or more, bynethe Clifton. From Clifton unto Ivelle a myle or more."

Coker, the almost contemporary Dorsetshire historian, adds:—"They (the Maubanks) were a family of great note in the county," and this is sufficiently proved by their coat-armour—a gold saltire displayed on a field waved alternately with bars of vermillion and silver, and which vouched for their gentle birth and descent.

Early in Henry VI.'s reign the race and name of Maubank ended in two "distaffs," or, in more readily recognised parlance, daughters —eventually sole heiresses.

Alianora Maubank, daughter of Philip, sister and ultimately heiress of Philip Maubank, of Clifton-Maubank, married John de Horsey. He was the son of John, and grandson of Ralph de Horsey, of Horsey, Somerset, who died 28 Edward III.—1355. Her husband died 49 Edward III.—1376, and after his death she lived in widowhood over forty years, made her will (which is still extant) 20 October, 1417, and bequeathed her body to be buried in the church of "*Zatemynster*," to which fabric, and to the chapel at Clifton, she left some pecuniary legacies, to be laid out for the good of her soul. John, her eldest son, who is said to have fought at Agincourt, died 1 Henry VI.—1422. He was succeeded by his sons—Henry, who died in 1455, and Thomas, who married Ellen, daughter of John Fitzjames of Redlinch, Somerset, and deceased 8 Edward IV.—1469. Thomas left three sons, —John, Thomas, and William—and one daughter, Agnes.

John Horsey, his son and heir, betook unto himself another distaff, from a neighbouring 'squire's house, for a wife—Elizabeth, only daughter and subsequently heir of Richard Turges, of Melcombe, thenceforward known, after this alliance, as Melcombe-Horsey. But the bridegroom brought his heiress-bride back to his own home at Clifton-Maubank, and there lived and settled.

It was said previously that the tomb and stately effigies found in Sherborne Abbey-Church was the only monument extant (or visible) to this influential family, and at the date when these desultory notes were put together this statement was believed to be correct. But since that time, through the kind offices of a "chiel takin' notes" in the same pleasant field of investigation, we were rejoiced to find that the fine brass effigies of the last-named John Horsey and Elizabeth Turges, his wife, are still in existence, and were then in the custody of the Vicar of Yetminster.

John Horsey is bare-headed, but otherwise in plate armour, which is finely chased or engraved, skirt of mail, sword and *miséricorde*, broad-toed sabbatons, and rowelled spurs. His wife, Elizabeth, is clad in pyramidal head-dress, gown with plaited cuffs, rich girdle, chain, and dependant pomander ball; over it a robe or mantle fastened across the breast with cordon and tassels.

The date of the death of Elizabeth Horsey was never engraved—a very common occurrence in old brasses; and evidently the memorial was laid down in the lady's lifetime.*

These interesting figures were originally inlet on a large—probably Purbeck marble—stone, in the pavement of the chancel of Yetminster Church, and the slab was further powdered with scrolls having on them the ascription, "**Jesu, Mercy.**" When this fine but somewhat neglected Church, with its stencilled roof and old benches, is cleared of the wonderful accumulation of pew and gallery, we trust these most valuable brasses will be reinstated, without fail, over the dust of John and Elizabeth Horsey. John made his will in the May preceding his death, ordered himself to be buried at "*Eatminster*," and gave "*40s. to the maintenance and reparacion*" of the same, "*underneath the condecion that I be prayed for in the Bede roll yerely*"; to his daughter Agnes, "*a religious woman, professed at the Abbey of Barkyng, Essex, 6 sylver spoones and a standing nutte with the cover*," with similar legacies to his other children. William Horsey, his brother, clerk residentiary of Exeter, who died about 1543, orders his burial in

* Lysons thus describes the functions of "Esquires for the Body," whose duties appear to have been much the same as those performed by the modern valet:—"The office of Esquire of the Body was of a very honourable nature. It is thus described in the household book of King Edward IV.:—'Esquiers for the body, four, noble of condition, whereof alway two be attendaunt on the King's person, to array and unarray hym, to watche day and nyght, to dress hym in his clothes, and they be callers to the chaumberlayn if anything lak for his person or plesaunce; theyre business is in many secrets, some sitting in the King's chaumber, some in the hall with persons of like service, which is called knyght's service, taking every of them for his lyvery, at night, a chete loffe, one quart wine, &c.' Their fee was 7½d. a day while waiting."

Of yo'r charyte pray for ye soules of John Horsey Esquyer for ye body to our sou'aigne lord kyng Henry ye viij and su'tyme lord of Clyfton in ye Countie of Dorssett and Elizabeth his wyfe sometyme lady of Turges Melcombe in the seid Countie syster and heyre of Robert Turges Esquyer sone and heire of Richard Turges Esquyer su'tyme lord of ye seid Turges Melcombe, which John dep'tid ye viij day of July ye y'er of o'r lord mv.xxxi, and Elizabeth dep'tid ye——day of——ye y'er of o'r lord god m.v^{c}.——on whose soules J'hu haue merey. amen.

BRASSES OF JOHN AND ELIZABETH HORSEY —A.D. 1531.

the Cathedral, "*near the Erles Tomb in St. Peters*," gives "*20s. to the Parish Church of Clifton, the which was the first promocion that ever I had*," and to his niece Agnes, the "*religious woman*" of Barking, "*my blak noot of silver to pray for me.*" *

To pray for thee! old Father Horsey—to be remembered in thy good niece's prayers—for this didst thou thus give her thy choicest bit of silver plate! Alas! for the truth of that faith which worketh by love, if it be deemed to need such bribe, so to be kept in mind and borne on the heart here below; and for the belief that such coveted prayers, however earnest, could influence the destiny of the freed spirit then at rest in the presence of Infinite Love itself. And we doubt not that *religious woman* did remember thee in her prayers, apart from such incentive, regularly and faithfully, according to the light within her; but how poor and small—yea, almost selfish—this desire appears, yet how faithfully it reflects the earth-stained belief of the age—this linking of bequest and request—thus continually left on record in these old wills, the last wishes and solemn testimony of the dying breath. But the dawn of a purer light was then breaking, and in the testamentary dispositions that follow, beyond the commendation of the departing soul to its Maker, we hear nothing of legacies providing for the perpetual recitation of *pater noster* and *ave, pro bono statu* of the departed. In fact, at the date of "Mr. Doctor Horsey's" will the Monasteries had been dissolved, for he there describes his niece as *late* religious woman of Barking; but the old Priest doubted not the efficacy of her intercessions.

John Horsey, by Elizabeth Turges, his wife, had two sons and three daughters—John, who succeeded him at Clifton; Jasper, of Oxton, who died in 1545, and from whom issued the Digswell descent; Agnes, the nun; Dorothea; and Elizabeth.

The recently-acquired possessions of this second heiress added substantially to the family patrimony, evidenced by Leland's commentary—"Sir John Horsey, of Dorsetshire, hath almoste as much land thenheritance of his mother as he hath by his father." The Turges, whose interest in Melcombe dates from the close of the fourteenth century, conjecturally came there from Hampshire. The old itinerant, with apparently a spice of contempt for their unennobled position, contrasted with their ample domains, continues, "The house that his father lay at, as in his own inheritance, is caullid Clifton, and is in Dorsetshire, two miles from Shirburne. Syr John Horsey's mother was doughter and heire to one Turgese, whose maner place and landes (Melcombe) lay betwixt Milton and Ceren. Melcombe is one of the fairest lordships in Dorsettshire, that has been in mean mennes hands. It was the oldest inheritance of the Turgesis. The last Turges of Melcomb's daughter and heire was Sir John Horsey's mother, and he hath it by her." Their arms, *Azure, a chevron between three crosslets fitchée Or, within a bordure of the second*, was in the chancel window at Melcombe in Hutchins' time, but no monuments or inscriptions visible to them or the Horseys. Richard Turges, father of Elizabeth, died 20 Henry VII.—1505.

* Probably cocoa-nuts, mounted with silver, as goblets, on feet.

The star of Horsey was now rising rapidly in the ascendant, and each succeeding John (there were five in all) greatly increased the possessions of the house by wife and purchase.

John Horsey, son of John and Elizabeth Turges, was a man of wealth and foresight. He flourished in the reign of Henry VIII., and when that monarch was so greedily despoiling the overgrown ecclesiastical foundations with which England was then teeming, land could be had easily and cheap, and so he laid out large sums in the purchase of Abbey lands lying near his house, and this he had laid careful preparation for acquiring by having been appointed Steward to the Abbot of Sherborne. This was an office much sought after by country gentlemen, who contrived to get a deal of the conventual property in their possession on long leases, and had great influence over the Abbots, getting them almost under their thumb as it were, so that when the crash came, and the dissolution took place, it paved the way to the easy acquisition of large landed possessions.

It proved so to Master John Horsey, and of course to the utter discomfiture of his old master, Abbot John Barnstaple, who, stripped of all his dignity and estate, had to turn out of his grand Church and its belongings, his distinguished home, and all the premises and land immediately near the Monastery, inclusive of his country retreat at Wyke, and hand them over to his former secular representative and quondam neighbour, the knight of Clifton-Maubank. But things had greatly degenerated when Abbot John Barnstaple resigned his charge. "The purer spirit of separation," says Mr. Harston, "from the world, and devotion to God, which had prompted his predecessors, and the popular feeling in favour of the monastic life, had so far died away that now sixteen monks alone remained to represent the three hundred Benedictines that formerly resided in the Abbey." Still, the sale of such a famed institution, dedicated for ages to the highest purposes, *nolens volens*, to a single individual, as any other ordinary chattel, without any compensating result, seemed a strange, unholy bargain. A few particulars as to its extent and the price paid.

On January 4, 1539, the King (Henry VIII.) demised to Sir John Horsey, knight, the house and site of the late dissolved Monastery, and all the houses on the site and precincts of it, and all the lands which are commonly called the demesne lands of the Monastery, situate in Sherborne, and in the occupation of the Abbot for the use of the house, and the manor of Wyke. Also the Church steeple (Abbey-Church) and Churchyard of the Monastery, and that inseparable adjunct to a monastic community, a water mill, near the said site and precincts, together with the manors of Bradford (Abbas) and Wyke, Trill (in Clifton), and Creech in Purbeck; and within these manors and other premises to have courts-leet, hundred, view of frank-pledge, &c., and all rights in as ample a manner as the last Abbot of Sherborne or any of his predecessors enjoyed it. At first he was to hold these properties of the King by payment of a yearly rental, but on 1st May, 1539, his gracious and greedy majesty, for the sum of £1,242. 3*s.* 9*d.*, granted to this "counsellor of the King's grace" the reversion of the premises and the rents thereof in fee. Intermediately the Abbot and

his sixteen monks had surrendered the Convent to Sir William Petre, as an entry in the Sherborne Register significantly informs us—"*18 March, 1539—Expulsio Monacorum de Sherborn.*" So the reverend the Abbot and his fraternity retired, and the worshipful the knight and his friends entered in their stead.

Thus ended the ecclesiastical importance of Sherborne, whose traditions take us back to the earliest dawn of the Christian faith on our land, even to the conversion of the West Saxons, and a house here dedicated to the worship of God by Kenwalc, their King, who died in 672; while, soon after, the learned Aldhelm (kinsman of King Ina, and to whom we owe the first translation of the Psalter into the Saxon, equally famed also as a gifted musician and the fabricator of the first organ, "a mighty instrument," as he himself described it, "with innumerable tones, blown with belows, and enclosed in a gilded case") was consecrated its first Bishop; and his name is still perpetuated at the bold headland that fronts the waves of the Atlantic on the south verge of the county, with the little chapel on its brow —a warning to the storm-tossed mariner. Here at Sherborne the episcopate had its seat for nearly four centuries, until the Chaplain of the Confessor and its last Bishop—Herman of Flanders—in the Conqueror's days, translated the see of Old Sarum. Then the erstwhile Cathedral of Sherborne was changed to an important conventual Church, and its Abbots afterwards took rank in dignity with the most influential brethren of their order, and, though they did not regularly sit in Parliament, were looked upon as spiritual barons, and were often summoned to the great councils of the nation in the reigns of the early Edwards. Founded by the piety of a Saxon, and protected alike by Norman and Plantagenet, it was reserved for the unscrupulous, intruding Tudor to destroy, at a beck, all its eight hundred years of beneficent spiritual traditions, which were wrecked and passed away as a dream. Not a trace of compensation was offered to the neighbourhood for the spoliation; a few hundreds of pounds—a mere acknowledgment, in comparison with the real material value of the property confiscated—passed into the Royal coffers, and the whole was handed over to some hangers-on at Court, eagerly waiting for their bargains.

But what became of Abbot John Barnstaple, the last head of this noble foundation, and dispensor of its important functions? Altogether he was generously dealt with. The King gave him a pension proportionate to one-sixth of the revenues of the Monastery, and this was subsequently, in 1540, augmented by his being appointed Rector of Stalbridge (one of the best of the Abbey livings) by Sir Giles Strangeways and the son of his old steward, John Horsey, jun., Esq., who held the patronage by grant of John Bere, Abbot of Sherborne—Barnstaple's predecessor. The ex-abbot and his quondam steward, notwithstanding all these changes, appear to have remained good friends, for Sir John Horsey appointed him executor to his will. He exercised his humbler, but doubtless happier, functions for twenty years, and by his will (proved 27th January, 1560) ordered his body to be buried in Stalbridge Church, and gave "*to Sir John*

Horsey, Kt., a standing cupp of silver and guilte, and to my Lady Horsey, and her son Mr. John Horsey, each a gold ring." So the old Rector, and last Abbot of Sherborne, died in peace with all. "He seems," says Hutchins, "to have been interred in the chancel, under a large stone of grey marble." On a shield on one of the capitals of the pillars in the chancel, which are covered with interesting sculpture, (all having a history) are the Abbot-Rector's initials—"J. B."—and on another, close by, "J. M." impaled by a pastoral staff, being those of his predecessor, Abbot John Mere—both doubtless benefactors to the edifice.

Thus much for the history of its last Abbot. Our next enquiry must be as to what fate befel the glorious Church he had vacated, ere he retired to his country cure, and which was now held in fee secular by his late steward. Fortunately a happy one. The Abbey-Church as part of the conventual property, had been conveyed by the King to Sir John Horsey in January, 1539, and on the 18th March the monks were expelled. The Sherborne register will conclude the story by telling us that on

"The feast of the annunciation of our Lady, being the Shere Thursday in Cena D'ni, A.D. 1540 (1539-40), 31 Henry VIII., the Monks being expelled and the house suppressed by the King's auctoritie, master John Horsey, Knt., counsellor to the said King's grace, bought the said suppressed house to himself and his heyres in fee for ever; and then the said Mr. Horsey, Knt., sold the said church and the ground to the vicar and parish of Sherborn, for 100 marks to them and their successors for ever, and the said vicar (John Chetmyll) and parish took possession of the same on the day and year above-said." *

So the knight must have negotiated the sale of the Abbey-Church to the parishioners almost on the instant he had himself purchased it. The price set on it seems ridiculous as compared with the grandeur of the building; but it was sufficiently large, taken into consideration with the sum he paid for *all* the conventual property; and even this sum, small as it seems, was defrayed by instalments, and the Church purchased piecemeal. First the lead and the bells, then aisles and choir, and lastly the nave; great exactitude being shown between Sir J. Horsey and the parish in the several transactions. The contracts are all preserved.

Never mind how it came about; the glorious Church was rescued from destruction, and owed its preservation, in great measure, to having been recently completed by Abbot Ramsam (or De Rampisham), 1475–90. The other Churches—or rather chapels—in the town, which were much in the character of attachments to the conventual Church, had greatly fallen to decay, and specially one called All-Hallows, which was grafted to the west front of the Abbey; and therefore, when the townsmen became the owners of the Mother-Church itself, they pulled all the others down.

The Abbey-Church has a fine Norman porch, but exhibits, in the main, a very beautiful arrangement of late Perpendicular work—lofty and well-proportioned, not too ornate, and is built of Hamdon stone, which confers on the structure all its indescribable richness of tint,

* Hutchins.

both within and without. How often have we wished that its equally fine Lady-Chapel, now so wretchedly blocked up, could be cleared out and restored to it. The parishioners have always well cared for their noble Church (independently of the munificent restoration it received some years ago), and they have recently completed the costly reparation of its tower.

And the mention of the tower recalls one of the most interesting traditions of the edifice—that of the great bell, the largest of the ten that hang within it, and which is reputed to be one of the heaviest rung in peal in England. It was originally the gift of Cardinal Wolsey, and is said to be the smallest of seven bells that were imported from Tournay, and distributed among the Cathedrals of Oxford, Lincoln, &c. It is called *Great Tom*—after its donor—and on it is the following distich :—

BY WOLSEY'S GIFT I MEASURE TIME FOR ALL

TO MIRTH TO GRIEF TO CHURCH I SERVE TO CALL

It was recast in 1670, by Purdue, of Closworth, and again in 1865, by the Messrs. Warner, of Whitechapel, London. Its actual weight is two tons six hundredweight and a quarter.

Wolsey had in his early days been rector of Lymington, a parish only a few miles distant from Sherborne, and probably he then had pleasant relations with this important ecclesiastical establishment, which he afterwards desired to perpetuate by presenting it with something in remembrance. He, too, fell under the displeasure of the despoiler of the Monastery, and passed as quickly from the stage of existence and the spoiler's power. A strange conjunction of fate, we have sometimes thought when listening to its suggestive tone—relating to the Church and the Cardinal; the Church still survives, to mock the callous sentence of the despot who purposed to annihilate it; but the ambition that perished with the donor of the bell knew no revival, as its solemn tones in the tower hourly remind us.

THE CARDINAL'S BELL.

In the deep hush, from yonder Minster's tower,
A sweet note marks the passing foot of Time—
The voice of one that rose to loftiest power,
And fell like meteor from that summit's prime.
Not far from hence life's footsteps take him back
A peaceful way, with simple duties strewn,
And then they stretched afar with dazzling track,
Until was won the threshold of the throne.
O treacherous path! lit with a tyrant's smile;
To sackcloth turned thy purple panoply,
And, driven from his face a spurned exile,
Sought thee like mendicant a place to die:
Here, hour by hour, thy warning death-words ring,
"Serve thou thy God! and court no earthly king."

But a word or two further about Sir John Horsey, and of a romantic incident connected with his career. It is related that one of his most

intimate friends was Sir Thomas Wyatt (the elder), and, by a singular coincidence, it fell to his lot to close the poet's eyes, hard by his own home, either at Sherborne or somewhere near.

Wyatt had been ordered by Henry VIII., in the autumn of 1542, to proceed to Falmouth to meet an embassage from the Emperor, which was expected to arrive there, to arrange for a war with France, and he was to conduct it to London. The weather was very unfavourable. Wyatt hasted to obey the Royal command, probably performing the journey on horseback. He overheated himself, and was seized with a malignant fever. Horsey came to his friend's aid at once, but it was in vain; Wyatt's strength speedily yielded to the malady, and he died on the 10th or 11th of October, 1542, at that fatal climacteric of genius, the age of thirty-nine. His body was unfit for removal, and Horsey laid it in the vault he had prepared for himself, in the Abbey-Church of Sherborne, and where he afterwards found resting-place beside him; but neither stone nor inscription marks the poet's sepulchre.

The entry of Wyatt's death in the register records—

> "*Mensis Octobris 1542,—34. Re. Hen. 8.—11.*
> *Sepultus est Dns Thomas Wyet miles*
> *Dni Regis Consiliarius vir Venerabilis.*"

Poor Wyatt! His lyre thus prematurely hushed. A great halo of romance has been thrown round the effusions of his muse. As he was one of the first and best of our English poets, so the chief theme that inspired his thoughts was the first, best, truest, tenderest, and most delightsome that ever did and never fails to enchant the soul of man—the love of woman. But his love lyrics partake not of the dull-fired sensualism that permeated effusions on the same subject a century and half later, and strove to clothe, under a guise of specious refinement, the robust form of the antient Roman muse.

Wonderfully minute is his analysis of those tender feelings that surround the heart—exceedingly, almost endlessly, quaint in mode of expression; but there is a warm homeliness, freshness, and purity in his lyrics, the which, albeit extravagant and occasionally grotesque in their imagery, still never descends to weak sentimentalism, and evident sincerity strengthens every line of his innumerable conceits.

What caused him thus to analyze with such continuous care the inherent promptings and longings of the tender passion? Some more than common or ordinary love-making, surely, even if disappointed. One of the gentlest and purest of lyric spirits has told us—

> "No real Poet ever wove in numbers
> All his dream; but the diviner part,
> Hidden from all the world, spake to him only
> In the voiceless silence of the heart.
>
> Love may strive, but vain is the endeavour
> All its boundless riches to unfold;
> Still its tenderest, truest secret lingers
> Ever in its deepest depths untold."

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Did the light of Anne Boleyn's blue eyes really stir, with irremediable, unrestful spell, the depths of Wyatt's heart, unsettling him so very much, and which he with manly purpose veiled, and then sought to pour forth his soul in the subtle analysis of that heart enthralled with the most potent, but in his case hopeless, spell as a solace? Did he thus essay by the cold philosophy of reason to chill and hold in check love's fiery coursers, that else had carried him to destruction? The allusions to her—if they are such—are distant and faint, but the most jealous caution was necessary, for even the whisper of a poet's rhyme, in that strange age of extravagant romance and glaring cruelty, might have led him to the scaffold. The words of another fair poetess speak to us as a requiem, as we linger over his unmarked grave:—

"Who seeks the vanished bird,
By the forsaken nest and empty shell?
Far off he sings, unheard."

Four years after the poet's death, in the last year of Henry's reign, on the 23rd December, 1546, this same new tomb, in the Church he had once purchased, became the custodian of the bones of the "counseller of the King's grace" himself, and subsequently (5th January, 1552) of Joan Maudlin, his wife, They left two sons—John and Roger—and two daughters, Elizabeth and Eleanor.

Sir John Horsey, his heir, wooed unto himself a wife from the "gentile stock" of the courtly Phelips, also of their grand home at

Montacute. She was Edith, the daughter of Richard Phelips, Esq., of Corfe Mullen, near Sturminster-Marshall, where was an antient seat of the family, and among the old stained-glass armorials in the windows observed by Hutchins, the last coat in the series was Phelips impaling Horsey. She was married at Poole, in March, 1539, to John Horsey, being then the widow of John Stocker, merchant, of that town. Richard Phelips, probably her father, was one of the representatives in Parliament for that port in 1512. Hutchins adds that the Register states the wedding took place "*by priviledge given by the King, supreme head of the Church*"—Henry's newly-assumed title. By her he had one son (John) and two daughters—Elizabeth (married to Sir William Mohun, of Cornwall) and Maria. He was "dubbed a knight of the carpett" by Edward VI., 22 Feb. 1546, and was one of the members for the county in several Parliaments. A wealthy and powerful 'squire was he, and when grim death put his hand on his shoulder, found himself "seized in fee" of some eighteen thousand acres of land in Dorset and Somerset. But he had to leave it all, and was sepulchred at Sherborne, with his father, in the seventh year of Elizabeth, 30 Jan. 1564.

Digress we a moment to speak of their monument in Sherborne Abbey Church, which probably was erected by the son of the last Sir John Horsey, to the memory of his father and grandfather, as the series of arms ends with Phelips, for his mother. At the end of the tomb, immediately under the heads of the figures, is "I.H.," repeated, and again over the effigies the same initials occur twice, and on the pediment the dates 1546 and 1564. In front of the canopy is "E.H.," for the mother of the last Sir John. On the table recline two knights only, almost exactly alike, in complete armour, with morions on their heads, and fully armed. Their feet rest on cushions, but their hands are bare, and the fingers richly ringed, but instead of being raised in prayer, are crossed placidly on their breasts.

Surprisingly vigorous and unmutilated are their features and the other parts of the effigies, and the tomb equally well preserved; and however time and change may have adversely dealt with their memories, habitations, and possessions, they have at least dealt very tenderly with their imaged proportions here recumbent.

AT REST.

Armoured and helmed—in the deep gloom they lie,
Stretched side by side in silent dignity;
Each deep-cut lineament as true and clear
As if the sculptor's chisel still lay near.
With unglaived hands crossed meekly on the breast,
Yet jewelled fair as if for love's clasp dressed.
Placid—resigned,—as if here from the tomb,
With glance prophetic, piercing the Past's gloom,
At the dark future of their race they gazed,
Saw their broad lands dispersed, their fair home razed,
Their names unscribed, and passed from memory,
Save to some passing pilgrim's curious eye,
Who from the herald's legend on their bier
Learns by its mystic language who lies here.

SIR JOHN HORSEY, 1564. SIR JOHN HORSEY, 1646.

FROM THEIR MONUMENT IN SHERBORNE ABBEY-CHURCH.

Clifton, Thomas Freke, its ultimate possessor of that name, dying without male issue in 1698, devised it to Pitt.

In his will Sir John directs himself to be buried "*near my late wife Lady Grace Horsey*," and gives, among other valuable bequests, to his "*loving kinsman Ralphe Horsey, Esq.*," whom he had constituted his heir, "*my ring of golde, my great cuppe of silver gilt which I had by the gifte of my late kinsman Sir Edward Horsey, Kt., decd., and my bason and ewer of silver guilte the gifte of my late cosin George Horsey, and all my armour and artillerie for the warres, he to be my ex'or*," and to each of the "*overseers*" of his will, ten in number, "*a ring of angel gold with the superscription,*

"VITA BREVIS AMICITIA LONGA."

Old Knight, of all the riches thou hast left,
These words are still thy wealthiest bequest.
What would brief life be, if of love bereft,
And sanctifying friendship's quickening zest?
The glittering diamond—gleaming angel-gold,
Pass cold and passionless from hand to hand,
Pleasing the outward sense of those that hold,
But in the heart they own no fatherland.
Too short is life for Faith's predictions fond,
Based on the promise of its fitful gleams:
Too dim for Hope's bright wings to soar beyond,
And to fulfilment bring its fabling dreams;
But not too brief for Love—her phœnix flame
O'er life's last heap of ashes burns the same.

Dame Dorothy Horsey, as widow to the two knights, seems to have been well dowered with precious jewels, which she distributed in various ways at her death—to her mother, "*my ring with a pointed diamond*," to her "*loving son in law, Edward Gorge, Esq., one broche with a black aggate, ffower diamonds and ffower rubies in yt,—my long bason and ewer of sylver all white,—my canabie of crymson velvet in the bed chamber with crymson taffeta quilte, bed, beddinge, hangings, wrought pillowes, and all the furniture whatsoever belonging to that chamber;*" to Dorothy her daughter, his wife, "*one paier of goulde borders set with pearle, which my late husband Sir John Horsey gave me, and a hoope set with 20 diamonds, which was my wedding ring to Sir John Horsey*,"—and other costly trinkets to her relatives and friends.

Something like a wedding ring, my Lady Horsey, and well in keeping with your wealthy spouse and grandly-furnished bed-chamber. But all these things must be left for others; we cannot carry them with us, —shrouds have no pockets. *Sic transit gloria mundi* is the whisper in our ear, as we look at the wreck of the old mansion, and think of all this magnificence once rife within it.

Again two "distaffs" ended the first house of Horsey, as similarly was ended the houses of Turges and of Maubank before them. These ladies, the sisters of the last 'squire, were married, and had been liberally provided for by their father, and again further substantially remembered by their brother at his decease.

The star of Horsey, still at its zenith, now began to glow with tremulous and uncertain lustre, and in the course of three generations waned and sank to gloom and extinction as speedily as it had risen to brightness and eminence. Let us see how this came about.

There resided at Diggeswell, in the county of Hertford, a strain of the Horseys descending from Jasper, second son of John Horsey of Clifton, and his wife Elizabeth Turges, where, says Hutchins, they "had a competent estate, and lived long in good esteem."

The wealthy old childless 'squire of Clifton, undesirous that his name and lineage should become extinct and forgotten, cast him about for an heir to perpetuate it. Naturally he selected his distant cousin, Ralph of Diggeswell, who had married his sister Lady Mohun's daughter Edith, and he bequeathed Ralph his vast property.

A few particulars as to the descent of the second dynasty of Horsey of Clifton-Maubank. Jasper Horsey, second son of John and Elizabeth Turges, was of Oxton, Kenne, near Exeter, he having married Johanna, daughter of William Wilford, of that place: of this family, says Pole, "Robert Wilford, son of William Wilford, that famous cytsen of Exon, which did soe great service uppon the Frenche, whose father Robert was dyvers tymes maior of ye cytye of Exon, purchased this land, which descended unto Sir Ralph Horcy from George his father, and Jasper Horcy his grandfather." He died in 1545. Mistress Johanna died in 1558, and in her will gives to her mother "*an ale crewse of sylver, and a crewse of sylver; to Sir John Horsey the debt he owes me for the black velvett gowne; and to Hogge, my foole, £10 yearly during his life*"—a curious legacy, but of liberal dimensions.* They had thirteen children—ten sons and three daughters. George, the eldest son, married Mary, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Periam, of Diggeswell, Herts; was Sheriff of that county and Essex, and died in 1587. Sir Edward, another brother, was "a gentleman of considerable note; he held the post of Captain of the Isle of Wight from 1573-77, and was ambassador to John of Austria, 1577." (Hutchins.) He was "dubbed (a knight) at Hampton Court, December, 1577;" died 23 March, 1582; and was buried at Newport. He it was who gave his kinsman, Sir John of Clifton, his "greate cuppe of silver gilte." George Horsey had three sons and two daughters—Ralph (afterwards of Clifton), Thomas, and Jasper; Margaret and Anne.

Inheritor of this splendid demise from his kinsman Sir John, Ralph of Diggeswell settled at his new home of Clifton, and all was, or should have been, well with him and his posterity. Whether the acquisition of such large possessions turned the young heritor's brain, or what, we learn not, but it is ominously recorded that his father (who was evidently a prudent person) advised him, "if he should have occasion to sell any lands, not to part with his Hertfordshire inheritance, which had continued so long in the family; but the young gentleman, ill-advised, sold his posterity." From

* For the quaint particulars of these and the foregoing bequests we are indebted to the valuable notes of the Rev. F. Brown, F.S.A., appended to a pedigree of Horsey in *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, vol. ii., second series, p. 43.

Hertfordshire to Dorsetshire is but a step, and if no compunction could save the immediate family estate, which was his own by heirship, he would have less scruple in dealing with his cousin's bequest; and so it is presumably implied, although not certainly known, that he encumbered the Clifton estate also, and laid the foundation of his son's misfortunes. He was Sheriff of Dorset in 1591, and one of the knights of the shire in 1597. He died in 1612, and was buried at Melcombe-Horsey; but no monument or inscription records his memory. The year following his death his widow married a Mr. Thomas Scetone at Melcombe, and she was there buried with her first husband in 1628. He had six sons. John, the eldest, died without issue; George, second and heir, Ralph, Philip, Edward, and Howard; and three daughters—Grace, Dorothy, and Elizabeth.

Our little history carries us on to his son and successor, Sir George Horsey, last of the 'squires of Clifton-Maubank of that name, and representative of both houses. He was knighted at Whitehall, 10th February, 1581. From some of his correspondence (preserved) evidence of his downward course may be traced. One by one he alienated the manors of the noble estate; then his wife's jointure was sold; then his friend Sir George Moreton (to whom the letters were written from which the succeeding particulars are gleaned) absconded into Wales on account of pecuniary engagements for him. Sir George still unable to return, the once wealthy 'squire found himself incarcerated in Newgate, his well-born wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Freke, of Shroton, sick in London; "himself in want of bread and necessaries, not sixpence in his pocket, nor knew he where to go for a crown; that for two days he had not a farthing to buy bread for his servants, and lived only on water and oatmeal and threepence-worth of sprats. In 1639, he was living with John Freke, Esq., his brother-in-law, at Shroton; but, as tradition says, was outlawed for a debt of £10, and died in the county jail." (Hutchins.) This was probably correct, and the place of his incarceration London, for he was buried at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, 10 January, 1644-5. His much-tried wife had found her grave in the same Church, 5 November, 1638. In the will of Lady Freke (mother of Lady Horsey), proved 17 Feb., 1640, she gave to her grandchild, John Horsey, £100; and to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Horsey, an annuity; but there appears to be no mention of this lady in the family pedigree.

There were four sons, John and George, who died early; Ralph, and a second John, killed at the siege of Sherborne Castle, in the service of the Parliament.

In Sprigge's *England's Recovery* we get an account of Captain Horsey's death :—

"This day (6 Aug., 1645), towards evening, Captain Horsey, another of Col. Rainsborough's officers, was shot dead in the place with a birding-piece from one of the towers, and was (with another officer who was shot before) the next day buried after a martial manner in the church at Sherborne, being the place where Captain Horsey's ancestors were entombed."

Captain Horsey had one daughter, married to Arthur Owen, of Johnston, Pembroke. All the great possessions of the family were now

dispersed into other hands—presumably its last male representative had received his quietus by the Royalist birding-piece, and so the name and fame of Horsey of Clifton-Maubank became extinct.

A remorseless downward fate still followed the unfortunate house. Completely alienated by the Horseys, an almost similar untoward destiny seems to have finally overtaken its second possessors, the Harveys, a family of some position, from Surrey. They succeeded about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the last owner but one, Michael Harvey, died in 1711.

It was during this gentleman's proprietorship that the last notable incident occurred in the brighter history of Clifton-Maubank. This was the visit of the Duke of Monmouth, returning from his western pleasure progress, in the autumn of 1680—four years before his other and unfortunate martial progress to the field of Sedgemoor and the scaffold. The Duke came from Exeter to Whitelackington, and from thence he rode across to Clifton and dined with Mr. Harvey. After dinner he again set off on horseback to Longleat, the residence of Thomas Thynne, Esq.

Mr. Harvey is commemorated by a rich marble monument in the chancel of Bradford-Abbas Church. Its touching inscription, although couched in a "dead" language, gives a succinct but pleasing account of probably one of the gentlest 'squires of ill-fated Clifton, and by translation tells us that "from his youth he practised a religion not showily barren, but rich in good deeds, and whose gate was always open to strangers, his neighbours, and the poor, and his heart to all the good. Often elected to the Supreme Assembly of the Senate, he was ever found a defender of his country and her laws, and to friendships happily begun with great advantages he returned still greater benefits than those he received from them. He experienced the pious care of his most loving wife during the long weariness of a disease to which, though the fortitude of a Christian mind was equal, his mortal part succumbed." And, further, that this devoted wife, "*Domina Agnes*," "deeply sorrowing, ordered this memorial to be set as a token of her love, how great, alas, how great!"

Alas, too, for these tears of sorrow, shed so long ago, and with which this now almost unnoticed record is writ; but the dust of ages cannot obliterate them, nor dull their unquenchable light and immortal fragrance, so welcome amid the gloom and desolation of our little narrative.

Five years afterwards, in 1717—as a similar marble on the opposite wall records—this devoted wife, "*conjux amantissima*," was laid for ever by that much-loved husband's side. The pen of a relative, "*Edwardus Harvey de Combe, comitatu Surrey, armiger*," has on it left record, in kindred language, of the beauty and sweetness of her character, as having been one "who from her earliest years ordered and adorned her life by true religion, sincerely faithful toward God, trustful towards men, equally calm in prosperity and adversity, thankful in health, perfectly resigned in sickness, liberally succouring the poor, excelling in kindness to guests and neighbours, a friend to all, an enemy to none. Wonder not, Reader," he concludes, "if, her life thus spent, she yielded to death without fear."

"There be two leaden coffins, lying side by side in the vault below," said the venerable clerk, as we concluded giving him a hasty outline of the "meaning" of the Latin inscriptions. "Enough," we replied; "as it should be—pleasant in their lives, and in their last sleep not divided." "Waiting for a blessed resurrection," begins the testimony to this true wife: our valedictory benison on her memory shall be in the words of a gentle and gifted sister:—

> "Calm on the bosom of thy God,
> Pure spirit, rest thee now;
> E'en while on earth thy footsteps trod
> His seal was on thy brow."

Our aged companion drew attention to a further interesting inscription, graven on a stone on which we were standing, to "*William Harvey, of Wyke, in the county of Dorset, who died of wounds he received in the service of King James the Second, at*————, *in ye said county—1685;*" * the envious encroachment of a pew hid the missing words.

"1685—that was the year of the ill-fated Monmouth's rebellion," we remarked, "and that unfortunate man, in his happier days, was once hospitably entertained at Clifton." "I used to remember the whole of the inscription," said the old clerk, "but cannot call it to mind now" —not to be wondered at either, considering that his span of existence, still hale, had been lengthened to the verge of four-score years, for fifty-two of which he had held his official position in the Church. Where are now the worshippers that in his early youth found their places in this sanctuary, and Sabbath after Sabbath joined in the well-accustomed tones of his responses? Gathered together in a silent congregation outside, where doubtless the last solemn word they had so often joined in, then spoken over their unwitting ears, was his!

Wyke—as mentioned on the gravestone—was another interesting possession of the Horseys, second only in interest to Clifton, and situate about half-way between Bradford-Abbas and Sherborne. Leland describes it as "a late the Abbate of Shireburne's maner place set on the right ripe of Sherbourne water, als Ivel river;" and tradition speaks of it as having been the country retreat or retiring-place of the Abbots; but they seem to have leased it to tenants, to hold under them. The house, as it now appears, is of later era than the Abbots' possession, being of late sixteenth century work; but the unique characteristic is the antient moat that still surrounds it, fed from the adjoining river; and there is, or was, a very antient vine, still flourishing and shewn as the "Abbot's Vine." Sir John Horsey acquired Wyke from Henry VIII., with the other Church lands, and it passed from his descendants with Clifton to the Harveys, and finally to the inevitable Peter Walker, the London attorney, hereafter noted.

Following Michael, who died in 1711, comes his son Michael, last of this house as owner of Clifton, who, after he had held the property some thirty years, obtained an Act of Parliament to sell a part of his

* The Register supplies the date, "*February 4th, 1685*"—this would probably be 1685-6. Monmouth's landing at Lyme was in July, 1685.

settled estates for the relief of the other portion. He had mortgaged Clifton to Peter Walker, Esq., of Stalbridge, and that gentleman seized on it just before Harvey's decease, in 1748.

A memento still survives of this second Michael, or rather of his wife, and it is also the last relic existing of Clifton-Maubank church, being a portion of the communion plate given by Mrs. Harvey to the now vanished edifice in 1733. It is preserved, and in use, at Bradford-Abbas. The fabric itself was demolished about ninety years since, an Act of Parliament having been obtained for that purpose by the then possessor of Clifton. Thus the last remnant of the social individuality of Clifton became a thing of the past.

But a passing allusion to this Peter Walker, who is thus characteristically described as having "seized" on Clifton, and also Wyke. He appears to have been the son of an elder Peter Walker, a London lawyer, Clerk of the Peace for Middlesex, and Steward to the Duke of Northumberland and other noblemen and gentlemen. He thus acquired an immense fortune, a large portion of which he seems to have laid out in purchasing the estates, encumbered or otherwise, of the Dorsetshire gentlemen—doubtless on favourable terms. He represented Bridport in the Parliaments of George I., and died in 1745, aged 83. The Harveys often represented Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis in Parliament, and (we believe) Milborne-Port.

Of this last Michael Harvey, Hutchins adds—"Had he survived John Duke of Montague, who died in 1749, an estate of £4,000 per annum would have come to him." But this was not to be; Clifton again found a new owner, and the three golden crescents of Harvey sank into the same gloom that had hidden the golden crosslets and horses' heads of their predecessors.

Enough of this dismal but interesting history, fit subject

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

High up in the gable of their old house the beautiful sunshine is gilding with perennial gold the tarnished lustre of the emblems of Horsey cast upon them by its last possessor, and renovating them once more to the glory of their first estate. Bitted and bridled, too, are the heads of the proud coursers, but the reins were loosened by the new possessors, and the high-mettled steeds, impatient of their fresh-found unsteady riders, carried them speedily to destruction and extinction.

The little sanctuary of the hamlet has vanished as completely as the name and fame of its lords. The remnants of their antient dwelling are before us, dismantled by strangers almost beyond recognition; the tomb and effigies of two of its most renowned possessors are close at hand, but the tersest initials and dates

"The place of fame and elegy supply"

of a race who often served their King as his Sheriff, and his subjects as their representative in Parliament

Search thou the county of their adoption up and down, and it is questionable if the six letters spelling their name can, at present, be found inscribed anywhere within it.

And what moral, it may be asked, is to be pointed from this sad but not uncommon declension and extinction of a human descent. "It has been observed," remarks an old author, "that very few have long enjoyed these alienated possessions, and most of the proprietors have died untimely or violent deaths;" and has it proved so, as hath been by some surmised, that no abiding prosperity or blessing could rest on those who had laid hands on what had been set apart for the Lord? To this it may be answered, what is there that man *can* properly set aside for God, beyond the unstinted, unselfish obedience of a sanctified heart consecrated to His service. All material things belong to Him already, and He has set them apart to be the common heritage of all His creatures; while One who had not where to lay His head has enjoined us not to set our hearts upon any earthly possession, but lay up treasure where neither moth, rust, nor robber intrude. How, then, may we offer these gifts of time back to Him again, except by the world-unseen hand of charity and love. And as for judgment, has He not placed His fingers on our lips, as He points to Siloam's tower?

The iron horse is whirling us swiftly eastward, and with reverted gaze we take a farewell look at the old house. Who is there among the myriads passing up and down, that catch a similar momentary glance, would dream that such an eventful history of life's vicissitudes gather round its stately gables? A few minutes' duration, and the rushing train comes to a standstill almost under the shadow of the venerable Minster wherein the outward and visible semblances of these olden 'squires repose, over the bones they portray, and that are now stretched below them in eternal rest. The train steams slowly out, and the grand outline of the Abbey fades, lessens, and is lost, like the spirits of those whose dust it covers, in the clear and distant light of heaven.

UNANSWERED.

Did the soft light that beamed from those blue eyes
  Wake in his soul the infinite unrest
That springs from love's sweet guerdon, but denies
  The happy meed that makes its victim blest?
Then like a martyr spirit doomed to roam,
  Wrapped in the torture of consumeless flame,
Through the slow-wheeling years, in memory's home
  The withered echo of an idolled name;
Until one pitying glance was on him thrown,
  O healing muse, by thee! sweet comfort given
To many a hopeless heart, all earth-sick grown,
  Sighing for refuge in some opening heaven;—
And then his soul's sad vigil deep and long,
Transfused with tender music, broke in Song.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY:

HIS HOME IN DEVON.

WHO is there among us does not feel his heart aglow, and his pulse beat a little the faster, at the mention of anything relative to the locality where Augustus Montague Toplady lived and ministered? That daring prophetic spirit, who seems to the mental vision sitting at the feet of Calvin, eagle-winged and firm of purpose, and out-stripping the great apostle of his faith even in the positive utterances of his assurance, yet withal clothed in the bright mantle of one of the sweet harpers of Paradise, with his seraph's lyre at his side. Strange admixture of poesy and dogma, yet ever beautiful and ever truthful triumph of love and song. The soft eternal halo of the Poet has long outshone the fiercer glory of the stern Divine, but the piercing rays of conviction that distinguish Toplady in the latter character have given to his productions the true Promethean incandescence of immortality.

There are, doubtless, many people who read the beautiful lyrics of Toplady—see his name on the pages of their hymn books as they sing them on returning sabbaths—say to themselves in their quiet moment stray verses, or repeat one of those inimitable single lines, when their hearts are full or cares infest them, to their exceeding comfort—with a quiet wonderment who the gifted author was that thus comes to them so nearly in their inner experience, but have never troubled themselves further about his history.

Toplady was a voluminous writer, unsparing and pugnacious on the congenial absorbing topic of his life—polemical theology, and a bitter wordy warfare was carried on between him and another honoured labourer in the Master's vineyard—John Wesley. With strange parallelism in development of mind, too, Wesley, like his literary opponent, was one of the sweet singers of Israel; and there is little doubt now that the "veil darkly" is removed through which their eager glances stretched to catch closer glimpses of the truth on earth; both of them, from this world's disputations free, are raising as with one voice the beatific hymn of the redeemed.

Amid the galaxy of poets that bespangle the theological firmament, Toplady must ever take rank as a star of the very first magnitude, and in some respects the glitter of his genius is altogether unapproachable. There is a heartiness, a fervour, a brilliance, and an unquestioning faith in the truth of what he is singing about, that influences the reader with a powerful and riveting charm which he cannot shake off, even though he be not inclined exactly to follow and acquiesce in the views so vividly and beautifully set forth.

A deal of the strength of Toplady resides in the concentration of idea, often expressed in a single line, which, for aptness of descriptive power and completeness, rarely leaves anything more to be said on the thought propounded, and is almost unrivalled in its peculiar walk of religious song. His lines fall on the ear with unconscious strength, but re-wake afterwards in the memory with surprising freshness and vigour. A study of his poetry in this particular will amply repay the investigator, and give him possibly much of an unrealized view of the capabilities of its author.

With all these special beauties, there is yet, perhaps, one more which lends even a rarer charm, and enhances the whole of the foregoing—the unquestionable desire of not writing for earthly fame. No trace of vanity for, nor courting of, this world's applause, pervades a single stanza, or seeks to lay itself out for it. The hymns are the outpouring of a heart—written *to* man, but *for* God. And there is a fragrance and sanctity about them that seem to fully realize the idea embodied in one of our most popular modern hymns:—

> "O Paradise,—
> Patience, I almost think I hear
> Faint fragments of thy song!"

A truce, however, to a bewitching subject, as our main object is a description of Toplady's Devonshire home, and the scene, for seven years, of his parochial ministrations.

As the traveller spins along on his way from the clean little market town of Honiton, on the railway, through the long sylvan valley to Exeter, a few miles west of the former place he will observe on his right a high pyramidal hill, on the top of which are apparent, even from the railway as he passes, the huge earthworks of a large entrenched camp, forming one link of a chain of hill fortifications that protected the border land of the ancient Danmonii—the olden blue-painted warriors of this merry shire—from their predatory neighbours, the Duotriges of Dorset.

This is Hembury Fort hill, and at the foot of the eminence, securely nestled in another vale, which runs at right angles from the line of railway, is Broadhembury, the country cure of Toplady, to which place he was inducted in 1768. This much for the locality by rail: our visit will be by a chaise drive from Honiton, four miles distant.

The road to Broadhembury winds away through an umbrageous lane, nearly up to the apex of the fortress-crowned hill, visible from the railway, and we halt for a few moments on the summit, to enjoy the beautiful prospect. The view from this point is magnificent; west-

ward the fertile valley of Honiton extends down to Exeter, fourteen miles distant, behind which, forming a massive barrier against the far-off cloud-land, rise the mountainous hills of

DARTMOOR.

The broad Atlantic bends before thy throne,
Its rocky footstool with white lips hath kissed,
Where, granite-browed, thou sitt'st in grandeur lone,
Thy temples wreathed with heaven's unsalted mist;
Feet in the brine, and face veiled by the cloud,
And vestiture by changing nature wrought;
Titan of earth and sky, silent and proud,
Even beauty kneeling hath her homage brought:
Time, as a shadow, speeds across thy plains,
Leaving no record of his printless feet,
Thy glances follow, as one who disdains
To stop a foe 'tis aimless all to meet;
And all our generations come and go
As snowflakes on thy shoulders melting slow.

Below and around, the green combes and woody glens lie extended over a vast circuit, as in a map, and the tourist is led involuntarily to admire the excellent situations for look-out chosen by the antient British chieftains for their mountain fastnesses.

An easier descent on the other side, for a couple of miles, brings us to the Grange, a stately mansion in which has resided for generations the squires of Toplady's parish, the progenitor of whom was a noted law officer to the energetic Virgin Queen. A few hundred yards of farther progress through the devious lane, and the fine old tower, with the conglomeration of thatched roofs at its base, and guarded, as it were, by some luxuriant elms, all so characteristic of a Devonian hamlet, and the village of Broadhembury is before us.

There is little more noteworthy than ordinary in the aspect of the place, compared with other west country parishes. The main street is, however, very broad and clean, and the cob-walls, neat thatching, and gay flower-plots in front, give a warm and comfortable appearance to the cottages, and show that the squire of the parish is not insensible to the wants and well-being of the peasantry who reside within it. A long dairy-string of red Devon cows (for all is red here—cattle, soil, and houses) are slowly marching home to the evening milking; behind loiters a happy-faced lad and his sworn chum, a great grey-coated, tail-less sheep-dog, and both of them are eyeing with great interest the strangers in the little vehicle creeping along by their side.

Making our way onwards towards the swing sign that denotes the village hostelry, we drive in under an antiquated gateway to the yard in the rear. The obliging proprietress, whose husband seems to combine the vocations of farmer and publican, ushered us through several large rooms into the special parlour for strangers, and soon sets before us a dainty spread of sparkling cider, a huge home-made loaf, and a roll of sweet butter, the whole evidently manufactured on the premises.

But a glance round the room itself affords the greatest treat. Its dimensions are small, but the walls, from floor to ceiling, are wainscotted with multitudinous panels of oak, carved into the well-known linen pattern so much used during the reigns of the 7th and 8th Henrys, and a rich cornice of boldly-carved masks and allegorical devices runs round at the top. A large stone window, consisting of a series of narrow Tudor arched openings, and defended from outside intrusion by iron lattice bars of enormous strength, throws a subdued light into the quaint old apartment, which evidently is a portion of one of those old decayed village manses once so numerous in the West of England.

Broadhembury Church.

On emerging from the front door of the inn, our attention is at once arrested by a short, wide street which stretches up a gentle ascent from the main thoroughfare, and at the top of which stands the really noble church tower, lofty and pinnacled. This is the attractive feature of the place, and anything finer of its sort is rarely found. High trees, with a stray house or two between, occur on each side, and directly in the centre rises the tower, with lych-gate and a wall at its base, fringed over with the usual garnishing of tombstones that peep above the coping.

Quite enjoying the unexpected treat of so picturesque an incident, we slowly wend up the acclivity, stopping for a moment at the yard

gate to scan the outside of the building. The church is built in what is termed by architects the third pointed or Perpendicular style of Christian architecture, and the date of its erection is about the period when so many of our Devonshire sanctuaries were re-built.

The tower is lofty and well proportioned, also the porch, over which are three richly-fretted niches, long since denuded of their occupants; and a singularly beautiful aisle window at its side attracts notice, with curiously carved corbel heads, one of which is attired in the queer horned head-dress, so fashionable about the middle of the fifteenth century; and beside it another skeleton window of graceful Decorated character, now walled up, but which well deserves to be opened and glazed.

The civil sextoness has by this time arrived, and as the key grates in the lock of the ponderous door, it is with feelings of subdued curiosity, not unmixed with a more than common awe, that we cross the porch threshold. Inside, the church has been modernised and re-seated, but the restorations appear to have been carefully and judiciously carried out.

On the chancel wall is an old monument with a figure in ruff and trunk hose kneeling at a desk; but the inscription has perished, and the arms are almost wholly denuded of colour. There are many other memorials, chiefly to the ancestors of the lords of Broadhembury—the Drewes of Grange. In the thirteenth century the manor was given by William Lord Brewer to the Abbey of Dunkeswell which he had founded, and it continued in the possession of the confraternity until Henry VIII. laid hands on it. Lysons records that its lords had formerly the power of life and death—a monstrous and unenviable privilege. At the dissolution Henry granted it to Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, whose grandson sold it to Edward Drewe, Sergeant-at-law to Queen Elizabeth; and his son Thomas, about 1610, built the manor house where his descendants continue to reside.

One of these memorials, for quaintness of epitaph, is worth noting:—

To the Memory of Francis Drew, Esqr.,
who departed this life the 24th December, An. Dom. 1675,
and in the 71 yeare of his age.

If flouds of teares, and vniversal Loue,
Against the Fates a remora could prove,
If vertue could the just and Loyal save
From ye dishonours of ye Darksome Grave,
Then hadst not thou most happy soul so soon
Left us in teares, and to the Angels gone;
But walls of flesh we see can't long confine
Souls truly noble and like them Divine;
Impatient of their earth they still aspire,
And what thou dost enjoy they most Desire.

Arms—Drewe impaling Walrond.

The most interesting object is the font, which is similar to that at Bradford-Abbas. It stands on four pillars, groined to a central stem ornamented with panels and shields. Around the octangular bowl

are shallow niches or panels, containing figures of saints, alternate with bishops, in the attitude of benediction, and others occupied by plain shields.

The interior now probably wears little of the aspect that it did when Toplady ministered within its precincts, and with the exception of the cunningly-carved screen and quaintly-painted west gallery, all is probably of modern erection; but taken altogether it is a fine, airy country church.

The usual small gratuity to our homely cicerone, and a request to be left alone to look round the church for half an hour, soon produce the desired effect; depositing the great bunch of keys in our hand with a request for us to put them in at the cottage door at the end of the lane when we had finished our visit, she vanishes through the little side chancel door with a respectful curtsey.

"Alone," said we to ourself, "and in Toplady's church," as we sat down in the corner of a seat, harnessing the twin steeds of meditation and fancy to the car of our thoughts, and giving ourselves freely up to the impressive associations of the place and moment.

Here ministered Toplady; these walls have been made eloquent with his voice; here, it is justly probable, while setting forth the mystery of his Master's will, the bright glance of the Ineffable broke in upon his heart with living light, and tipped his pen with immortal fire, leaving its record behind in what has been termed the finest religious lyric in the English language—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

We thought of the parallel of two names (do not be startled, gentle reader), of Toplady and Napoleon, of Broadhembury and St. Helena; the parallel of the masters they served, and respectively of their deeds and of their fame.

Far out in the trackless solitude of the ocean, chained to a rock, and expatriated from the ken of his fellow men, lived and died one with a reputation for gigantic earthly ambition and its successful grasping such as the world had never seen.

Thousands of his brethren had shed their life-blood in stifling death agonies, and had gone down to unknown, unwept, unhonoured, unsoothed graves, to build that reputation up—a reputation founded on the dying curse, the writhing groan, the shriek, the wail, the frightful din and cruelty of the battle-field, the tear of the orphan, the broken heart of the widow.

Such was the purpled Emperor of St. Helena; such the fame, seethed in blood, of the prisoned arch-vulture of king-dom. He served his earthly master well, and had his reward.

Here, in his woodland home, a sunny Devonshire valley,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,"

lived another soldier, patiently and obscurely fighting in another great battle-field,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot;"

who carried in his hand not a sceptre but a torch, not a sword but a

pen—the torch glowing with the fire of faith and immortality, the pen inscribing the words—peace and love.

No ruthless unholy hand of man was needed to manacle him to a solitary rock in the distant void of ocean; another Hand had ordered his goings and set his feet upon the Rock of Ages, that sure fastness of his soul of which he so sweetly sung. No crowd of captive kings thronged the antechambers of his earthly courts, but celestial visitants delighted to wait on him instead.

His fame, too, is built upon the dying hours of men, passing away upon a battle-field large as the world itself, where the victory tells of Christ. Millions of dying lips, from zone to zone, from king to peasant, far as the English language is spoken, and in many another tongue, have ceased breathing while whispering his words for their comfort, in quenchless faith, and have carried the faint echo of their assurance direct into the Master's presence. Myriads yet unborn will do the same to the end of time, repeating and still repeating the peerless story of the "Rock of Ages" (which its author, with quiet humbleness, says, "may be used living or dying"), and find in its glorious confession the ascription of prayer, the burst of praise, the glow of comfort, the beam of peace, the stay and surety of widowed and fatherless.

Such is the white-robed saint of Broadhembury; such the fame of the meek disciple of His kingdom who served his heavenly Master well, and hath his reward, dwelling now with cherubim and seraphim! Where is the comparison of fame?

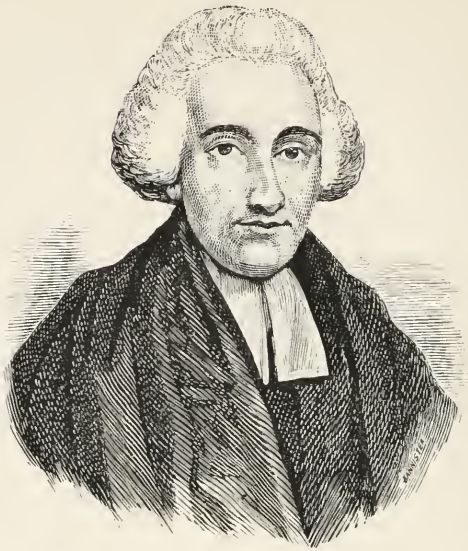
> "Wide as this earthly taper's spark
> Is from yon argent round."

Our reverie over, a saunter round the little churchyard completes our survey.

We carefully scan the names commemorated on the tables of stone, those index fingers of the dusty hand of death that point the certain road on which all living flesh is fast hurrying. Several meet our view inscribed with a date, indicating that the now "dull cold ear" of the sleeper below was doubtless in life privileged to listen to the searching enquiries and dauntless answers of the then unknown but now famous village pastor—let us hope, to the auditors profit and edification.

Toplady was born at Farnham, Surrey, 4 Nov. 1740. His father was Major Toplady, and died at the siege of Carthagena, soon after the birth of his son. His mother was Catherine Bate, the sister of the well-known Julius Bate, the Hutchinsonian. He received his earliest education at Westminster School, and then accompanied his mother to Ireland, where he subsequently completed his studies and took his degree, B.A., at Trinity College, Dublin.

Toplady's mother watched over the fatherless boy with the most solicitous and tender affection, which he as fervently and gratefully reciprocated. Writing on the 5th May, 1768, he says, "My honoured and most dear mother's birthday. Gracious God, crown her inestimable life with many years to come, and crown each year with additional grace and redoubled happiness!"



AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

It was during his residence in Ireland that those fervent religious views, in enforcing and illustrating which he afterwards became so able and zealous an exponent, received their first awakening. The great Father of our spirits did not "rend the heavens and come down," encompassing him with a sea of glory, as when the great apostle of the Gentiles was called; but He also "whose footsteps are not known" led the young disciple, then just sixteen, on the evening of an August day in 1756, into a barn at a place called Codymain, where a layman was preaching. The text was, "Ye who were sometime far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ," and the preacher a Mr. Morris. Toplady refers to this circumstance on the occasion of his return from a visit to Exeter in 1768, where he heard a sermon from the same text, which gave him much pleasure, and records that "It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the memorable evening of my effectual call," and adds, "Strange that I should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name!"—and he mentions the event again in his will. But it is a part of God's most glorious purpose to choose the weak things of this world to despoil the strong, and often puts the resistless arrows of His truth in the feeblest hand. Three years afterwards, in 1759, the first edition of his poems, a small duodecimo, was published in Dublin, and, although then only nineteen, his compositions exhibit

all his poetic charms of clearness, earnestness, and terse striking metaphor.

Returning to England he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, 5 June, 1762, and licensed to the curacy of Blagdon, Somerset. He was ordained Priest 16 June, 1764, and between that date and 6 May, 1766, when he was instituted to Harpford, near Sidmouth, in Devon, he was curate of Farleigh-Hungerford, near Bath. He remained two years at Harpford, and then exchanged with the Rev. Francis Luce for the vicarage of Broadhembury, where he was instituted 6 April, 1768. He remained there until the close of 1775, when he removed to London.

Toplady's social and political views were of large and liberal comprehension. The foolish and unhappy struggle between England and her American colonies was being prosecuted in all its fierceness during the last two or three years of his life. His instincts were on the side of liberty and freedom, and "it was well known that he was against those coercive measures that had taken place, and was of opinion that no plea could be set up in justification of the proceedings of this country against the colonies which could be defended on constitutional principles. He was explicit to confess that the civil rights of mankind rank next, in value, dignity, and importance, to the gospel of Christ: that the good Christian and the good Englishman are characters perfectly compatible; and that no book was more unfavourable to the claims of arbitrary power than the Bible." For holding these true and generous sentiments he was, as a matter of course, traduced, termed a "Republican," and so prejudiced in the esteem of some of his so-called friends "that it occasioned a suspension of that mutual endearment that *apparently* subsisted between them in the paths of common amities."

It would have been well for England could she have viewed the perfect law of liberty with the spirit of her gifted son, and been large-hearted enough to have accorded to her distant children that freedom which she so loudly claimed for herself, and thus prevented that ineffaceably dark shadow being cast across the path of our national history that now appears on it. Toplady was called away from the unnatural strife, and, when John Adams looked King George in the face, had for some time been "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of light."

From a *Diary* that he has left, entitled "*Short Memorials of God's gracious Dealings with my Soul, in a way of spiritual Experience*," and commencing 6 Dec. 1767, we get an interesting glimpse of Toplady's religious yearnings, and record of his active parish ministry. As is usual with enthusiastic emotional minds, Toplady's moods of thought vibrated between the higher lights and passing shadows, inherent to all high-strung religious belief, especially when yoked with sensitive poetic temperament and delicate health. "It is curious," says the Rev. W. Everett,* "to note that although the writer's many beautiful hymns are for the most part objective, yet in this *Diary* we

* *Devon Churchman*, p. 38, vol. ii.

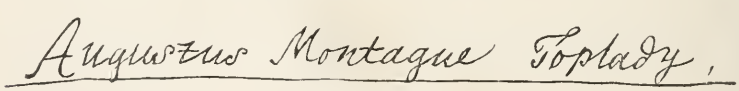
see him incessantly studying his own feelings, and, as a consequence, oscillating unceasingly between doubt and assurance, or, to use his own words, for ever alternating between the Mount and the Vale."

After all these heart-siftings and strivings to unravel the inscrutable, is it not wiser to keep our faith bright, to believe that He *never* fails those who trust Him, and to remember that, "in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength;" and also it will be rendered to "every man according to his works, to them that, by patience in well-doing, seek for glory, and honour, and incorruption, eternal life"? Surely there should be no room for vain disquiet here; and yet we must recollect that the purest and strongest minds, at their best, are but human weakness—that the most fragile link is the strength of the chain. Yet who would dare dispute that Toplady was not one of those

> "That by due steps aspire
> To lay their just hands on that golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity."

His parochial ministrations were carried on with great energy, and his ability as a preacher made him much in request, so that large assemblies of hearers came to listen at Broadhembury and elsewhere. On an afternoon in July, 1768, he notes,—"The congregation was exceedingly great indeed; I was all on fire for God; and the fire, I verily believe, caught from heart to heart." And again, subsequently—"The congregation was by far the greatest I ever yet saw here; the people flocked like doves to the windows; and such an auditory, and that auditory so solemn and attentive. I read prayers and preached with a fervour, strength, and liveliness which only God could give." And then, as a result, "last Whit-Sunday I had but thirty-six communicants; to-day I had the comfort of counting sixty-one. Duty is pleasant when God is present."

One entry in the *Diary* is of special import to us of the present day, relative to him "who, being dead, yet speaketh." On Saturday, 18th May, 1768, he records,—"All day at home. Wrote several hymns, and while writing that which begins thus, '*When faith's alert, and hope shines clear*,' &c., I was, through grace, very comfortable in my soul. From morning until now—*i.e.*, until eleven at night—I have enjoyed a continual feast within." This was one of his happier experiences, and when the divine fire burnt brightly in him. We here give his signature, taken from the Register at Broadhembury—



The fame of Toplady is still a prized tradition in the parish, and visitors are not infrequent to this scene of his country ministrations. A very aged inhabitant, whose years had reached within three of four-score and ten, and still hale and active, told us that in his younger days he remembered those who had known and heard Toplady—and

spoken of his kind, sympathetic disposition, and his fervour as a preacher. From him, too, we heard the story of the poet's going out into the lanes and woods at night, clothed in white (his surplice, doubtless)—singing his hymns as he walked, often to the terror of his simple-minded parishioners, who deemed they saw an apparition, until undeceived by their pastor's kindly voice.

Beside his spiritual activity and acceptance among his parishioners, he appears also to have been an equally welcome guest with his more influential neighbours. Then we get occasional allusions to symptoms of frail or failing health, which he was bravely battling with. It may be, the warm relaxing Devonshire air was not congenial to him—although consumptive subjects are now ordered down to our milder regions; or perhaps it was for the sake of better medical advice, or because his active mind could not endure the dulness of a quiet invalid life in a place where there were no minds at once equal to sympathise with his own; but towards the close of 1775 Toplady removed to London, leaving his benefice at Broadhembury without vacating it.

The metropolis, however, was no place for his energetic mind and enfeebled body to get the rest he needed. Surrounded by zealous fellow champions of his theological system, he was busily engaged preaching, and in vigorous warfare otherwise contending for the faith as he believed it.

As a preacher he has been thus described:—"His voice was melodious and affecting, his manner of delivery and action were engaging, elegant, and easy, so as to captivate and fix the attention of every hearer. His explanations were distinct and clear, his arguments strong and forcible, and his exhortations warm and animating; his feelings so intensely poignant as to occasion in some of his addresses a flow of tears, which drew forth a reciprocal sensibility in his auditory." His discourses were mostly extemporaneous, and large congregations gathered to hear him.

Ill-health gradually increased, and on 11th August, 1778, in his thirty-eighth year—an age so fatal to genius—he died, his last hours being brightened with the full assurance his faith had so longed for during his lifetime; so true is it, beyond gainsayal, and notwithstanding these inseparable flickering shadows of human uncertainty—He never fails those who never lose their faith in Him, in life or death, until they are eternally joined

> "With the innumerable host
> Of angels clothed in light;
> With the pure spirits of the just,
> Whose faith is turned to sight!"

So passed away from this world's controversy, then raging strongly over the greatest and most important of Christian truths, one of its warmest disputants, Augustus Montague Toplady. The middle of the eighteenth century was remarkable for religious revival, and three names are indelibly associated with it,—Whitfield, Wesley, and Toplady. Whitfield had been translated to the land of peace seven years before our poet; but Wesley, active, energetic, and unresting, was permitted to continue his mission for thirteen years afterward.

Rowland Hill officiated at the obsequies of his departed friend, which took place in Tottenham Court Chapel, where he was buried under the gallery opposite the pulpit. On a small marble tablet is this inscription:—

WITHIN THESE HALLOWED WALLS, AND NEAR THIS SPOT,
ARE INTERRED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
THE REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, VICAR OF BROAD-HEMBURY, DEVON.
BORN 4 NOV., 1740. DIED 11 AUGUST, 1778, AGED 38 YEARS.

HE WROTE—

"ROCK OF AGES! CLEFT FOR ME,
LET ME HIDE MYSELF IN THEE!"

Once more our thoughts gather round the poetic charms of Toplady, as we call to mind sundry portions of his works. Surprisingly beautiful and complete is his imagery, whether mounting on the fervid fiery pinions of religious exultation and assurance of the future, or hovering and poising in sweet abstraction over some delightfully happy picture of earth-born joy. With the real hand of genius he grasps and displays the full embodiment of metaphor or sentiment in a short sentence of wondrous completeness and power, that never requires afterthought to brighten or expand, whether soaring in highest adoration—

"Fountain of never-ceasing grace,
Thy saints' exhaustless theme,
Great object of immortal praise,
Essentially supreme;
All Thy works Thy goodness shew,
Centre of perfection Thou!"

or moving in blissful contemplation—

"Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die;—
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows."

picturing life's probation—

"At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry,—Sweet Spirit come;
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way."

or with holy serenity awaiting its trials and close—

"In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus,—in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died."

We depart from the village in chastened mood, though not altogether untempered with joy. A beautiful setting sun glints warm, lustrous rays through the hedgerow bushes, and dapples the lane with oases of shifting splendour, and the massive frontal of Hembury Fort cuts keenly into the grey luminous depth behind it. All is hallowed and peaceful around; scarcely a sound breaks the silence, except the indistinct murmur, at intervals, of a railway train threading its way down the valley.

What is there for thee, my heart, beyond this earthly beauty and peace—this suffusing splendour above and around? this capacity to understand, enjoy, and be thankful? Only that place of which our sweet poet had experienced so ample a foretaste; where, without doubt, he is now translated, and become in verity what in life he wished to be,

> "Like the rapt seraph that adores and burns;"

and where, to use his own prophetic words,

> "Thy worship no interval knows,
> Their fervour is still on the wing."

Even there, O heart!

A PRAYER, LIVING AND DYING.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

Jesus pro me perforatus
Condar intra Tuum latus:
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem
In peccata mî redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

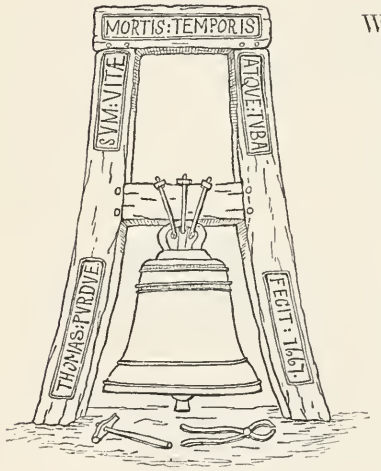
Coram Te nec justus forem
Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

Nîl in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus Crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro,
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes,
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BELLFOUNDER.



WALK from the Railway Junction at Yeovil to the village of Closworth is in many respects a pleasant one. Descending from the somewhat elevated platform of the Station, and passing under the massive arches of the railway embankment, a few hundred yards along the level lane brings us to the antient village of Stowford, whose main feature consists of an area of some size, skirted round with old dwellings and farmsteads, built of the rich Hamdon Hill stone, and displaying almost universal traces, in imperishable elliptic-arched doorways and stone-mullioned windows of the handicraft of late Elizabethan work. In the centre grows several large lime trees, such as the rich soil of Somerset loves to produce, and its whole effect forms an almost picturesque ideal of an English village.

From thence, by a devious lane, we emerge into the broader turnpike, and, seated on a hill, about a mile distant before us, rises Closworth church tower, struggling for superiority of height with the noble elms that surround it, and fringe the outline of the acclivity on which the village is situate. The road winds up round the hill in its approach, and we halt to admire a singularly handsome group of trees on a knoll in a field to the right grown so symmetrically together as to appear like one tree, and presenting a fine study of branch and foliage.

Interspersed with some newer buildings—old houses, in the main form the habitations of the present generation at Closworth, as at Stowford—specially so the antient vicarage, retiring, ivy-garnitured, and venerable.

We find our way to the churchyard. On the left of the principal path leading up to the south porch is the resting-place of the old Founder, and a substantial high tomb of Ham Hill stone is set up over his grave. The panel at the east end is occupied by a large deeply-cut sculpture of a church bell; the front also is ornamented, and within two semicircular headed panels is the inscription:—

HERE LIETH THE
BODY OF THOMAS
PURDUE, WHO DIED
THE 1ST DAY OF
SEPTEMBER, SINCE
THE YEAR OF OUR
LORD, 1711, AGED
90 YEARS.

Here lies
the Bell Founder,
honest and true,
Till ye Resurrection
named Purdue.

Of the history of this noted family of bellfounders some few particulars may be interesting. The name Purdue, Purdew, Purdey, or Purdy, does not seem to have been altogether an uncommon one in Wilts and Dorset, but the father of Thomas of Closworth is believed to have been George Purdue of Taunton, a bellfounder there, and born about 1580. He had three sons, William, Roger, and Thomas, all brought up to their father's handicraft. William the elder was located at Salisbury; he died at Limerick, and was buried in the Cathedral, 1672. On his gravestone is inscribed an epitaph, which, with little variation, appears to have been adopted for his brother at Closworth:—

HERE A BELLFOUNDER, HONEST AND TRUE.
UNTIL THE RESURECTION LIES PURDUE,

WILLIAM PVRDVE, OBIIT IIIO XBRIS
AO DNI MDCLXXIII.

Three succeeding generations followed this William, who were settled at Winchester, and carried on the business of bell-founding, and were men also of some position, each being successively Mayor of that antient city—Nicholas, who died 1675; John, 1706; and Nicholas, 1780. Roger, the second son of William, had his foundry at Bristol.

Thomas, the younger of the three, established his home and foundry here in this delightfully-situated village, living to the great age of ninety years—from James I. to Queen Anne—through nearly a century, and one of the most important and troublous to be found in English history.

He resided in a house near the church, still called "the Bell-founder's," and his foundry was situate in (now) an orchard at the back of the rectory, whose surface is strongly marked with evidence of former excavations necessary for carrying on the craft, and the soil below the turf is mainly composed of ashes and burnt *débris*. The smaller bells were doubtless cast here, but it was customary for the larger ones to be cast at the place where they were to be hung, probably from difficulty of transit.

The three brothers cast a large number of bells which are still hanging in the towers of the counties of Somerset and Devon; and notably "Great Peter," of Exeter Cathedral, originally given by Bishop Peter Courtenay, in 1484; and "Great Tom," of Sherborne Abbey church, first presented by Cardinal Wolsey, being the smallest of seven large bells he imported from Tournay, and by him distributed among the Cathedrals and Minsters of England.

The honour of casting, or rather of recasting, Great Peter in 1676 belongs to the old craftsman of Closworth, and speaks well of his skill and enterprise. The bell is six feet four inches in diameter, four feet eight inches high, of the reputed weight of 125 cwt., key-note A, and was doubtless cast at Exeter. On it is the following inscription :—

EX DONO PETRI COVRTENAY EPISCOPI EXON. ANNO DOM 1484.
PLEBS PATRIÆ PLAVDIT DVM PETRVM PLENIVS AVDIT.
RENOVAT EX IMPENSIS DECANI ET CAPITVLI EXON
ANNO DOMINI 1676 PER THO. PVRVE.

Three other bells of the peal in the south tower were cast by Purdue the same year.

The Closworth workman also recast the Cardinal's bell of Sherborne, in 1670, four years afterwards. It was again recast in 1865 by the Messrs. Warner, of the Crescent Foundry, Whitechapel, London. The bell still bears, in part, the following inscription, which was probably first placed on it when Purdue recast it :—

BY WOLSEY'S GIFT I MEASURE TIME FOR ALL,
TO MIRTH, TO GRIEF, TO CHURCH, I SERVE TO CALL.

THIS BELL WAS NEW CAST BY ME, THOMAS PURDEY.
OCTOBER THE 20, 1670.

The present bell is the same size as the old one—diameter at the mouth, five feet four inches and half; weight, two tons six hundred weight and quarter; and the note B, quarter flat.

It is curious that founding operations of such magnitude should have had their location in country villages. At Montacute, a village a few miles across from Closworth, lived another bell-founder in the early part of the same century, called Thomas Wiseman, who was also itinerant as occasion required. In 1611 he came to Colyton, and cast two bells there, and somewhat prior to that, in 1580, two brothers, named John and George Poole, residing at Yetminster (also only a few miles from Closworth in another direction), were bell-founders, and cast a bell for Colyton, the agreement for which, as well as the account of Wiseman's operations, is still extant.

These old workmen probably selected this locality as being central, and thus convenient for carrying on their business in the west of England. It is with pleasure we note that the present rector has had

the old Founder's inscription cleaned and painted afresh. The tomb itself is in a very fair state of preservation. Two of the bells in his own parish tower were recast by Purdue in 1655 and 1667.

A glance at the church, within which doubtless the old bell-founder for many a year, on returning sabbaths, found his accustomed place, and through the yard where he now rests, waiting with the sleeping host the tones of that wondrous summons which, with louder and more potent tone than any human finger can fabricate, shall pierce the tomb, and bring with no uncertain lingering steps the great and final congregation into the presence of the Eternal.

Immediately behind his tomb is a fine churchyard cross, but much worn and denuded. The church tower is handsome, of considerable height, and crowned with pinnacles. Fine canopied niches, much mutilated, occur on the north and south basements, and another centrally situated on the west front, which probably originally contained a figure of the patron saint. Behind the canopy is a panel, on which is sculptured two figures, male and female, kneeling, their hands raised in prayer, and facing each other. On the south side is a corresponding panel; on this appears a man and two females, also kneeling, and facing the same way, in the attitude of prayer. Here the pyramidal head-dress of the females determines with tolerable certainty, that the tower was erected in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, and a little later perhaps than its handsome compeer at Bradford-Abbas.

Behind the south panel, a small yew tree has rooted itself in the masonry—a rather uncommon growth—the seed doubtless carried there by some bird. Resting against the base of the tower, we noticed a portion of a headstone; on it, still boldly defined, was "*lyeth the body of John Pvr*——" the remainder was broken away, except the date 1597. Imagination easily supplied the other three letters—it may be a kinsman of the old bell-founder.

On the south side of the yard is a tomb which in some respects is remarkable. Of similar form to Purdue's, but somewhat larger; on its east end is a deep-cut inscription to *Ellis Collins*, who died in 1570. On the south face is another to his son *William*, who died in 1609. This inscription, in Roman capitals, is also very deeply cut, but here the letters are filled in with lead, and so well, as to have almost effectually defied the knives of generations of rustics trying to pick them out. On the massive cover-stone of the tomb, an elegant cross *fleurie* on a base, in pure ecclesiastical taste, is incised, still perfectly traceable, though much age-worn.

The tomb is thus remarkable as exhibiting, at such late date, some of the most antient features of sepulchral memorial. In St. Andrew's Chapel in Exeter Cathedral are large flat stones to two of the Precentors. On them are incised floriated crosses, with a ledger-line around of beautiful deep-cut Lombardic capitals, and from one letter still remaining we find they were originally filled with brass or latten. These memorials would be about three centuries precedent to the tomb at Closworth. Of late years the practice of filling letters on gravestones with some lead alloy has been again revived.

Thus, after countless generations, when "the hand of God hath touched us," the yearnings for the immortal find presence in the souls of men, that the remembrance of them fail not, as surely and vividly as when the Patriarch longed that his words might "be graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"

Our return is by a shorter path across some pleasant meadows. Below, a vale stretches away, and we linger a moment to watch, in the distance, two thin blue lines, threading their way with accompanying murmur through the elms—evidencing, albeit unseen in themselves, those marvellous results of man's restless constructive energy and calculation, both converging onward towards Yeovil, a town that claims to possess the most complete railway "advantages" in the west country. We pass close by an old farmhouse that has long since seen its best estate. Along its front are ranged some fine yew trees, apparently still hale and vigorous. Musing, we wonder how many of its olden residents have come and have gone for ever from beneath the precincts of those sombre shadows, during whose periods of occupancy, probably, they had scarcely discerned in them trace of change. What a lesson to the proud lord of creation and his little span of existence, do these trees convey, with their hard sinewy boles, and the dark fadeless verdure of their garb!

But why thus discount the inevitable with these dismal forebodings? Yonder comes a bevy of children, dancing, singing, and shouting in unrestrained glee, with slate and satchel flying, just released from the grim purgatory of a study of the three R's. Now they overtake a sedate-stepped cowboy and his dog, but all their blandishments and stirring invitations cannot get him out of that sober pace to which the world's coming responsibilities have already chained his footsteps; yet a broad smile lights up an answer in his face as they merrily tug at his jerkin. Not so his curly-tailed companion; he requires no solicitation, and has many a gambol left to enjoy himself with them, notwithstanding the almost limitless distance he had already traversed in his regular work during the previous hours of the day.

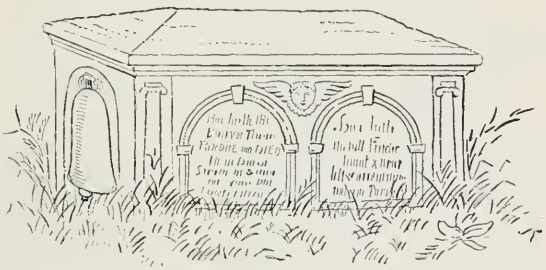
As we linger a moment to watch their merry play and glancing eyes, the remembrance of a great truth rises before us, culled from the pages of the Talmud, fraught with almost limitless importance, but how imperfectly recognised "in the breath of the schoolchildren is the future of the world."

"The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy,
Glide its hours uncounted
The sun is its toy;

Shines the peace of all being,
Without cloud in its eyes,
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies."

O ye bright, happy days of childhood and youth, with the world all new and unexplored before you, and everything around, to your yet unsaddened eye, "very good." Life, whatever supposed value its ultimate and well-battled-for prizes may seem to represent, has in

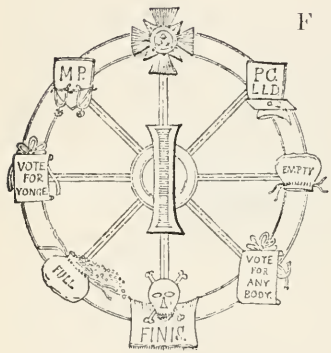
reality no such treasure to offer that can vie in worth with the boundless, trustful, unfolding realizations of our early years, before the cares and experiences of manhood have cast the shadows of disappointment across its path, then illuminated by the fairy light of hope. Fortunate indeed is he who can preserve the child within himself, as a garb of adamantine sunshine to foil the thorny glooms that haunt the crooked, rugged track of after years, and be a boy to the last; for no other worldly possession can compare with it. And not only is it the best *this* life can offer, but we are told also that it is even as such we must seek to enter on that "path of life" that leads to the eternal home of Him, "in Whose presence there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."



THE BELLFOUNDER'S TOMB.

Old Craftsman, on this hill, though slumbering lone,
Far from man's busy haunts, well-nigh forgot,
From hundred towers methinks there comes a tone
Through the clear air, and echoes round the spot,
Throbbing soft accents to the spirit's ear,
Telling of brides that blush, babes smiling fair,
Footsteps that measure keep with falling tear,
Day's dying dirge, and evening's call to prayer;—
These, and a myriad kindred scenes, that deep
Buried like thee, beneath Time's gathering gloom,
That pulsed through the quick heart, then sank to sleep,
Wake at the iron tongue, and haunt thy tomb,
Where, like a great magician, evermore
Thou sleep'st embalmed in Memory's fragrant store.

TWO GEORGIAN SECRETARIES-AT-WAR.



IF the traveller wishes to see one of the sweetest and most genuine bits of Devonian scenery to be found within the leafy boundary of our beautiful county, commend him to a look from the railway platform at the Colyton station. There before him lies the quaint old-fashioned thatch-roofed little town, literally embosomed amid luxuriant foliage, with its glorious church tower rising in stately grandeur from the midst. Three or four rich valleys, clad with the greenest verdure, meet at its feet, and the hill slopes around are thickly divisioned with devious-lined hedges, from which spring multitudes of tall elms and the shorter round-foliaged oak, while here and there below, from the underlying meadows, a few well-contrasted spiry poplars shoot up amid the umbrageous mass. Large dim-coloured patches of orchard spread themselves at intervals, while on the distant hill-lines around, long strips of fir plantations are extended in dark masses against the sky. In the meadows below, the sparkling Coly flashes along, as it speeds away from the large, dark, slow-moving mill-wheel in the foreground, and the accompanying foaming weir, over which its spare strength sparkles and tumbles.

Having surveyed to our fill this almost unrivalled bit of rural beauty, we descend from the slightly elevated position of the railway station, and, turning short round on our left, take our path over the two meadows that lie between us and Colyton.

There is not much to arrest the attention during our short transit over the green turf, nevertheless a large dairy of fine red Devon cows, some leisurely grazing in the meadows and others quietly standing and chewing the cud of contentment in mid-stream of the babbling river, give pleasure to the eye; and a knot of rustic children are settled on the river bank, three or four stretched at full length in listless ease, and as many more sat down by their side, twisting posies of the

beautiful purple flags, which are now in full blow, and display their rich masses of flowers at intervals along the rivulet's margin.

There, too, rises a noble heron some hundred yards off, from an oozy ditch beyond the adjoining hedge, where he has been patiently standing, possibly, for hours, waiting for something to turn up for his dinner; how measured is the beat of his great blue wings, as he leisurely makes his way down the valley.

Arrived in Colyton, there is little to note in its maze of short streets, except its fine church, and the adjacent tall-gabled, free school-house.

COLYTON CHURCH.

Threading our way onward, we ask for the lower Seaton road, and there, just as we turn the corner at the top of the town, an old hooded elliptic archway meets the eye, with a wing wall composed of squared black flints of large size, laid in regular tiers, marvellous in appearance and for the amount of patient labour expended in its construction.

Over this wall an array of Tudor chimneys and windows, and intervening gables, surmounted by Elizabethan finials, make their appearance, and the original residence of the once opulent and powerful, but now extinct, family of the Yonges, Baronets, is before us, the two

last representatives of whom were successively Secretaries-at-War—the one during the early part of the reign, when George the III. was king, and the other to that monarch's father.

Of this now well nigh forgotten race, of themselves, their antient house, their last resting place, and other histories anent, we propose, by your leave, gentle reader, to gossip awhile.

Descended from a certain John Yonge, who was a Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Edward IV., one John Yonge, gentleman, who came probably from Bristol, and settled at Colyton (having also a residence at Axminster) about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was an opulent "merchant adventurer" of that era, which seems to have laid the foundation of our present taste and success in commercial prosperity, and was associated with others in a patent granted by Queen Elizabeth, in 1588, for trading to the river Senegal and Gambia, in Guinea; and mention is made in the archives of the neighbouring little borough of Lyme Regis of the sailing of the barque *Yonge* for Barbary.

This gentleman probably built the antient domicile which is still known by the cognomen of the "Great House," and to him also it is

probable Robert Cook, Clarencieux, in 1583, granted the coat-armour which the family afterward bore:—*Ermine, on a bend cotized sable, three griffins' heads erazed or;* crest—*a Boar's head erazed vert, armed and bristled or;* motto—"FORTITER ET PRUDENTER." He married Alice, the daughter of —— Stere, died 30 Sep. 1612; his widow, 7 Sep. 1631.

Succeeding John, came his son Walter, a stern Puritan, who was also of a literary turn, and published a little treatise entitled *A Manual, or a Justice of the Peace, his Vade Mecum*, in 1642, which was deemed of sufficient importance to be enlarged and republished in 1711. He also kept a careful *Diary* during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, from 1604 to 1628, which has been published by the Camden Society, and is a very characteristic compilation of the news and gossip reaching and circulating in a country gentleman's residence at that era, and the extreme caution exercised by the writer in recording anything deemed of dangerous, or doubtful, political, or social import.

He was a barrister-at-law, Sheriff of the County in 1628; and married Jane, daughter of Sir John Periam, Knight, of Exeter, by Elizabeth, daughter of Roger Prideaux, Esq., of Soldon, north Devon.

The Periams were a respectable family of the "ever faithful" city, preceding members of them having filled the highest civic offices there; and Sir John's brother was Sir William Periam, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1592, whose effigy is in Crediton church, and his daughter, Mary, was married to Mr. Walter Yonge's neighbour, Sir William Pole, the antiquary, of Colcombe. Mr. Yonge died 26 Decr. 1649; and his wife 3 Feb. 1665.

The Yonges appear to have ever had an extraordinary penchant for Parliamentary pursuits, which followed them through their various generations, and finally culminated in their ruin.

They usually represented some of the little boroughs of their native county, and so we find of this gentleman, in 1640, that a committee of the House of Commons having been appointed to ascertain what boroughs had formerly sent members to Parliament and had discontinued to do so, Honiton among others was ordered to be restored, and Walter Yonge and William Pole, Esqs., were its first representatives.

His son John was knighted by Charles I., at Ford House, Newton Abbot, Sept. 15th, 1625, and subsequently created a baronet by Charles II., 26th Sept. 1661. He was also a sturdy politician, and was one of the hundred members "secluded" by Cromwell, who denied them entrance to the House, on which himself and 115 others had the courage to publish a remonstrance, asserting the legality of their right to sit there.

A curious incident is on record with regard to the state of health of this knight, and of a dispensation or license to eat flesh during Lent, afforded him by John Wilkins, the Puritan minister of Colyton church, during the Commonwealth. It is inscribed in the Register, and is as follows:—

"*Having beene certifyed by two app'red physicians of ye necessity of Sir John Yonge eating flesh:—upon w'ch:—Having granted him a former license (so farre as in mee was)—ye same distemper ag'n continuing (as is certified by one of ye s'd physicians) & his need of flesh being ye same,—I do as much as in mee is, give ye s'd Sr. John Yonge license to eat flesh during ye s'd necessity, —in witness whereof I have subscribed my name;—the ey'th of March, 1660.*

JNO. WILKINS, Vir."

"*In ye p'sense of John Whicker, one of ye Churchwardens.*"

And here we must digress for a short space to notice this Puritan minister, John Wilkins, thus found so strangely licensing his influential parishioner to infringe the well-known inhibition of Romish observance. The old divine, however, appears to have had his doubts as to his qualification for such an office, and is careful twice to qualify the concession with the important proviso, "*so far as in mee is.*"

According to the characteristic words of the late Dr. Oliver, "one John Wilkins was intruded on the parishioners in 1647," and he appears to have officiated in the Church till the year of the Act of Uniformity, when he resigned, and conducted his ministry in a room of his dwelling-house, afterwards perpetuated in the Meeting-house, which has since passed into the Unitarian faith.

He died in 1667, and was buried in what was probably originally a small mortuary chantry, erected by Canon Thomas Brerewode, the last Romish vicar, an extraordinary pluralist and described by the before-named learned antiquary as "a very cormorant of church property," who died in 1544, holding thirteen preferments in all.

Rebus of Thos. Brerewood, Vicarage, Colyton.

This chantry was at the end of the south transept, and formerly separated from the church by the beautiful stone screen now re-erected in front of the Pole monuments in the chancel, which bears the Canon's initials and rebus, *a bundle of briarwood*. He also re-built the vicarage house—and on the porch much antient sculpture still exists, and the words "**meditatio totum—peditatio totum.**" together with some old painted glass and wood carving within the edifice.

The old Puritan minister is buried under a large stone nearly in the centre of this very chantry, and who is to say that same sepulchre, or one close adjoining, may not contain the dust of his priestly predecessor, or that the bones of the fat Roman pluralist and those of the attenuated Puritan sectary do not rest side by side by side? for the only memorials existing to the many-beneficed Canon are to be found at Colyton on this screen and in the vicarage house.

Mutatis mutandis—the dust is the grand leveller; the grave the great husher of religious strife; not even the ingenuity of creeds can "provoke" the ear of death. Listen to the old man's epitaph: did not he know what he believed, and hath it not the conscious ring of immortality?

HERE LVES MR. JOHN WILKINS,
MINISTER OF THIS PLACE
FROM SEP. 19, 1647, VNTIL 24 AVG. 1667.

SVCH PILLARS LAVDE ASIDE
HOW CAN THE CHVRCH ABID
HEE LEFT HIS PVLPIT HEE
IN PATMOS GOD TO SEE
THIS SHINING LIGHT CAN HAVE
NO PLACE TO PREACH BVTS GRAVE.

LEFTS WIFE 2 SONS AND 4 DAFTERS
MARY'S LAVD HERE 8 WEEKS AFTER.

Wilkins' ministry, during the period he held the vicarage of Colyton, was undoubtedly an active and trying one. The dreadful plague that ravaged the parish in the years 1645-6, and carried off nearly half his parishioners—four hundred and fifty-eight in number—occurred in the interval of his pastorate; and it is probably his hand that records in the Register, "*Here ye sickness began*," 28 Nov. 1645, and "*Here ye sickness ended*," 22 Dec. 1646. What a scene of desolation and woe, and a terrible ordeal for Wilkins day after day—the burial service never off his lips, and sometimes three or four of his flock at a time—whole families swept off. The spirit of benevolence also was active, and a long list of "briefs" remains in the Register of moneys collected during his incumbency, in various years, for "*towns that suffered by fire*"—"*the Protestants in Lithuania*"—"*captives in Algear*," and other charitable purposes; and his public ministry in the sanctuary is described as having been particularly earnest and affectionate, so that he seldom quitted the pulpit without shedding tears.

And then another king arose that knew him not, and put his principles to the severest test; but this firm disciple preferred in the crucial hour to renounce the position and emolument of being Vicar of Colyton, rather than subscribe to a declaration to the terms of which he conscientiously objected—still found as an attesting protest on his gravestone, which informs, with careful truth, that he was "minister of this *place*" (not church) at his death.

He was ejected on Bartholomew's day, 1662, and five years afterwards died of consumption.

These were times of decision and dauntless firmness; the fires of Smithfield still smouldered, and the fearless martyr-spirit, the noblest achievement of human suffering, had not as yet died out in the hearts of the sons of men. Where should we find their successors now, in these days of elastic consciences and subterfuges, giving up the snug emolument even, much more pass through the fiery ordeal?

Sir John Yonge married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Strode, of Newenham, Plympton, and was buried 26 Aug. 1663.

He was succeeded by his son, Sir Walter, sometime M.P. for Lyme-Regis, who married Isabella, daughter of Sir John Davie, of Creedy, and died 3 Dec. 1670; his lady deceased 15 Jan. 1672.

An old tattered hatchment still exists in Colyton church, originally set up on the death of this baronet, thus charged:—baron—quarterly of five,—1 and 5, (Yonge) 2, *Lozengy or and vert, on a bend azure, three bezants;* 3, *Argent, a saltire sable;* 4, *Argent, two bars wavy between three hones sable*, (Hone) in a canton the Ulster badge,—impaling femme,—quarterly 1 and 4, *Argent, a chevron sable, between three mullets gules, pierced argent*, (Davie) 2 and 3, *Azure, three cinquefoils or, in a chief of the second, a lion passant gules*, (Davie). Crest: on a baronet's helmet—*a Boar's head erazed vert, armed and bristled or.* Motto—"Fortitvdine et Prvdentia."

To him followed his son, Sir Walter, the third baronet, M.P. for Honiton in many Parliaments, and one of the Commissioners of Customs. An Act having been passed in the reign of William III., "disqualifying those who were in that commission from sitting in the

House of Commons, he relinquished his post and emolument rather than desert the House in which he had so long and so faithfully served."

The burials of two wives are recorded to him in the Colyton Register:—Lady Gertrude and her newly-born daughter of the same name, both interred 13 Jan. 1678, and Lady Gwen, 29 Nov. 1729. The maiden names of these ladies we have not been able to recover. Lysons says the second wife was a heiress of Williams.

Another old hatchment, that also used to hang in the church by the side of that previously described, probably referred to one of these ladies, and is thus emblazoned:—*Vert, a chevron or, charged with three torteaux, between three greyhounds current argent, in a chief of the last, three lions' heads erazed sable;*—impaling—*Azure, a chevron or, charged with two crosslets sable, between three griffins' heads erazed argent.* Crest, on an esquire's helmet: *a Bull regardant vert, winged and horned azure, doubled and crested or.*

Sir Walter was a supposed adherent of the Duke of Monmouth, who during his Western progress, in 1680, sojourned at Great House as his

GEORGE, LORD JEFFREYS

guest, and the room he slept in, a large bed chamber, is still known as Monmouth's room. This was on the 30 August, the Duke coming from Lord Poulett's at Hinton; he stayed the night at Great House, and the next day rode on to Mr. Duke's, at Otterton. Subsequently, in 1685, when Monmouth landed at Lyme-Regis on his ill-fated enterprise, Sir William refused, at any rate actively, to join him, much it is said to

the Duke's disappointment, who had probably no real warrant to expect such a thing beyond the well-known reputation of the Yonges for staunch Protestantism and love of liberty. Moreover, Sir Walter doubtless saw the futility of the movement, and was careful not to be entangled, nor let his predilections outrun his reason, and, if so, a very wise resolve, as it turned out; for, however this may have been, an ominous circumstance occurred afterward.

Just at this juncture Sir Walter was engaged in building a new seat at Escot, and some of the masons left the works and joined the ranks of the Duke. After the fatal fight at Sedgemoor, it is related that the brutal Jeffreys ordered some of the rebels to be executed at a cross-way about a mile from Escot; a rather significant proof of this inhuman judge's suspicions. But Sir Walter survived these troubles many years, dying in 1731, leaving his title and inheritance to his son William.

We now arrive at the era of the two statesmen, toward a notice of whom our desultory gossip has hastened us.

The former of these was the Right Honourable Sir William Yonge, Bart., M.P. for Honiton from 1714 to 1754, LL.D. of Oxford, and F.R.S. He was named a Commissioner to examine debts due to the Army, 2 July, 1717; Lord of the Treasury, 2 April, 1724; Knight of the Bath, on the re-constitution of the Order, 1725; Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary-at-War, and Privy Councillor, 1 June, 1728; Custos-rotulorum of Carnarvon, July, 1739; Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1746. He was also one of the committee appointed to examine the sturdy old Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, a man of very different temper and inclinations.

Of Sir William's character and abilities, he is described as being the personal friend of the great statesman Sir Robert Walpole, who could speak from notes taken by him better than from any other source, was of incalculable service to that minister, and that he was a very trifling personage out of the House, but spoke as if by inspiration in it, and was gifted with a peculiar melody of voice.

Of his qualifications as a statesman, and his position among the politicians of the time, we get an interesting dissertation thereon from the pen of Lord Hervey, who was probably no friendly critic:—

"In 1727," he says, "the only things done during this short interregnum of Sir Robert Walpole's, contrary to his inclination, were—first, the displacing his son-in-law, Lord Malpas, and, secondly, the turning out Sir William Yonge, a known creature of his, out of the Commission of the Treasury.

The King used to call him "stinking Yonge," and had conceived and expressed such an insurmountable dislike to his person and character that no interest nor influence was potent enough at this time to prevail with his Majesty to continue him.

Sir William Yonge was certainly a very remarkable instance of how much character and reputation depend sometimes on unaccountable accidents and the caprice of mankind, and an undeniable exception to what I think (some few cases excepted) a pretty general rule; that is, that however prejudiced some particulars may be for, and others against, such men in public station and character, yet the true merit of such men commonly finds and settles its own weight, as much as any commodity in a market, and is generally rated according to its real value in public opinion, as much as the other in public sale.

I acknowledge Sir William Yonge an exception to this maxim, for, without having done anything that I know of remarkably profligate—anything out of the track of a ductile courtier and a parliamentary tool, his name was proverbially used to express everything pitiful, corrupt, and contemptible. It is true he was a great liar, but rather a mean than a vicious one. He had been always constant to the same party; he was good natured and good humoured, never offensive in company, nobody's friend, nobody's enemy. He had no wit in private conversation, but was remarkably quick in taking hints to harangue upon in Parliament; he had a knack of words there that was surprising, considering how little use they were to him anywhere else. He had a great command of what is called parliamentary language, and a talent of talking eloquently without meaning, and expatiating agreeably upon nothing, beyond any man, I believe, that have ever had the gift of speech.

These advantages made him very useful to Sir Robert Walpole, who caressed him without loving him, and employed him without trusting him; but the *éclat* even of this great minister's favour could neither whiten Sir William Yonge's character, nor keep him in employment; the one was, in my opinion, unreasonably run down, and the other unreasonably taken from him, for he had done nothing at all to deserve to forfeit the latter, and nothing more to deserve to lose the first, than what a thousand other people had done without losing either.

However, Sir Robert advised him upon this disgrace to be patient—not clamorous—to submit, not resent or oppose—to be as subservient to the Court in attendance, and give the King his assistance as constantly and as assiduously in Parliament as if he was paid for it, telling him and all the world, what afterward proved true, that whatever people might imagine, he had only dived and would get up again. He was re-appointed to the Treasury in 1730, and thence promoted Secretary-at-War in 1735, which he held until 1746."

Sir Robert Walpole used to say of him, "that nothing but so bad a character could have kept down his talents, and nothing but his talents could have kept up his character." Both Horace Walpole and Lord Hervey seem to have been strongly prejudiced against Sir William, and Pope makes many disparaging allusions to him.

Notwithstanding his peculiar gift of loquacity, it should seem this garrulous placeman was very chary lest the outside world should hear what he had been saying, and consequently a great opponent to the reporters' gallery. Our modern newspaper reader will probably be surprised when he reads the following "idea" of Sir William Yonge, and then takes a glance at the report of a long debate in one of our daily papers.

On the 13th of April, 1738, Mr. Speaker Onslow complained that there was actually "a report of their deliberations in the newspapers!" —upon which uprose Sir William Yonge and declared his determination to have the printers punished, "because," said he, "they deserve to be punished, and if you do not either punish them, or take some effectual method of checking them, you may soon expect to see your notes, your proceedings, and your speeches printed and hawked about the streets while we are sitting in this House."

Poor Sir William! his busy tongue has long been silent, and as he sleeps his last long sleep in his huge leaden coffin in the corner of Colyton Church, the news-vendor's bell, as it tinkles merrily in the street outside, fails now to disturb his peaceful slumber even with visions of parliamentary reports.

But Time has long drawn its softening veil over all these political asperities, and we rather opine the race of William Yonge's, as parliamentary babblers is by no means extinct, and that the "talent of talking without meaning" is enjoyed by many an honourable senator of our present day.

Lord Hervey's disparaging opinion of Sir William Yonge does not seem to have been held by everyone. In a poem entitled "*Of Modern Wit, an epistle to the Right Honourable Sir William Young*," published in 1733, the author (anonymous) thus addresses him at its beginning—

> "Tho' void of Fame, O may not YOUNG refuse
> The rude essay of an unskilful Muse;
> Who fondly claims no Merit to the Bayes,
> Nor hopes by Ryme to gain immortal Praise;
> Content with Fame enough, shou'd He approve
> Who loves the Muse, and whom the Muses love;
> To speak like *Romans*, who has *Britons* taught;
> And joined a *Sallust's* Ease to *Tully's* Thought,
> For Britain's Weal, if in the Senate fir'd,
> Each Youth has env'yed, and each Sage admir'd
> The flowing Language where such Beauties meet,
> Concise, tho' Easy; and tho' Strong, yet Sweet;
> If while hot Members mutual Satires cloak,
> In witty Sarcasm, or the pointed Joke;
> Should YOUNG arise; madly no more th' engage,
> With Zealot Fury, and with Party Rage;
> Pulteney will listen, nor will Shippen sneer,
> But by Attention praise the *Wit* they fear."

This was not all panegyric, as Sir William was a man of some literary attainments, and supplied the prologue to Dr. Johnson's play of *Irenæ*, when it was produced for the first time at Drury Lane.

Sir William Yonge married Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas, sixth Baron Howard of Effingham, and was buried 14 Aug. 1755; Lady Ann Yonge, 17 Sep. 1775.

Probably the only memento of Sir William (other than his coffin-plate hung over his burial place at Colyton) is found on the bells of the parish church of St. Andrew's at Ashburton, of which borough he was returned as its representative to Parliament in 1734. The whole peal of six were recast in 1740, and the inscription on them records—

> THE GIFT OF THE RT HONBLE SIR WM YONGE BART AND KNIGT
> OF THE BATH AND OF JOHN HARRIS OF HAYN ESQ
> THOMAS LESTER OF LONDON MADE US ALL — 17 JANY 1740

and his arms:—Quarterly—1, *Ermine on a bend cotized, three griffins' heads erazed* (YONGE); 2, *a chevron ermine between three moor's heads in profile, couped* (WILLIAMS?); 3, *a chevron between three stags' heads*

caboshed (Williams ?); 4, *Fusily on a bend three roundles*; in a canton the arms of Ulster; over all an escutcheon of pretence:—1, Howard; 2, Brotherton; 3, Warren; 4, Wentworth. The whole surrounded by the riband and motto of a Knight of the Bath. Supporters:—dexter, *a boar armed and bristled;* sinister, *a griffin winged.* Motto:—"LAUDAT QUI INVIDET" (Ellacombe).

Thus far for the particulars relative to the history of the first of these Secretaries-at-War as we have been able to gather: we now arrive at the second, in the person of the son of the preceding, known as the Right Honourable Sir George Yonge, Bart., M.P. also for Honiton, Knight of the Bath, and successively Commissioner of the Admiralty, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, Master of the Mint, and Secretary-at-War.

SIR GEORGE YONGE, Bart., K.B. &c.

He was educated at Eton and completed his studies at Leipzic. He endeavoured to establish the woollen manufactory at Ottery, represented Honiton in six out of the nine Parliaments assembling between 1754 and 1796, and, in 1763, strongly memorialized the Government against the cider tax, a very unpopular imposition; relief was promised, and it was ultimately repealed.

Toward the end of his Parliamentary career he was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, where he fell under a cloud owing to some alleged defalcations. Returning to England, he was reduced to a state of comparative indigence, and died, greatly impoverished, at

Hampton Court, Sept. 26, 1812, aged 80. His body was afterwards brought down very privately from London, and buried at midnight in the family vault at Colyton, possibly from fear of arrest.

Thus mournfully ended the career and race of the Yonges, and of this its last representative. He had been heard to say, when possessed of nothing and in almost absolute indigence, that he commenced life with £80,000 family property, received a like sum with his wife, and the Government had paid him for his public services a similar amount. "Honiton," he exclaimed, "has swallowed all." And it is on record, upon the authority of persons recently deceased, that on the last occasion when he offered himself for re-election without the necessary qualification of money, having spent his all on them before, one of the worthy burgesses actually spat in his face in contempt. However, a complete and speedy Nemesis has recently avenged this foolish and ill-fated man's misfortunes, and Honiton has righteously disappeared from its position of undue Parliamentary importance and influence. Five generations of the family sat almost consecutively for Honiton, beginning with the diarist in 1640, to Sir George, last of the race, in 1796—just a century and half.

The estate of Escot in Talaton, the later seat of the Yonges, was purchased in 1680 by Sir Walter Yonge of the family of Alford, heirs of an older possessor named Channon, Some years before this, the father of this Sir Walter had acquired of Thomas Southcote, Esq., heir-general of the main branch of the Carews, their grandly-traditioned residence and inheritance, Mohuns-Ottery, in Luppit, "and he," says Polwhele, "had actually begun to construct a seat at the antient mansion," which probably meant remodelling and enlarging it. But his death intervened, and Sir Walter, his son, not liking the situation of Mohuns-Ottery, which is retired and exceedingly difficult of access, purchased Escot, and at once began to build the new seat. It was a large building, ninety feet by eighty, and contained some fine suites of rooms, a series of family portraits, and a valuable gallery of pictures. The grounds were beautifully laid out, with an orangery, vineries, flowers and shrubs of the rarest kind, and an aviary. It was in this refined and tasteful home, where Sir George once entertained King George, Queen Charlotte, and three of the Princesses at dinner, that his constituents, the very free and independent "potwallopers" of Honiton, used to make their usual Sunday lounge and holiday excursions, smoke their pipes, stroll about as if the place belonged to them, and enjoy uninvited the baronet's pineapples, grapes, and wine. But the desecration came to an end. In 1790 the Great House and estates at Colyton passed to Sir J. W. Pole; in 1794 Escot was sold to Sir J. Kennaway, and on 28 Dec. 1808, it was totally consumed by fire.

But a truce to these dry biographical details, which we have been quietly conning over as we have been surveying the exterior of the old mansion, and at the same time listening to the glorious tones of a thrush located somewhere within ear-shot.

"That's a beautiful bird," we remarked to a ruddy-faced, brown-smocked cow-boy, who was loitering observantly near us.

"'Tis a dirsh, zur," said he, "in a caage up in the giarden jist round the korner, and he do keep on zinging all day most, jist like you d'yer 'en now."

O delightful minstrelsy of Nature, not even confinement can check its own sweet overflow;

"Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame;"

and as we passed by after our short sojourn, the same sweet song saluted us, the remembrance of which found outlet in the following jingle some hours afterwards:—

THE COBBLER'S THRUSH.

Over the cobbler's lattice low,
Near the village cross-ways' turn,
Where the clambering roses blow,
And the red nasturtiums burn—
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—wee-ho!
There is my with-wreathed cage so white
I sit and sing from morn to night,
And plume my speckled breast, and pry
At the passers on with my clear black eye—
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—wee-ho!
Whistling loud, warbling low.

The children know me every one,
All up and down the street,—
They love to list to my cheery tone,
And chirrup an answer sweet;
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—wee-ho!
The mother holds her babe aloft,
And bids him dance to my song,
And the maiden whispers a benison soft,
As she loiters her love-lorn way along—
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—wee-ho!
Whistling loud, warbling low.

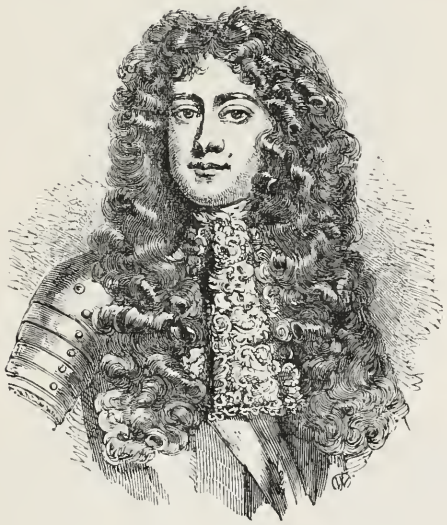
And the grey old cobbler hammers away
And sings through the weary hours;
I answer his song and whistle a lay
From my eyrie up in the flowers—
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—wee-ho!
And at times he halts as the gossips bide
O'er their pitchers of water, tired,
For it fills his aged heart with pride
To hear his bird admired;—
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—wee ho!
Whistling loud, warbling low.

And when his long day's work is o'er,
And shadows fall long on the lea,
The old man stands at his cottage door,
Smokes his pipe, and talks to me—
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—we-ho!
Then his white-capped dame makes her garden trim,
And I wait for the dainty snail she has spied,
And when I have finished my evening hymn,
They carry me safely inside—
Whit! tu-tu-whit,—wee-ho!
Whistling loud, warbling low.

Now let us lift the latch and explore the interior of the old domicile. An inspection within shews us the usual characteristics of a gentleman's sixteenth-century dwelling-place. Two or three parlours, passage with large winding balustrade staircase, and convenient offices behind, complete the basement; over, are numerous small bed rooms, with one chief bed-chamber, known as Monmouth's room, at the end of which, under the cornice, is a regally-crowned thistle, and the cypher "J. R." beneath. A considerable quantity of old oak panelling and carving, ornament the walls. Outside, tall chimneys, high-pitched roofs, and gables garnished with finials, all attest the consequence of its former estate;

> While around there seems to linger
> A glory tinged with grief,
> As Autumn's russet finger
> Sears the green Summer leaf.

Escot of the Yonges has perished, but these old chequered walls—their oldest home—seem destined yet to carry down their fame to many generations.



THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

Out of doors, nothing now remains to indicate the olden gardens and pleasure grounds except an antient music or summer house. Tradition, however, tells of a spacious plesaunce and lawns stretching away down towards the river, and that during the sojourn here of the handsome Duke, that master of dalliance with the softer sex became enamoured of a handsome sister of his worthy host, and he used to loiter amid its flowery parterres and shady arbours, unravelling love's silken skein with the fair and accomplished daughter of the house.

Let us linger with him in fancy for awhile, and, for the nonce, idealise

A PICTURE.

She sang a quaint and antient strain
Within the curtained shade,
And chequered hues of varying stain
O'er her pale features strayed;
While from her neck a flashing chain
Reflected back the tints again,
As there she sat and played.

'Tis o'er—those downcast eyes grow bright,
Love-lit with archest smile,
A tapping at the window light
Hath greeted her the while,
And chasing from her cheek the white
A mounting blush hath covered quite
A brow that knows no guile.

She opes the casement's latch with care,
And timid bashful mien,
For well she knows who waiteth there,
As you or I, I ween;
A hand half hid in ruffles fair,
Presenting love's own emblem rare,
Reclining there was seen.

She trembles as with greeting look
She takes the proffered prize;—
Again within the curtained nook,
She sits with filling eyes;
The lute beside her lies forsook,
Her heart is now her music book,
Its sweetest music sighs.

The truant boy with mischief sure
Hath spoilt her merry strain,
Each effort fails, love owns no cure,
All fresh attempts are vain;
Within her bosom's fastness pure
She hides the crimson bud secure,
But cannot sing again.

Alas for Poetry and Romance—the most unimpassioned orchards, and a farmyard, now occupy the site of former attractions.

We have thus ruminated over the lives of this now well-nigh forgotten family of statesmen, and looked in at their old dismantled home. What is there further left us to find of them? Only that appointed house which all living must some day occupy—their graves.

The chancel of Colyton Church consists of a central aisle or chancel proper, and two side aisles, all of equal height and size, and is a very fine specimen of early Perpendicular work, of great regularity in design, and was probably built during the incumbency of Hugh Bridham, then vicar, at the close of the fourteenth century. After the Reformation, these side aisles or chapels were taken possession of by the two most influential families of the parish—the Poles and the Yonges—as their burial places.

In the south aisle, under the handsome array of monuments, lie the Poles; in the north, within a high screen of freestone, of classic design, and surmounted with the family arms and tall pinnacles, the Yonges are sepulchred. There are no monuments within whatever, but their arms and a fragment of an inscription are carved on a stone in the pavement.

A curious circumstance occurred some few years since in this mortuary enclosure. For a long period it had been used as the parish vestry, and in the centre of the room, placed there for the purpose of a table, stood the huge, antique parish chest. A larger gathering of parishioners than usual having taken place on some special occasion, the churchwarden, a portly-sized individual, standing at the head of the table, was in full harangue on the subject under discussion, when lo! all of a sudden he disappeared, amid dust and clatter, into the vault of the departed Yonges! The cave was thereupon filled up, and the writer of this, having removed the four brass breastplates off the mouldering coffins, cleansed and affixed them on the adjacent walls. These recorded the following :—

DAME GWEN YONGE,
OBIIT 11 NOVR. 1729. ÆTAT 65.

THE RT HONBLE SR WILLIAM YONGE,
KNT OF YE BATH, & BART.
DIED YE 9TH DAY OF AUGST, 1755.

THE HONBLE ANN LADY YONGE,
DIED SEPTR 1ST, 1775. AGED 62 YEARS.

SIR GEORGE YONGE, BART & K.B.
DIED AT HAMPTON COURT, SEP. 26, 1812,
AGED 80 YEARS.

On the last these arms:—two shields together—(1) quarterly of four—1, YONGE; 2, *Gules, a chevron argent, between three men's heads, in profile, erazed;* 3, HOWARD, *with mullet for difference;* 4, *Sable, a chevron or, between three leopards' heads* (PERIAM); around the shield the riband and motto of the Bath. (2) quarterly of four as before, thereon an escutcheon of pretence quarterly of four—1 and 4, *Argent, a fess gules charged with three mullets, between three griffins' heads, couped* (WILLIAMS ?); 2 and 3, BOURCHIER. Crest and motto of Yonge: Supporters—*a boar and a griffin.*

All the preceding members of the family appear from the Register to have been buried here, yet no monuments exist to their memory.

In Axminster Church a flat stone, carved with the arms of Yonge, exhibits this inscription :—

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF JOHN YONGE ESQ,
LATE OF THIS PARRISHE; BVRIED IX FEB. 16-8.

This was John, eldest son of John Yonge of Colyton, who died unmarried, leaving his estate to his brother Walter, father of the first baronet (Davidson).

We have remarked the Yonges built a new and larger residence at Escot, in Feniton parish, at the conclusion of the seventeenth century. By a curious fatality this mansion was accidentally destroyed by fire about eighty years since, when everything was burnt, inclusive of family pictures and heirlooms of every description. All that now marks the former being of the house are the two old pillars of the gateway leading to it, in the hedgeside near Fairmile, on the road leading from Honiton to Exeter. The mansion has been since rebuilt by the Kennaway family.

Beside the Great House and estates at Colyton, the Yonges had considerable possessions elsewhere in east Devon. At Axminster, "an old mansion called the Castle, since become a public house bearing that sign, and now a warehouse." Stedcombe, in Axmouth, sold to the Hallets, at Sidbury, Mohuns-Ottery, with considerable lands in Luppit, and lastly Escot and its domains.

We began our little history at Colyton; we shall therefore return thither to conclude it, and give the substance of a legend or two belonging to the old house, asking the reader to be a guest in imagination with us, who once, some twenty years since, heard the narrative from the then living relator. We invite you to come into the large comfortable kitchen, on a clear winter evening, and sitting yourself down on one of the two ample settles that curtain themselves out from the great blazing ingle, take note of the kind hostess, who, in company with her excellent sons, are your *vis-à-vis*.

There she sits erect, *petite*, neat, and with faculties clear as your own, busy with her needlecraft, with sight unaided, and yet those eyes have looked through nearly a century's revolving years! Listen to her story, for Mistress Mary Lane hath something to tell you of the old house she has lived so long in.

First she will inform you that she well remembers the last Secretary-at-War when he used occasionally to come and visit the place—a grand gentleman, of stately presence, in a rich velvet coat, wig, and ruffles, with a star on his breast, and a sword by his side, and how all the country-side stood in awe of him. Then she will tell you how late one autumn evening, when all were gone to rest, a stealthy knock came to the front door, and a strange man, dressed in deep black, bade the good master of the house arise, for the chariot of death was at the yard-gates, and a courtly victim waited its last unconscious admittance to the home of his fathers. How the parson and the grave digger were straightway summoned, and, silent and unobserved, and by the feeble glimmer of candlelight, the last possessor of the name of Yonge found holy sanctuary from the vindictiveness of man in the quiet fastness of the grave.

But this will be only half her pleasant narrative. Then she will further tell you of a circumstance that occurred many a year ago, in her younger days—how that about three o'clock one summer morning, in hay-making time, a workman arose to go to his mowing, and, going

down stairs, sat himself in one of the settles, and was busily employed lacing up his boots. The grey, clear light was streaming through the old, tall, latticed casements, when suddenly he heard a sort of short clumping noise, like that made by wooden sabots, but he did not take much notice, nor raise his eyes at the instant, as he conjectured it was the dairymaid arisen thus early, for some cause.

Opposite the settle in which sat the man is a door, opening into an inner and large parlour, and this door was open. Inadvertently the man looked up, and was forthwith petrified with astonishment. Proceeding with short, measured, stately steps, the figure of a lady walked leisurely out of the parlour, through the corner of the room the man was sitting in, along the short passage, and up the stairs, the man hearing the receding echo of her steps as she mounted, and again all was quiet.

He minutely described her dress, which consisted of a huge farthingale of rich brocaded green silk, stomacher and ruffles of point lace, peaked bodice, and high-heeled shoes, and she looked neither to the right nor left. The man offered to take oath (if he did not actually do so) before a Justice of the Peace that lived close by, of the truth of what he saw.

No apparition has been spoken of as having been witnessed in the house since, nor is there a legend of any kind "haunting" the old fabric to account for such a sight, except one—which, if true, was a very tangible and welcome appearance to the lucky beholder, who, albeit, was not the poor labourer in the settle—namely, the inseparable story of a large crock of gold having been found by a former resident there; in driving through his fields one day at the rear of the house, the wheel of the cart suddenly sunk, and a large quantity of silver and gold pieces came up over the felloe.

Of course, the same difficulty of believing the man's story in common with all other such narrations of the marvellous naturally occurs; but there is something striking in this illiterate labourer having (if true) been able to so well describe the details of costume he could scarcely be supposed to have ever heard of, and could not possibly have imagined so correctly.

Thus have we come to the end of our venerable hostess's story, and nearly, also, to the end of our own as well. We draw a shade closer to the glowing embers, and muse awhile on what we have seen and heard. What a vast storehouse of interest is gathered in the past around us, if we would be only at the trouble of entering its portals, and exploring its mystic precincts, brimming to the full with chronicle and story. Strange mutation of human ambition, hopes, wishes, desires, that burn and glow, and sparkle, and coruscate like the crackling pile before us, and then slowly and surely subside into ashes and gloom.

Even thus, on this hearthstone of thy olden home, O spirit of the departed Yonges, we meditate, and see in the imagery of the waning fire the truthful emblem of all earthly yearnings, in their fleeting, subtle, inconstant glitter, and then silent and gradual decadence and extinction into darkness and oblivion. Aye,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But amid these chastening reflections a cheerful voice has broken their constraining spell, the ingle minstrel is shrilling out his homely song, and now another and another has joined his merry chorus, with whom we join company, and dedicate without permission our closing thoughts to

THE CRICKET.

When mystic twilight fills the antient hall,
And on the hearth the flickering embers glow,
When fitful shadows dance on every wall,
And giant forms move round in pageant slow,
A cheerful voice rings through the brooding gloom,
With quivering chirp, and loud increasing glee;
Soon answering echoes spring around the room
A hidden choir of elfin minstrelsy.

Yet watch awhile—the cat, in wakeful sleep,
Sits softly purring by the glimmering fire,
See yon brown stranger from the corner creep
And in an instant to its gloom retire;
Now a clear strain breaks from the ingle side,
And with continuous carol chants away,
Now hushed a moment, but, ere echo died,
Again rings forth that merry-voicèd lay.

Home's chorister—hid like that bird art thou,
Whose far-famed song is heard at evening hour,
And more are charmed to hear thy humble vow,
If it can rival not such witching power;
The good old dame by age with silver crowned
Protects thee ever with a favoured care,
Good luck she prophesies is always found
Attending on thy presence everywhere.

How many breasts have throbbed around the blaze
Unheeding thy gay song, when some fond heart
With eye abstract on the bright glow would gaze,
Then half askant, a lurking love look dart
Tow'rds one, who in the corner half reclined,
With much pretence, and many a vain essay,
Would try thy secret hiding-place to find,
When eye and thought were wandering far away.

And many a differing scene—perchance of age,
With look sedate, contented, and serene,
Hath listened to thy song, and memory's page
Again looked o'er, and bygone days re-seen;
Noted alone by thy secluded eye—
But now the drowsy clock with midnight stroke
Warns me away, and as their soft tones die,
Thy voice alone night's solitude hath broke.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON

SAND HOUSE, SIDBURY

HUYSHE

SAND, SIDBURY

HAYDON

FARWOOD, COLYTON

ARMORIALS IN STAINED-GLASS FROM ANTIENT BUILDINGS IN EAST DEVON.

ROSCOE GIBBS DEL. W. GRIGGS LITHO

See p.p. 107-8 and 242

THE

SHRINE OF AN OLD FREEMASON.

RONCOMBE turnpike gate, or rather the cottage that marks its site—for the white-barred barrier, like some other self-imposed necessities, has of late disappeared—is our starting point for to-day, the which as we set off we find to be literally five or six miles from every place, on the top of Farway Hill, and beside the main road leading over the down from Honiton to Seaton and Lyme.

Lone, isolate, on the broad heath, the haunt of plover and coney, a noted smuggling point of meeting and passing in old Georgian times, where long convoys, laden with kegs and other contraband commodities, arrived from the deep sea-washed combes of Beer, Salcombe, and Branscombe, stealthily adjourneying inland beneath the stars. Many a skirmish between the daring, determined smugglers and the alert watchful custom-house officials has occurred near, some of desperate character—and one, towards the close of the last century, which tradition has handed down as ending at the gallows; where two adventurers, father and son, from the neighbouring coast, forfeited their lives for taking those of one or more government functionaries in a fight near this spot. Poor ignorant men, doubtless, but resolute and determined; and the story is related that, at the time of their execution, another unfortunate man suffered at the same time, the three being drawn out from the gaol at Exeter to Heavitree in a cart, the usual mode of conveyance. Arrived there, they were all made stand up in a row at its back, while the hangman placed the ropes around their necks. There was probably none too much room for the three doomed men to stand conveniently; the smuggler and his son were side by side, and, doubtless, the father in a half-swooning condition leant perhaps somewhat heavily against his son, who thereon remonstrated by saying "Don't 'ee dringee* so, vather!" The next moment the cart was moved away, and they were left struggling and strangling in mid-air until death kindly released them. This is the unpoetic side of contraband

* The vernacular for *throng* or *push*.

adventure, but there is no justification for him who thus takes another man's life when engaged in lawful duty.

Scarcely a farm or dwelling, perhaps, at that time existed between this spot and the sea, whose occupant was not more or less mixed up in the movement, and who loved to share the fascination of its ventures and profits got amid exploits teeming with danger, and carried on with a bond of secrecy and care that entered into their very souls, and became a part of their being almost.

No real harm was thought of the practice, nor social interdict placed upon those who engaged in it. A glass of French brandy, or veritable Schiedam, was offered the visitor on his arrival at the homesteads near, or made glad the hearts of the family gathering round the winter's fire, as the orthodox greeting in these olden times of hearty, homely hospitality; considerable fortunes, too, were occasionally made by successful adventurers, laying the foundation of the comfortable condition of some of the present-day genteel residents of the neighbourhood.

And, notwithstanding anything that may be said in deprecation of the practice, the men engaged in it "imbibed" also a love of hardihood and adventure, and were of those who fought for the "meteor" flag of their country under Howe on the glorious first of June—Nelson at Trafalgar—through the Peninsula and at Waterloo under Wellington—deeds as respectable, we trow, and equal to any we may now-a-day expect performed by our youth, whether serving under the pennon of the blue riband, and nourished by the "ærated" abominations now rife, or of the tobacco-smoke-dried enervated heroes that swarm round and sip the bitter wash at the modern tapster's counter, and wink and ogle at the barmaids.

To return to the present. Very delightful is the appearance and associations of this elevated wild plateau, the bright air, the cheery breeze, and the rich garniture of color spread in broad patches across its surface. These breadths of tint, one of rich purple, takes its hue from two species of heath, or "yeth," as the country folk enunciate it, which flourish luxuriantly around. Of these, one is the deep-hued ordinary species. The other, of a more tufty branchy habit, grows considerably higher and smaller flowered, and is in repute among the neighbouring peasantry for the fabrication of the homely besom. One other, and by far the most beautiful of our local ericas, is found here in abundance, and detains us a minute to admire its little clusters of creamy purple-tipped bells, peering up amid the sedge. Besides these imperial-vested denizens of the common, the scene is varied and contrasted by glorious bursts of the "unprofitably gay" furze, the golden-habited roysterer of the waste, beneath whose densely-prickled covert the timid large-eyed doe finds sanctuary and disports with her little ones in peace.

And hark to that glorious song overhead! that comes down to us far and clear from the blue sky, though our sight is baffled to trace the bright minstrel. Aye, this free solitude is indeed thy true domain, with Nature alone beneath thy feet, and its Author only between thy wing and heaven; and as we listen to thy glad strain, memory brings

back the circumstance of our steps being once stayed in one of the busiest streets of the great smoke-hooded metropolis to hearken to the lay of an imprisoned brother of thine, encaged high above the din below, yet pouring forth a song so piercing sweet that the sordid roar around was powerless to stifle. Not altogether inappropriate, perhaps, to recall our thoughts thereon as we loiter and listen to the unfettered melody of thy happier lot.

A CAPTIVE LARK.

Why art thou here, O speckle-breasted fay,
Behind those prison bars?
Thy home is in the ether far away,
Thy song among the stars,
Thy couch the heath-tuft brown, fern-canopied,
On wind-swept wild that skirts the mountain's side.

Lo, even here thy tide of song bursts free,
Unstemmed by fettered fate,
And thy unconscious wings shake hoveringly,
As if far off, elate,
High in the cloud, basking in sunny deeps,
They quivered o'er the spot where mated love watch keeps.

Not in the murky vista of the street,
Where care-browed man slow plods,
But where the golden-terraced gorse blooms sweet,
And steepled fox-glove nods,
Where, all unfearing, high the covey springs,
And the scared pigeon shuts her whistling wings.

And thy sweet notes, attuned by liberty,
Mounts to its source of light,
Till nothing but a song remains of thee
To tell thy heavenward flight,—
Till lured to earth again by love's strong tie,
Drops thy true pinion from the far-off sky.

What, though a gentle hand with stintless care
Tends thee with love's sweet skill?
It brings not freedom, thine own native air—
Thou art a captive still!
Bright morn may plume her glory in the cloud,
But heareth not thy votive pæan loud.

Halt we then for a moment and make a detour of a few yards to rest awhile on an inviting green hillock which swells up amid the heather. What an extended scene is before us, and how far the eye traverses! Southward the great sea shimmers like a bright line over the receding billowy dip of fir-ridged hill and valley for an immense distance, from Portland almost to the Start. To the left the mighty undulations of the Dorsetshire hills curtain the background, the sharpened peak of Pillesdon Pen and heavier-massed Lewesdon crowning the group, and flanked with the solitary peculiar roof-shaped summit of the Golden Cap,—

Centering the curving shore,
Grandest 'mid all the cliffs found ranging there.

From far to near, and yet from near to very far. What strange mound is this we rest upon, that raises its grassy forehead among the gorse, which seems by some weird charm to extend its golden garniture to its very feet, yet dares to mount the green slope? But what Nature in her reverence dares not desecrate, man—busy, sordid, thoughtless, matter-of-fact man—hesitates not to invade. A great hole excavated on one side, a trackway leading therefrom and ending at a long heap of cracked flint on the skirt of the highway, tells us at once that the neighbouring road contractor has been here for his booty.

We are sitting upon a grave, and, with a shudder, we divine that the pillage the road-maker has carted away is his forefather's tomb—one method of mending one's ways, surely! But who sleeps below? Ah! two thousand years unfold their wings and harness themselves to our thoughts as we note that fragment of ruddy half-calcined flint lying in the despoiled barrow. The ashes of some British chieftain reposes beneath, and our fancy depicts it to us once as a funeral pyre all aflame, with an assemblage of blue-painted sorrowing warriors and their wailing wives standing downcast around—their reverently gathering the ashes together afterwards, and, with rude impressive ceremony, placing his food vessel and spear by his side (that true inherent belief in immortality so inseparably bound up in us, for they must have believed that he would want them), and then carefully raising the pyramidal tomb of unsullied flint in remembrance, that remaineth even until this day.

And could'st thou now rise from thy moorland sepulchre, O painted Briton of the past, and see thy now-a-day successor—the polished Briton of the present—with his railways, his telegraphy, and all his arts and appliances to boot, whereof thou knewest not, but yet enough to give thee content—one thing more would'st thou see, where, at least, thou would'st find congenial place and be at home—his funeral pyre, the scientific cremation of his important self. Then, O Briton of the past, return thou to thy barrow in peace.

A glance northward ere we make a plunge down again into the greenery, and there stands, a few hundred yards before us, the singular solitary group of firs which forms one of the most conspicuous landmarks of the neighbourhood. They rear themselves apparently upon one of the largest barrows on the Down, well known all the country round by the appellation of "The Ring in the Mire." Is it possible that up here in this bleak wild spot anything like a legend of chivalric justice should find a home and its heroine be a lady? Verily the association of the ring should bespeak such parentage to the tradition. And so it is said to have happened, towards the end of the thirteenth century, that contention arose about the boundary of four parishes which met together somewhere near this spot. And, therefore, trusty old Cleveland preserves it that Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon and Albemarle, "who was likewise a very great woman in those days, vastly rich, and of great courage," being, moreover, lady of the Manor of Honiton or one other of the contending parishes, "did ride up to the plain where about the parishes did meet, and, in a little miry place, threw in a ring, which she took off her finger, and said that that

place should be the bounds of the four parishes. And so it is to this day, and called, "The Ring in the Mire."

Not the least good thing thou did'st in thy lifetime, noble Lady Isabella, and by which thou art held in pleasant remembrance in company with the antient barbarian possessors of these hills, and long after the place of thy sepulchre has been desecrated and the repository of thy dust disowned by its *Christian* custodians, and a feud quite as satisfactorily settled, too, as if it had been determined in due course of law before my lords the big-wigs of assize.

A half-opened gate, beside which a few frolicksome yearlings are waiting and watching our intrusion on their domain with calm-eyed curiosity, a narrow lane descending abruptly with great steepness down the side of the hill, and the Sidbury valley lengthens away before us. A truer specimen of a Devonian vale it is scarcely possible to picture. Every happy concomitant finds its place, tree, knoll, plantation, glade, slope, and streamlet, a nestling village at its far end—another indistinct mirage of green—and then a faint glimpse of the blue sea, and as we wind down the pleasant acclivity and saunter on between the hedge-rows, continual variation of the landscape meets the eye, through gateway and gap.

But what is the magic whisper of *thy* wing, faithful and valued companion of many an otherwise solitary mile, here on this bright breezy spot—what is the word?

AWAY!

Away, away, o'er the sparkling tide,
My sail is full and the sea is wide,
Away, away, the blue waves beat
On my boat's fleet prow with music sweet:
Away, away, for my bark is light,
The breeze is strong and the heaven is bright.

Away, away, with the early dew,
My steed is swift and my hound is true,
Away, away, and let echo fling
Response to my horn's resounding ring,
Away, away, and our prize shall be
The antlered monarch of forestry.

Away, away, through the forest deep,
Where the bird and bee their revels keep;
Away, away, where the great trees stand
Like silent giants in conclave grand;
Away, away, through its leafy aisles,
Where the shadows frown and the sunbeam smiles.

Away, away, when with folded hands
Declining day at night's threshold stands;
Away, away, love's cresset gleams
Low o'er the hill with beckoning beams;
Away, away, by the mead-path gate
Waits a beating heart and a trusting fate.

We are now nearing Sidbury, and a glance through the gateway, from which leads a well-worn track along the greensward, shows us a house with an array of picturesque gables, chimneys, and Tudor-mullioned windows, flanked by the usual garniture of trees. This is Sand, perhaps the most antient domicile in this pleasant valley. In Henry III. time it belonged to a family of the same name, William and Deodatus de Sand, his son; from them temp. Henry V. to Tremayle—a descendant of whom, Sir Thomas, was a Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VII.—thence by Florence, his granddaughter, to Ashley, and afterwards by purchase to Huyshe.

The Huyshes are an old Somersetshire family that were long settled at Doniford, in St. Decuman's, on its northern boundary, and about the middle of the sixteenth century, Rowland Huyshe, one of them, became its possessor, and it still remains the property of the descendants of that honoured name.

"In Sidbury, at Sand," says Westcote, "is a generous race of Huish"; while his contemporary, Risdon, rather contemptuously speaks of its having been "purchased by one Huish," although he afterwards adds, "he is here seated in a dainty dwelling."

If not exactly dainty in the modern acceptation of the word, at least most interesting; and before we pass through the old arched doorway at the courteous bidding of the present occupant, we linger a moment to notice the pattern of the finials on the gables, which was evidently a favourite in these parts, and is identical in shape with those found on the Great House, Colyton, and on the Erle tomb in Axmouth church.

Within, the first thing that arrests the attention is a curious old cupboard of many lockers, the numerous doors ornamented with linen-pattern panels, characteristic iron hinges and fastenings, that take the mind back to a date a full half-century earlier than the house it is preserved in; and over it is displayed a large crocodile, dried and preserved, centuries old apparently, sprawling at length along the oak panelling. Equally old, also, are the head and antlers of a large red deer hanging near, and those of a reindeer or elk. All these relics "belong" to the house, have been the wonderment of succeeding generations, and doubtless would tell us some interesting history, could tongues be given them.

In regard to these old mementoes and older locker, a pleasurable feeling creeps over one when observing such things thus carefully preserved as heir-looms of the place, that so the continuity of human interest belonging to both, be not allowed to wholly lapse and fade, although personal identification be denied. The time-dowered old cabinet had its mysteries examined and its lockers stored by busy hands while yet Queen Elizabeth was in her teens, and perhaps formed part of the household stuff of the previous owners of Sand, before Rowland Huyshe rebuilt it, or it may be that Rowland himself conveyed it hither to his new home. The crocodile and antlers point possibly to some travelled possessor of the house in byegone days, and these trophies brought from Ind and Pole, and the forests of our own West Country, seem to attest his prowess and leave mute record of

him as the Nimrod of his race also. Long may they continue to hang here. Ever pleasant is it to observe generally the preservation of these old relics, either by gift or purchase, acquired and handed down in the "family," irrespective often of their value or even usefulness (although sometimes this latter quality be a little suspiciously intrusive) rather than they should become the property of the stranger. So, too, the eagerly-coveted possession of an old book, jewel, or posy ring—"This was given me by my mother, who had it from her grandmother, who had it from her mother, to whom her sweetheart gave it!"—no uncommon history, hallowed from generation to generation by a thousand tender ties of ownership. But who may appraise the value that such a relic represented to its *first* possessor? Ah! here the history of hearts *must* be silent—the preciousness of love existeth not at second-hand. There is but one answer—

> "Not all the riches of the earth,
> Not all the treasures of the sea,
> Could buy these house-gods from my hearth,
> But yet the secret of their worth
> Must live and die with me."

To resume. There is a very fine carved oak screen at one end of the chief room, or hall, and panelling with rich consoles and cornice in a bedchamber upstairs. The stairway is circular, with steps of solid oak, and a spiritedly-carved boar, supporting a shield, sits on the apex of the newel post. How many pairs of feet, thought we, have travelled up and down here, that are now stayed for ever.

But the most valuable survival in the old dwelling is the armorial glass preserved in the windows, whereon is "pedigristically delineated" the descent of its builder. Somewhat tattered and battered by accidents of years, enough still remains to tell the story very completely, and it has evidently been carefully repaired from time to time.

The earliest allusion is in the stair window. On an azure field glows the golden-coated, ruby-seeded pomegranate of Katharine of Arragon, encircled by a wreath and regally crowned, on the wreath in argent medallions the letters K. P. This would relate to a half a century or more antecedent to the building of the house; and before Rowland Huyshe became the owner of Sand, which, according to Lysons, was about 1560. Perhaps it is a relic preserved from the preceding dwelling and Judge Tremayle's days.

What a pleasure it is to go into a country mansion such as this—how specially interesting to stand before an old window, find the pictured story of a race still surviving, translate the armoried record into language—with in imagination—the shadow of the master of the house who set them up by your side, and listen to the whisper of the Past recounting their generations in the mental ear. No such perishable home as satisfies the dwellers of the present did these men dream of; they built for the generations to come, and where undesecrated and fairly cared for—as so happily here—how nobly have the old structures they erected survived. It is not in the hasty, surfacy expressions of the passing hour, so eagerly sought after, that the true contents of life

are realized: no, the soul is alone satisfied with that which is enduring, the charm of whose beauty has the reality of constancy.

In the adjoining bed room are the arms of the builder of the present structure and presumably the date of its erection :—Quarterly of four—1, *Argent, on a bend dexter sable, three fishes hauriant of the field, a mullet gules* (Huyshe). 2, *Argent, a cross engrailed gules, between four water bougets sable* (Bourchier). 3, *Argent, a fess lozengy sable, between two cotises gules,* (Avenell-Richards). 4, as 1. Crest: *an Elephant's head couped argent, crowned or, a mullet gules.* Under is the date 1594. This shield of arms and crest is exactly repeated in sculpture over the front door.

In the hall window below is a series of shields. 1, *Argent, a fess between three brogues (or trammels) gules*—being the arms of Tremayle, the previous owner of Sand. 2, *Argent, five fusils in fess sable, between two cotises gules* (Avenell-Richards) impaling, *Argent, a fess between three men's legs sable,* (Gambon). Edward Richards, ob: 1513, of Lovelinch, Milverton, married Eleanor, daughter and heiress of John Avenell, of Loxbere, Devon, and assumed his wife's arms. James, his son, married Agnes, the daughter of Gambon. 3, Huyshe impaling Richards. Gilbert Huyshe, of Doniford, married a daughter of (James) Richards. 4, *Sable three hunting horns, stringed argent,* (Dodington) impaling Huyshe. John Dodington, of Dodington, Bridgewater, married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Oliver Huyshe, of Doniford. 5, Huyshe impaling, *Sable, three bucks' heads argent* (Cavendish). Oliver Huyshe, son of Gilbert, married a daughter of Cavendish. 6, *Sable, three bucks' heads argent, attired or* (Broughton ?) impaling Huyshe. 7, *Argent, a bat volant, on a chief sable, three pales of the field* (Steyninge) impaling Huyshe. William Steyninge, of Holnicote, Selworthy, married Maude, daughter and heir of John Wood, and of her mother, Margery, daughter and heir of Oliver Huyshe. 8. Much mutilated, but the dexter charge was evidently the last; probably the sinister impalement was Wood quartering Huyshe. 9. Dexter impalement destroyed, but doubtless Huyshe; impaling, *Argent, three bulls' faces sable, eyed and horned or, a crescent for difference* (Walrond). John, son of Oliver Huyshe, married Grace, daughter of Walrond (of Bovey?). 10. Huyshe impaling, *Argent, a cross engrailed gules, between four water bougets sable* (Bourchier). James, third son of John Huyshe, described as "*of London, grocer,*" married Margaret, daughter of Robert Bourchier. This match introduced the blood-royal, and brought the most distinguished quartering to the coat-armour of the Sand

descent. It is probable the lady was of the Essex stock of this noble name, although there was an unbroken strain in Devon, whose common progenitor, William Bourchier, Earl of Eu, in Normandy, married Anne Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, seventh son of Edward III., by his wife Eleanor Bohun, who was granddaughter of Elizabeth, seventh daughter of Edward I. On the monument in Sidbury church royal descent is claimed through "*Joan, daughter of the first Edward*," which would appear to be by a strain not known to us. One thing is curious, this alliance of royalty with the gentleman's "trade," for so it must be designated, although he was probably a prosperous London merchant, and settled his son Rowland down here as a country squire at Sand.

To return to the old stained glass. Shield 11 displays, *Argent, semée of cross crosslets fitchée, and a lion rampant gules*, impaling Huyshe, *with a mullet for difference*, for the third son, and Sand descent. 12. Huyshe with *mullet*, impaling *Argent, semée of escallops gules, a lion rampant sable*. We are unable to assign this coat or impalement.

This ends the Huyshe series in the hall. In the adjoining room is one other shield pertaining to the olden house,—*Argent, a chevron between three goats' heads gules* (Gatcombe).

Rowland Huyshe, the builder of Sand, was the eldest son of James Huyshe, of London, "grocer," by his wife Margaret Bourchier; there was another son, Geoffry, and two daughters, Mary and Martha. Rowland Huyshe married Anne, daughter of John Wentworth, of Bocking, Essex, and at the date of the *Visitation* in 1620 had a son, James, then aged sixteen, who afterwards married a daughter of Richard Reynel, of Creedy-Wiger, Upton-Hellions.

A stroll into the plesaunce garden which slopes gently down the vale. In the corner is the usual summer or music house, with its decaying walls, here, as at Clifton-Maubank, filled full of farm lumber. How different were the ideas of those who first erected and adorned it in the palmy days of Sand, and were wont to linger in Queen Elizabeth's reign among the old-fashioned odorous blooms around, passing with stately step in and out under that crumbling elliptic arch. Look at the reverend reminder inscribed upon the tablet, fringed with graceful sculpture set up over it, a delightful cautionary "conceit" inspired by the delicious odours greeting the sense around. Is not the sentiment worthy of those who claim to descend from the Plantagenets?

ΕΥΘΥΜΙΑΣ FONS

BENE CONVENIRE

CVM DEO.

which tells us "The fountain of fragrance is to be in harmony with God." Above the tablet is a shield charged with Huyshe and the *mullet*, impaling *A chevron between three leopards' heads, a crescent for difference* (Wentworth), conveying the assurance that Rowland Huyshe, the builder of Sand, set up the delightful inscription.

The most beautiful charm of life is the perception of the poetry that surrounds it. The apprehension of its tender and delicate inspiration—almost universally existent in some form or impress—is an inherent attribute of the mind, and forms an unceasing source of exquisite delight. It cannot be communicated to others except in

comparatively small degree by some rare and happy reflection, being a prerogative imperial, with all existence animate and inanimate for its subjects. The acquisition of the materialities that lie strewn beside our daily path, may please, and to some extent satisfy, the grosser

instincts, too often only in the end, to pall if not deprave, their possessors. Not so the faculty to enjoy its limitless wealth of poetry: this is an unique treasure, beyond count for its softening, sweetening influence, and unspeakably exalting and refining power, equally out of the ken of envy or reach of robber, the degradation of being acquired by purchase, or bartered away for gain. Happy indeed are they to whom it forms something more than a feigned possession, or an empty vaunt, when with potential subtlety it illumines the perception of all things both within and without, glimmering even now in every letter of the old tablet with a radiancy that never dies.

On the other side of the garden was a gateway, now fallen to decay; over it a sculptured shield of arms which has been carefully preserved. It exhibits:—quarterly of six—1, *A lion rampant between three crosslets fitchée* (Capel); 2, *A chevron between three roundels, in chief a fret between two cinquefoils;* 3, *On a chevron three garbs;* 4, *A chevron ermine between three escallops;* 5, *A chevron between three fleurs-de-lys;* 6, *Semée of cross crosslets, a lion rampant.* Underneath—

HORTVS IOHANNIS CAPELL.

1610.

He was the fourth son of Sir Henry Capel, and cousin-german to Anne Wentworth, Rowland Huyshe's wife. (Lysons.)

And concerning these old Elizabethan carvings, notwithstanding their occasional decrial, is there not a a special and most interesting beauty in them? For chaste purity, perhaps, the Gothic has no rival; but occasionally its severe changeless repetitions, mathematical in accuracy, are apt to almost weary the sense. But in the elegant scroll work and sculpture of this refined age, Fancy seems never to tire in the Protean riot of design she scatters over panel and tablet. And there are few more delightful subjects for the student than the careful delineation of the subtle and graceful creations of this period, or better calculated to exert a wholesome and correct influence on his taste, as with conversing pencil in hand he holds commune with these master spirits of a bygone age, and gets the benediction of their inspiration, upon whose works old Time, that prince of artists, has bestowed—schoolmaster-like—the finishing touches, and has lovingly commended them to us by his own careful preservation; for, mark this, what is bad and worthless he unhesitatingly destroys, be it the make-believe in art, or the make-believe in building.

As we pass out of the front court toward the highway, in the apex of a gable of one of the outbuildings we note the date when probably Sand was completed: a monogram of the letters R. A. H., and underneath 1600.

Through the toll-bar (now a thing of the past), and passing a comfortable modern residence on which some beautiful roses are in full bloom, we come into the long, pleasant, clean street of Sidbury town, as the villagers describe it. Straight facing us rises the massive outline of the church tower, capped by a roof-shaped broach of by no means ungraceful proportions, and which forms a pleasing feature in the approach to the village.

Sidbury church exhibits evidence of great antiquity, bearing chiefly the well-recognised features of Norman and Early English construction. The tower is of Norman origin, and though thoroughly true in outline and detail, yet it has a strange *new* aspect—this, in part, probably from recent touchings up, and also the circumstance of a story current in the parish that a portion of the fabric, inclusive it may be of the tower, was re-built about Cromwell's time. Of course the old hero has to stand god-father as a rule for every abomination perpetuated in the century; in this case, for once, it assumes the character of a credit, but an idea we shall moot by and by as to who its probable rebuilder was—if there be any basis to the tradition—may give a clue to the man, and account for the rather unusual circumstance of its being carefully re-edified in accordance with the original design, just in the presage of those boisterous days, unless the whole story be a myth, which is even more probable.

Sidbury Old Steeple.

A glance over the tower doorway shows us two figures lifesize, in circular-headed niches, which, for antiquity, we take to be second to none in the county, while for freshness and sharpness of appearance they are marvellous, considering they must have been sculptured seven centuries ago. But their good preservation, we are told, was due to the fact that they had been previously carefully plastered over, and only exposed again to view recently. One is a figure of St. Peter with the keys and a book. He is vested as a priest, with chasuble and stole. The other, probably intended for St. John Baptist, is a man with streaming hair and beard. He wears a long robe and holds a label in his hand, but the legend is gone.

The south porch is finely groined and flanked by turrets. This, of Perpendicular date, and both side aisles, appear to have been added about the same time. The chancel is Early English, or transitional from Norman, and there is a breadth of diapered panels across the east end under the chancel window, outside.

But what tomb is this, of comparatively late date and evidently inserted in the south chancel wall on the outside? It occupies the olden place of honour, assigned in earlier times only to such persons as had been the patrons or benefactors of the fabric. The shape of the

tomb, too, and the depressed arch above it, all preserves the type of a bygone age, and looks like the lingering remembrance of some one who had been acquainted with and had a love for this antient form of sepulchre. A square stone in front had once commemorated its occupant, but after much patience all we could make out was J. S. and 16—, the remainder having been worn away by the fraying heels of succeeding generations of little boys who appear to have made this coign of vantage a place of special resort, two of their confraternity having darted off like scared birds at our approach.

A survey of the interior of the fabric is found very much a reflex of its outside, the three styles of Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular being fully represented, but all enhanced with the indescribable charm (now fast disappearing) of an old untouched church where there are many things left for the curious mind to investigate which still bear the sacred untouched traces of other days, and undesecrated, as yet, from having been furbished up to order by unceremonious unfeeling hands, until—such is too often the case—these treasures of the past are literally things neither new nor old.*

And now a rest for a few minutes and a reverie. The walk down the valley has been pleasant, but sufficiently tiring to need the one, and the calm and quiet of this holy and antient place, with none but our own thoughts to commune with, fruitfully and seductively suggestive of the other.

As a rule we have considerable misgiving as to the wisdom of being linked with a restless, chatty companion, however winning and intelligent, in these old-world explorations of ours, and scarcely any sort of companionship is welcome absolutely, unless it be occasionally that *rara avis* of fellowship—some thoughtful, reverent, sympathetic student, imbued with the true and tender spirit of investigation, which we attempt to cultivate.

Not the company of the unco-learned do we covet—the hard, dry, parchment man, the simple collector of facts and dates, marshalled with minute care and mathematical progression, arrayed, compared, sifted, and winnowed, fashioning a chronicle correct as may be doubtless, but only putting together a sort of skeleton history, or resurrection of facts and figures, well nigh as meagre, passionless, and dead as the relics of the beings it essays to speak of. No! assuredly not he, though accuracy, of course, in all that is essential be equally the object of our researches likewise.

Neither of that well-known class of being sprung so largely into existence of late years, since the attraction of archæological research has interested so many investigators—the pedigree hunter—bent on the self-glorification of a "descent" that he deems may add some possible importance to his own present littleness, and interesting, of course, to nobody else—of him, least of all.

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* Since the foregoing was written the church has passed into the hands of the restorer, and the old massive harmonious roof-broach on the tower, with its cornice of bold corbels, given place to a cloud of Victorian pinnacles and a small spirelet. Inside much has been done and carefully preserved.

But one, if any, when he *is* found, who can with sympathetic intuition "raise the dead," as it were, by a glance at the crumbling sculpture, clothe those it memorializes with living interest, and speak of it with all the tender regard, as if the being it commemorated were before him instead.

Even then, perhaps, after all, and notwithstanding such affinity of disposition, the advantage of this rare companionship is doubtful, amid the solemnity of abstraction that forms the atmosphere of these investigations, when the intrusion of a single inharmonious and disturbing thought is to be dreaded, when seeking to realise the Laureate's mood—

"How pure at heart, and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man, whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all."

At peace, not only from worldly jar, but equally undisturbed by local passing interruption, and therefore it comes to pass, in our visits to these old churches, there is an indefinable pleasure (after humouring and dismissing with a trifling gratuity, it may be, the gossiping civil sexton) to hear the grate of the key in the great rusty lock turned within, and find ourselves in that ubiquitous company in whose presence the best work is always done—alone.

Alone, to the alone, and yet not alone, though the busy living world of the present be shut out. Another wondrous world, the generations of a thousand years, passive and dormant, is around us, waiting the warm spell of conjuration to arouse them, and fan once more with the breath of living interest the "wonted fires" still smouldering in their unconscious ashes.

What say those well-worn characters at our feet, written over the sleeper below, concluding the brief oft-found record—"*Here lyeth the body*"—that still speak their immortal message, and remain unobliterated, as if some charm protected them from the careless, unconcerned tread of ages? Even the words of One who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light—"*Non mortua est sed dormit.*"

But this was spoken by Him who holds the keys of death and the grave. Will the sleepers awake at mortal bidding? Can any invocation of ours charm "the dull cold ear" of the King of Terrors, and bring them back? Not as that Great Conqueror will come and summon the sleeping host, assuredly; but a wonderful picture will pass in review before him who, with imagination true and reverent, tenderly awakens them.

"So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
His living soul was flashed on mine."

The outward and visible signs of their presence salutes us everywhere. Our glances scan the lettered pavement, rise and travel from pillar to pillar clustered over with armoried shield (that foster-child of unsymbolled language) twined initial and scribed scroll, descend and dwell musingly on sculptured tomb and dim-discerned effigy in the vistaed gloom of the aisle, vanish through the grey-lit lattice of the further window, and lose themselves at last among the grey stones and unchronicled hillocks in God's acre outside, and then return again unto their source, not without form and void, but bear rich burthen with them.

And the words of the great singer, but recently laid at rest on the further fringe of the broad Atlantic—whose pure and peaceful thoughts twine themselves into a stronger cordon of communion between its shores than a thousand lines submerged in its fathomless depths flashing with "dull mechanic art" the common places and trivialities of the hour—come before us, and describe the scene, for the great porch door we had so carefully locked appears to be open, and through its portals a long procession

> "Of harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
> With feet that make no sound upon the floor,"

The aisles, so silent, seem

> "Thronged with quiet inoffensive ghosts,
> Impalpable impressions on the air,—
> A sense of something moving to and fro."

And the mind almost shrinks from the host it has conjured, that closes around, appealing mutely for the warm touch of human sympathy to rescue their remembrance from cruel oblivion, and protect, it may be, from unconcerned destruction, the frail mementos that still exist to perpetuate their memories.

Swiftly and silently the solemn pageantry changes. There in the chancel, before the high altar of the past, all shaven and shorn, stands the old presbyter of the hamlet, arrayed in chasuble and stole, between the two twinkling lights that symbolize its eternal source, his feet resting on the great "blew" stone, cross-engraven, that marks his grave.

Moving softly by in their long-peaked crakowes comes the well-to-do Franklin of Edwardian time, hooded and mantled, followed by his wimpled wife, both still with us in imaged semblance, and raising their stony hands to-day in everlasting prayer from the low-arched bourne in the transept.

Pearl-crested ladies, and knights fierce and martial, wedded to the cause of White or Red Rose, fresh from porteullis and drawbridge, with their bright armour glancing in the matin sun, in their steel-shod feet clanking along, but now reposing for aye, insculped in costly alabaster on armoried bier close by, deaf to the call of earthly trumpet.

Courtly squires—Cavalier or Roundhead—bearded, doubletted, and be-ruffed, with their grand dames in stiff-silked fardingales, sweeping

the aisles and rustling among the old benches, long ago translated to carven tabernacles overhead, kneeling there with their progeny behind them, all in endless devotion.

Prim-visaged figures, with full-bottomed wigs and airy kerchiefs falling over their laced coats, moving by with ruffled sleeve and buckled instep, escorting with stately step broidered-kirtled madams, picking their way daintily along beside them on their high-heeled shoes, and even to this day, with unvarying features, looking down complacently upon us from well-wrought pale-faced marble bustos scattered around.

Filling in this centuried outline, comes an unnumbered multitude—churls and peasants of every age—rude in costume and demeanour, loitering and jostling by, simple and servile, the Jans and Joans of uncounted generations, the working bees of the village, unknown and forgotten by all but the One Omniscient Mind, but with all their sorrows and troubles, hardships and wrongs, safe in His keeping.

And so down to us the foreground of the picture stretches on, to yesterday's snatched vision of delight, o'er whose bitter loss the tear of love is not yet dry.

And again other pictures come and go. Groups radiant with bright eyes and brighter hopes are waiting before the altar, speaking vows to be sundered only by Death's dissolving hand. Pale happy faces clustering around the old grey font, dedicating with gentle pride love's peerless prize to Him who hath deeper than a mother's love. And then, with measured step, the bowed head, the suppressed sob, the stifled sigh, and over all the solemn echo—"*Miserere mei Domine*"—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—the old, old story, endlessly repeated, and as endless in interest, that we call human life.

> "The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death."

But it is the final act of this oft-rehearsed drama—the garnering-in "as tales that are told"—the frail decaying pledges of life's history to its precincts, that alone and really hallows with incomparable sacredness the old parish church, where our kith and kin are at rest, and await our following.

> "O Death! how dear the hope
> That, through the thickest shade,
> Beyond the steep and sunless slope
> Our treasured store is laid.
>
> The loved, the mourned, the honoured dead
> That lonely path have trod,
> And that same path we, too, must tread,
> To be with them and God."

By some, whose depth of thought, perhaps, may be gauged by the passing emotions of the hour, and have no deeper anchorage than the present, the hallowedness of the edifice would be considered to be due to the ceremonies performed, and the prayers offered within it, by generation after generation. This may be a great power and attraction, but the qualification, as viewed by itself, is only of secondary

degree, and transitory nature. By no act of ours can any portion of this earth be made more holy than it was when left by Him whose hand fashioned and adorned it. True it is, whenever reverent spirits meet together and bow before His throne, the tabernacle of the Most High so reared is among men, and becomes, as the Patriarch spake, the House of God and the Gate of Heaven. Still, that house, without further association to perpetuity, may, as the ark of old, have no abiding place; for, though built to-day, to-morrow may know it not. The holiest of holies is ever the human heart itself—"the true and lively stone;" of such alone, built up in Him, His everlasting tabernacle is framed. And when that heart, in whose shrine the lamp of faith burnt bright, has beat to its close "in His faith and fear," and is, though cold and still, and its earthly light gone out, deposited close by where its living vows were pledged, and its votive worship offered, what—

"Though its walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away"—

every one such, "though dead yet speaketh," and with the voice of faith joins the living brotherhood of the present.

And so this eternal chain of the past to the present consecrates pre-eminently, beyond all passing acts of ours, these old garner-houses of God's people, as they form the links that join the living to the dead, —this world to the next,—earth to heaven.

And here comes the reason why, when deeply and perfectly felt, the powerful plea and claim is set up, that every memento, however humble, be respected and preserved, that no desecration be done to the faintest memorial that tells of an immortal human spirit whose dust is near.

"Ask not who ended here his span:
His name, reproach, and praise, was man;
One thing was great which God supplied—
He suffered human life and died."

And now a further look round the church. The basement story of the tower is groined, and four characteristic Norman corbels support the ribs. The side aisles are of late Perpendicular construction and ordinary character, but the arches separating them from the transept are of singular richness and unique in their ornamentation as far as our experience informs us. They rise from foliaged brackets, and the central compartment of the arch all up round inside the lateral mouldings is occupied by a beautiful course of flowers and leaves deeply sculptured and under-cut almost the entire width of the arch, that in the north aisle finishing at the apex with a priest or angel. It has a very rich effect, now much enhanced by the removal of the thick coating of whitewash that formerly covered them.

In the chancel are sundry memorials of former residents in the parish, inclusive of the tablet to the members of the Huyshe family, who rest in the vault of their ancestors beneath the pavement.

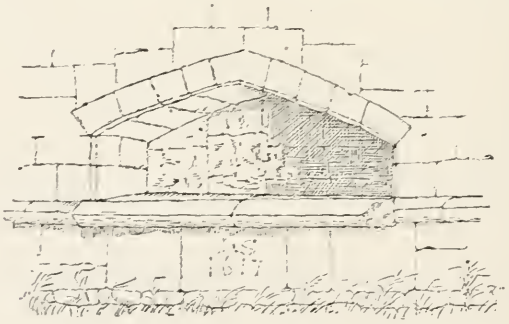
We were on the point of leaving the church when a suspicious-looking tablet, at some height from the ground and in the extreme

corner of the south chancel wall, arrested our attention. After a careful survey of its very dark surface, we succeeded in decyphering and arranging its inscription, which was scattered over it without much order or division to aid the sense.

AN EPITAPH VPON YE LIFE & DEATH OF
JOHN STONE, FREEMASON,
WHO DEPARTED YS LIFE YE FIRST OF JANVARY, 1617,
& LYETH HEER UNDER BVRIED.

On our great CORNER STONE this STONE relied,
For blessing to his building louing most
To build GOD'S TEMPLES in which workes he dyed,
And liued the TEMPLE of the HOLY GHOST,
In whose lou'd life is prou'd and honest fame,
GOD can of STONES raise seed to ABRAHAM.

Here was apparently a genuine antiquarian find—an inscription to a freemason, and the date 1617, the very oldest we have yet seen, and we rub our initiated eyes with delight as we spell out the quaint orthography which embodies the grand meaning of our antient brother's epitaph. Here, too, we solve the riddle of the tomb in the wall outside, for beneath it, undoubtedly, the dust of the true old craftsman reposes.



And with it comes also the association with him of the re-building of the church a few years before "Cromwell's days," and the strong probability that he was the man who superintended it, doubtless with jealous care and scrupulous exactness of re-placement, as far as his knowledge went, and the final issue that he either lost his life during the work from some accident, or died peaceably during its progress, as recorded on the tablet, "*in which workes he dyed;*" and that hence, evidently owing to some special event or circumstance of the sort, his

body was entombed in an honourable position under the very wall of the fabric itself, even in the corner of

HIS TEMPLE.

Then said *Solomon*, "I have built Thee an house of habitation, and a place for Thee to dwell in for ever. But will God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house that I have builded?"—(2 Chronicles vi.)

Thus saith the LORD, "The heaven is My throne and the earth is My footstool; what manner of house will ye build unto Me? and what place shall be My rest? For all these things hath Mine hand made."—(Isaiah lxvi.)

Almighty Sire, we hail Thee,
Great Architect divine;
Nor time nor space may fail Thee,
Nor limit Thee nor Thine:
Those wondrous orbs that slowly
Wheel round Thy throne of light,
Are Thy thoughts grand and holy,
Designer Infinite.

Yet not those worlds material,
That swing in solemn state,
Shew all Thy power imperial
To plan and to create;
As trackless, high, and soundless,
The soul's immensity,
Is universe as boundless,
Where thought alone finds Thee.

United here we wander,
And patient watch and wait,
With gaze directed yonder,
Beyond the pillared gate;
Where, once within its portal,
By symbol, word, and sign,
From mortal made immortal,
Pass to Thy throne divine.

On the opposite wall is a monument to the Huyshe family, the possessors of Sand, and who are interred below. It commemorates the four daughters of the Rev. Francis Huyshe, formerly Rector of Clyst Hidon, and of his wife Sarah, daughter of Richard Nevet, of Duvale, Bampton, "*who themselves closed the eyes of Elizabeth, Nov. 12, 1731, in her 21st year; Sarah, the eldest, and widow of John Thompson, rector of Mesey-Hampton, county of Gloucester, died Jan. 2, 1794, having completed her 86th year. Frances followed her sister Apl. 22, 1797, at the age of 82. Jane, the youngest, ended that line of the family with her own blameless life, Oct. 23, 1802, in her 83rd year. Where now is their boast that they and their forefathers of Sand were a branch of the family of Lud-Huyshe and Doniford, county of Somerset; and that the blood of the Plantagenets flowed in their veins through Joan, daughter of the first Edward? Nothing can now avail them but their endeavours, through the grace of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ, to be prepared to meet that Saviour as their Judge. Reader! the same judgment awaiteth thee.*" Over is a lozenge, quarterly of four, for Huyshe, Avenel-Richards, Bourchier, and Reynel.

Not long since, also, has been laid at rest beneath this pavement a recent and honoured owner of Sand, himself a most distinguished Freemason, being Grand-Master of the Province of Devon. Strange that these two brethren of the antient craft should thus in death be gathered so near each other. The more venerable brother of the twain flourished at the era when Sand, the heritage of the Grand-Master, was built, and who shall say the old craftsman did not with great probability superintend its erection? So the whirligig of Time unites the Past and Present together, and how short seems its space, and how small, after all, is this world, O friend, that we think so much of and deem so large. Says the Corn-law rhymer—

> The present, future, past,
> What are they, Lord, but Thee?
> Thou art, and ever wast,
> What hath been and will be.
>
> Thou only seest the sun
> To which slow ages tend;
> And art the Unbegun,
> Which is, and cannot end.

A few particulars here relative to a celebrated family of sculptors, named Stone—of which it is also quite probable the old freemason sepulchred at Sidbury was a member, and who seem to have been specially famous both as material and speculative masons, and originally undoubtedly Devonshire people—may not be out of place.

Nicholas Stone (with whom John Stone, of Sidbury, lived contemporary), a celebrated statuary in the reign of James I., was born at Woodbury, six miles from this, and a like distance from Exeter, in 1586.

"Coming to London," says Walpole, "he lived for some time with one Isaac James. He then went to Holland, where he worked for Peter de Keyser, whose daughter he married, and returning to England was employed in making monuments for persons of distinction. In 1619 he was engaged on the building of the Banquetting House, and in the beginning of the reign of King Charles he received his patent as Master Mason."

This was in 1626, and he was to receive "twelve pence by the day in as ample and large a manner" as any of his predecessors. He was the fashionable sculptor of that era, and a large number of the tombs, statues, and figures of that date in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere were sculptured by him.

Stone left a very complete record of his works in a "pocket-book," from which Walpole gives a list, principally of monuments, effigies, &c., ranging from 1614 to 1643. He seems to have been very fully employed, and as this was pre-eminently the age for showy monumental display, large sums for that date were paid him for these costly memorials constructed of the various marbles, alabaster, "touch-stone," and other costly materials. He soon appears to have out-stripped his master in artistic success. In 1615 he notes—"I made my master, Isaac James, a partner with me in courtesy, because he was my master three years, that was two years of my prentice, and one year journeyman." The entries concerning his commissions for

monuments are quaint in their particulars. Conviviality was not forgotten in the erection of these lugubrious works. "A bargain" with Sir Charles Morison, of Cashioberry, records, "for a tomb of alabaster and touchstone onely. One pictor of white marble for his father, and his own, and his sister, the Countess of Sesex, as great as the life in alabaster, for the which I was well payed 260*l.* and four pieces given me to drink." While he was at work in Scotland in 1616, "in the king's chapple and for the king's closset," beside having his "money well payed"—not a large sum—"50*l.* was given to drink"; and when he undertook "the place of master-mason for the new banquetting-house at Whitehall, I had payed me four shillings and tenpence the day." Our modern "refined" school of sculptors, architects, and æsthetic professors generally, would be greatly shocked at Stone's homely particulars, and a present day ordinary builder's foreman view with disdain the King's master-mason's daily wage. For the large number of expensive works chronicled in the "pocket-book," the sum total was £10,889 only, scarcely a tithe, perhaps, of what would be their cost now. Walpole, speaking of his monument to Francis Holles and its "most antique simplicity and beauty," says the Earl of Clare furnished the design, "as Stone, when left to himself, had no idea of grace"; but it would be a wonder indeed if he had enough to satisfy his fastidious biographer.

He died in 1647, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where * on the north wall within the church is the following inscription, with a profile of his head—

To the lasting memory of Nicholas Stone, Esq.,
Master Mason to His Majesty,
in his lifetime esteemed for his knowledge of sculpture and architecture,
which his works in many parts do testify,
and though made for others, will prove monuments to his fame.
He departed this life 24 August, 1647, aged sixty-one,
and lyeth buried near the pulpit in this church.
Mary his wife, and Nicholas his son,
lye also buried in the same grave.
She died November 19th, and he on 17th September, 1647.
H. S.—posuit.

Nicholas Stone left three sons, Henry, Nicholas, and John. Walpole continues—

"The two oldest were sent to Italy to study, the youngest was educated at Oxford, being designed for a clergyman, but in the civil war he entered into the army on the King's side. The King's forces being routed, young Stone and a companion made their escape; the latter was taken and hanged before his father's door at Smithfield, but Stone hid himself in his father's house in Long-acre for about a twelvemonth, without the knowledge, says Vertue, of his father, whence, I suppose, he had either offended the old man by quitting his studies for arms, or the father was too prudent to risk the emoluments of his profession by engaging in party dissensions. John at last found means of retiring to France, where he lived some years, applied himself to the arts, as we shall find him after his return engaged in his father's business. Nicholas, the second son, was of a

* *Anecdotes of Painting.*

promising genius, and while abroad, modelled after the antiques so well that his works have been mistaken for the best Italian masters. He returned to England in 1642, and died the same year as his father. Henry, the eldest son, carried on in conjunction with John the business of a statuary after his father's death; though Henry addicted himself chiefly to painting and was an excellent copyist of Vandyck and the Italian masters. He is generally known as *old Stone*, I suppose to distinguish him from his brother John. He died in 1653, and was buried near his father, where a monument was erected, and this epitaph written for him by his brother John—

To the memory of Henry Stone, of Long-acre,
Painter and Statuary;
who having passed the greatest part of thirty-seven years
in Holland, France, and Italy,
atchieved a fair renown for his excellency in arts and languages,
and departed this life on the 24th day of August, A.D. 1653,
and lyeth buried near the pulpit of this church.

His friends bewail him thus—

Could arts appease inexorable fate,
Thou had'st survived this untimely date;
Or could our votes have taken place, thy sun
Had not been set thus at its glorious noon;
Thou should'st have lived such statues to have shewn
As Michael Angelo might have wished to own;
And still thy most unerring pencil might
Have raised his admiration and delight,
That the beholders should enquiring stand,
Whether 'twas Nature's or the Artist's hand;
But thy too early death we now deplore,
There was not art that thou could'st live to more,
Nor could thy memory by age be lost,
If not preserved by this pious cost;
Thy name's a monument that will surpass
The Parian marble or Corinthian brass.

John Stone, to perfect his fraternal affection,
erected this monument.

June, 1699.
Four rare stones are gone,
The Father and three Sons.
In memory of whom their near kinsman, Charles Stoakes,
repaired this Monument.

John Stone, the last of the family, died soon after the Restoration. A descendant of the Stones was Grand Warden to Sir Christopher Wren, when erecting St. Paul's, before the revival of the Grand Lodge in 1717; this was probably Stoakes, who came into possession of all their portraits, drawings, paintings, and models."

Thus concludes our short biography of the Stones. The monuments to their memory recorded by Walpole must have existed in the *old* church of St. Martin's, before it was superseded by the more modern edifice of Gibbs. Underneath the present structure is a large crypt of great depth, and unless the dust of these old artists was reverently respected and re-interred at the time of the re-building—a rather doubtful case—their bones will have vanished as completely as

have the monuments erected to their memory, not a trace of which, after careful search, could we discover in either church or crypt.

Epitaphs to freemasons having direct allusion to the fraternity are rare in the west country, and we remember noting only one other, and that of comparatively modern date; but the sculptured emblems of the craft are not uncommon on the stone title pages to past lives in our churchyards.

So ends our adjourneying for to-day, and our notes collected on the path that has led us to the shrine of the old craftsman. Peace to thy dust, O venerable brother of the past! for thou sleepest well. Whether the secret of thy history be such as we have divined to adorn the tale we have been spinning, matters not. The earthly mystery of inextinguishable brotherhood still glimmers in thy ashes, though in thee now that wondrous bond is perfected, as thou standest approved in thy obligation, a spiritual temple at the right hand of the Great Architect of the Universe.

THE FREEMASON'S MESSAGE.

Where should the craftsman sleep,
Where?
Close to the corner keep,
In the foundation deep,—
There.

List to those well-set stones,
Gray,
Comes there no message tones
From the old workman's bones?
Say!

"I loved my calling true,
So,
Here lies the path for you,
To excel, still pursue,—
Go.

In my own works enshrined,—
Ye,
Who would be kept in mind,
Can ye aught fitter find?
See.

But while below you roam,
Nigh,—
Raising earth's fragile dome,
Found thou thy heavenly home
High.

Reared on the true, the just,
All,—
Let such embalm thy dust,
All else mouldering must
Fall.

So dwell a polished stone,
Here,—
Then, to one lively grown,
Deck the Great Builder's throne
There!"

THE

CRADLE OF MARLBOROUGH.

KEEN, cold morning, a veritable winter one—quiet and undisturbed—when the air holds a kind of constrained stillness, as if frost-bound. The hard turnpike road reverberates under the tread, as if it were composed of one continuous piece of granite, stratified with threadings of iron, indicated by the dark stripes of water congealed in the wheel-tracks. Twig, branch, and briar are white with the wondrously-beautiful frost rime, and the grass, covered with the silvery crystallisation, crackles crisply beneath the foot. It is hard times with the smaller birds, who scarcely care to move out of one's way; and a great grey thrush, with plumage ruffled up and a very mendicantish look, has just brushed over the hedge, scarce a dozen feet in front of us; let us trust he may soon recover his minstrel suit and sweet voice, with the advent of bee and cuckoo.

Such was the general appearance of things on the short stretch of road lying between the little rural village of Whitford in Shute, and the handsome skew arch of the railway at Woodhayne. There our route diverged from the turnpike; and, crossing the Axe on a narrow wooden plank, the path lay over the meadows.

The Axe! bright, sparkling, many-curved Axe, queen of these eastern streams; how many delightsome associations conjure themselves into being within the busy brain at the sight of thy murmuring tide! Of olden time, when the royal Athelstan and his armed legions waded thy waters in surging conflict with the invader's host, crimsoning thy pure bosom with the carnage; of the minster founded on thy bank in memory thereof, by the same regal mind, and whose grey tower, now peering down the valley through the clear morning air, preaches to us still the eternal purpose of the founder, and makes the thousand years that have passed since that tower was first upraised, appear, even to our finite minds, but comparatively as yesterday.

A succeeding age witnessed two small companies of serge-clad, shoonless monks, halt upon thy marge, meeting there the belted nobles

THE 'GLORIOUS' BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

From a contemporary engraving.

of the district, and with solemn ceremony together laying the foundation stone—cross-graven—of two noble abbeys. Again, after a dozen fleeting generations had passed, didst thou see the successors of those holy men, with heavy, grief-bowed hearts, hand over those grand fanes, the refuges of piety and learning, and reared in honour of the Chief Corner Stone, to the mercenary and greedy favourites of a lawless, remorseless king. The mocking shadow of one still exists to attest its high-born origin; the other, long since razed to its foundations, is now the home only of the mole and the bat. The Royalist, the Roundhead, and eke the hapless partizan of Monmouth, have, in turn, alternately forded thy shallows, till now of late the iron road hath spanned thy lisping marge, and the snorting monster, with his cohort of living freight, whirls with savage energy along thy babbling precincts. Yet, gentle river, shall thy sweet silvery sparkle out-run them all—

> "For men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on for ever."

And—ever sacred—for thine own blest natural delights, glad stream, how prized art thou—thy rich-tinted flags and rustling reeds, thy swallows and daisy-sprent banks, thy mirrored reaches, and thy bounding stickles—

> "With here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a grayling."

Pleasant and healthful is it (for mind and body alike) to pursue the "contemplative recreation" of the grand old Izaac on thy banks, drinking rich draughts of Nature's sweet communion, lost in delicious dreams and trancèd reveries—nervously disturbed, however, now and then at intervals by a vigorous twitch at your furthermost blue upright—and during a livelong afternoon follow quietly thy convolutions, revelling onward, as it were, reluctantly through the dappled meadows, till the retreating golden sunlight of evening blushes its last farewell.

Splash! splash! whirr! whirr! whirr! Ah! there they go; a magnificent mallard towering up, and a couple of ducks after him. Look at his gorgeous green glossy neck, iridiscent in the sunlight, and otherwise splendid plumage, contrasting with the ruddy breasts and sober colours of the ducks. Up, up, up, and now away with vast speed down the valley to their ocean fastness, lessening even already to three dark specks in the cool ether.

"Drat it, maister," said a voice in pure vernacular, from a fustian coat and shapeless wide-awake creeping out from a corner of a hedge, "I wish'ee hadden a come on for half a minnit, I should a had a couple of 'em, I 'll bet a guinea."

"Never care, my man," said we, "they are happier where they are; and you *may* have another chance this evening."

"Perhaps," we continued *sotto voce*, and inwardly hoped he may not, as we eyed our sporting companion's "fowling piece"—an antique specimen that had evidently been carefully treasured as the heir-loom of the cottage dynasty for generations, and had probably made the

peaceful echoes of this valley reverberate every winter with due regularity for the past half century.

Thus, fair birds, this morning we have been the unconscious agents of your safety—the bearers of your reprieve, it may be, from death, or your lustrous wings from ghastly maims—a gracious errand that ye wot little of as ye bask securely 'neath the crest of the curling billows. To-day, at least—

> "Vainly the fowler's eye
> Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,—
> As darkly painted on the crimson sky
> Thy figure floats along.
>
> He who from zone to zone
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright."

But stay, here we are in a large park-like field, aptly enough named *Vernal*, in the sweet spring-tide approaching; and there is Ashe House, beneath whose roof, so peacefully situate in these sylvan solitudes, one of the mightiest and most successful of English soldiers first saw the light.

The family of Drake, of Ashe, from whom, maternally, Marlborough was descended, is of considerable antiquity; and the first of that name located here migrated from the parent stock at Spratshays, near Exmouth, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was the fifth John in the descent, and married Margaret, daughter of John Cole of Withecombe-Ralegh.

He was succeeded by his son John, who married Amy, daughter of Sir Roger Grenville of Stow, Cornwall. He was appointed by Richard Gyll, the last Abbot of Newenham, Steward of the Conventual estates. Their monument is the first of the series in Musbury church, and is thus inscribed:—

> HERE LVETH THE BODY OF JOHN DRAKE OF ASHE, ESQ.,
> AND AMY HIS WIFE DAUGHTER OF SIR ROGER GRAYNFIELD, KNIGHT,
> BY WHOM HE HAD ISSUE SIX SONS, VIZ: BARNARD, ROBERT, RICHARD,
> WHEREOF LIVED THREE AT HIS DEATH.
> HE DIED 4. OCT: 1558; SHE DIED 18. FEB: 1577.

Barnard succeeded him at Ashe; Richard was of Surrey, ancestor of the Drakes of Sharledoes, whose descendant, William, was created a baronet in 1641. Robert was of Wiscombe, Southleigh, and his monument in the chancel of the church there, thus describes him:—

> ARMIGER AURATUS ROBERTUS NOMINE DRACUS
> HIC JACET ILLE PIUS PAUPERIBUSQUE BONUS
> SEPTE GNATOS FRUGI ET GNATAS QUINQUE VENUSTAS
> PARTURIIT CONJUX ELIZABETHA SIBI
> OBIIT 1600, MARCH 30.

which may be thus rendered—

An ennobled Esquire, Robert Drake by name, lies here,
one who feared God and remembered the poor;
his wife Elizabeth,
bore him seven thrifty sons, and five comely daughters.
Died March 30, 1600.

There are five shields:—1, Drake, impaling *a chevron enhanced by a fleur-de-lys and charged with two roundels, between three crescents* (Tencreek?); 2, Grenville; 3, *a chevron charged with a mullet, a label of three* (Prideaux); 4, *ermine, three battle axes in pale* (Dennis); 5, *a fess between three fleurs-de-lys.*

Next in descent came Bernard, a distinguished seaman of a noted epoch, rich in fruit of these old Devonian sea lions, and associated with Ralegh, Hawkins, Gilbert, and others. He was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1551; and married Gertrude, daughter of Bartholomew Fortescue, of Fillegh in North Devon.

Prince relates what at first sight would appear to be a very characteristic and probable story of this sturdy sailor, and taken in conjunction with the era in which it is said to have occurred, a not unlikely event to have happened.

But, notwithstanding, he adds in a note, "this relation I had from Sir John Drake, of Trill, Knight and Baronet, my honourable godfather"—still, we fear, viewed in the light of recent research shewing the friendship that existed between these two distinguished men, and their distant relationship, it must be treated as wholly apochryphal.

"There fell out," says he, "a contest between Sir Bernard and the immortal Sir Francis Drake, chiefly occasioned by Sir Francis—his assuming Sir Bernard's coat of arms—not being able to make out his descent from his (Sir Bernard's) family; a matter in those days, when the court of honour was in more honour, not so easily digested. The feud hereupon increased to that degree, that Sir Bernard, a person of a high spirit, gave Sir Francis a box on the ear, and that within the verge of the court. For which offence he incurred her Majesty's displeasure, who bestowed upon Sir Francis a new coat of everlasting honour to himself and posterity for ever. And what is more, his crest is,—*a ship on a globe under ruff, held by a cable rope with a hand out of the clouds; in the rigging whereof is hung up by the heels a wivern gules*, Sir Bernard's arms; but in no great honour we may think to that knight, though so designed to Sir Francis. Unto all which Sir Bernard boldly replied:—'That though her Majesty could give him a nobler, yet she could not give an antienter, coat than his."

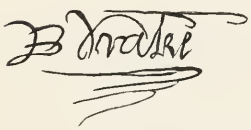
Very boldly and very pluckily replied, too, think we, in those critical times—if it were true; and then he adds a bit of correct relation that Queen Elizabeth, "revolving in her royal breast" the many good services Sir Bernard had done her, she was pleased to confer on him the honour of Knighthood." He was "dubbed at Greenwich, Sonday, 9 January, 1585."

But poor Sir Bernard! a sad end awaited him—a sequel illustrative of this age of chivalry and inhumanity. He was the unconscious author of his own death, and in a most singular manner.

Sir Bernard, in one of his buccaneering expeditions, took a "Portugal ship," and carrying his prize into Dartmouth, the poor native seamen were forthwith transferred to the horrors of confinement in the gaol of Exeter; to be there "closely and nastily kept," to use the phrase of the great Lord Bacon, animadverting on what occurred after this very case. His captives landed, home hurried Sir Bernard, and soon after hied him down to Exeter to attend the assize where these pitiable prisoners were to be arraigned. Serjeant Flowerby sat in judgment, and when the poor sickly emaciated wretches were brought up for trial, there "suddenly arose such a noisome smell from the bar," that the judge, Sir J. Chichester, Sir A. Bassett, and Sir B. Drake, sitting with him, eleven of the jury, and many other people in the court, sickened and died of the infection. Sir Bernard, however, had strength sufficient to rally, and reach as far as Crediton—probably trying to get to his brother-in-law's residence at Fillegh—and there expired, and was buried 12 April, 1586.

What a ghastly picture of the habits and want of forethought and humanity of men at this time, who generally appear to our view, through the kaleidoscope of time, as instinct with nobleness, courage, and generosity. But this is a peep behind the tinselled curtain which awaited the benign hand of Howard fully to raise, and finally expose such aggravated horrors to the withering glance of merciful indignation a century afterwards—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."



During his residence at Colcombe, in 1584, Mr. Bernard Drake (he was not knighted until the following year) appears to have taken his full status as a parishioner of Colyton, and exercised his respectable functions as such in vestry assembled. We give here his signature—probably the only known one in existence—which appears heading several others appended to an audit of churchwardens' accounts for Colyton, dated 6 October, 1584. He was in the occupation of Colcombe at the time of his decease, and his daughter, Mary, was married at Colyton church from thence shortly afterward.

His monument is the central pair of effigies in Musbury church, and beneath is the following inscription:—

HEERE IS THE MONUMENT OF SIR BARNARD DRAKE, KNIGHT, WHO HAD TO WIFE DAME GARTHRUYD, THE DAUGHTER OF BARTHOLOMEW FORTESCUE, OF FILLEGH, ESQ., BY WHOM HE HAD THREE SONS AND THREE DAUGHTERS, WHEREOF WERE FIVE LIVING AT HIS DEATH, VIZ., JOHN, HUGH, MARGARET, MARY, AND ELLEN; HE DIED 10 AP., 1586, AND DAME GARTHRUYD, HIS WIFE, WAS HEERE BURIED 12 FEB. 1601; UNTO THE MEMORY OF WHOM JOHN DRAKE, ESQ., HIS SON, HATH SET THIS MONUMENT, A.D. 1611.

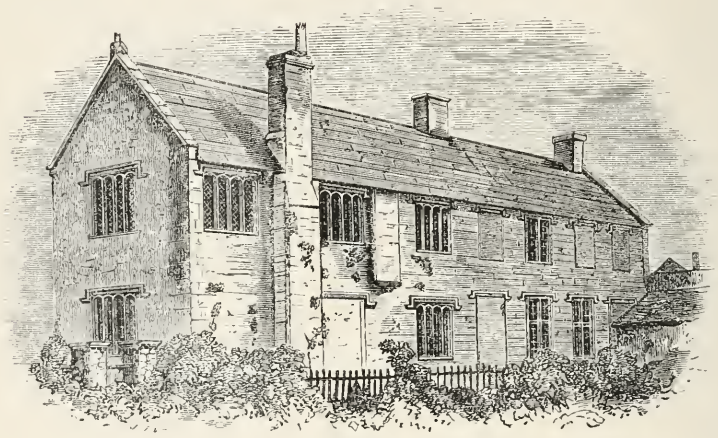
Following him came his son John, who appears to have been the squire of his neighbourhood, and lived in good style at Ashe. From the *Diary of Walter Yonge*, his contemporary, residing at the Great House, Colyton, we find that on "September 14, 1625, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Holland and Derby, with Sir Robert Pettigrew, and divers other gentlemen, lay at Ashe"; and on "March 7, 1627–8, the Duke of Buckingham lay at Ashe." From the same source we also learn that he died "April 11, 1628, and was buried privately the same night, being Good Friday." His private and hasty interment is ominous, and gives presumption that he may have perished from the plague. In his will the old squire gives to his wife Dorothy "my old coche and my bay horses."

But, *à propos* of Sir Bernard, let not the visitor who comes this way, after he has looked at Ashe, forget to set aside an extra half hour to visit the little church of Musbury, where the Drakes are buried, and see the three pair of kneeling figures, life size—each a knight and his lady—in themselves, together, the most striking array of the kind to be found possibly in the county. The knights in complete suits of armour, richly inlaid, with massive gold chains and crimson scarves, cropped polls, ruffs, peaked beards, and the expression of their faces evidently giving strong warrant of their being likenesses. The central figures of this group represent the courageous, fever-stricken Sir Bernard and his wife Gertrude Fortescue, of Fillegh, who is attired similarly to the other two ladies, in long black gown, with rich gold embroidered stomacher, ruff, and mob-cap. The grandson of this Sir Bernard was Sir John of that name, who had to wife, Elinor, the daughter of Lord Boteler, of Bramfield. He was the father of Elizabeth Drake, the wife of Sir Winston Churchill, Knight, of Minthorne, Dorset, and mother of Marlborough, who was born here on Midsummer-day, 1650, and whose brother John was created the first baronet by King Charles II. in 1660. He married Jane, the daughter of Sir John Yonge, Bart., of Great House, Colyton. They were interred in what was termed the Trill Isle (south transept) of Axminster church, and a large monument was erected to their memory, which was demolished early in the present century.

Thus much for our hero's pedigree on the mother's side. Here we are at the door of his birth-place. Only a portion of the old mansion is left, nearly about the exact half. The original fabric, in its completeness, was E shaped; of this, one wing and part of the centre remain. The building is lofty, with Tudor windows, and contains a large dining room and kitchen and fine broad staircase. The antient domestic chapel is also standing, and the place of the former rows of praying benches is now occupied with ranks of rotund hogsheads filled with sparkling cider. On the north side of its antient altar is a piscina, a relic of the earlier faith of the owners of Ashe, to whom Bishop Brantyngham, 21 April, 1387, granted John Stretch and his mother Amicia the privilege of a domestic chapel.

The walls are composed of blue stone, evidently a portion of the adjacent dismantled abbey of Newenham; and the beautiful arch forming the cellar door was apparently transported intact therefrom.

Traces of fish-ponds and my lady's plesaunce garden may be observed in the adjoining orchard; and a solitary memento of its former attractions, still green and vigorous, yet remains to connect the past and present together, and welcome the curious wayfarer—an espalier—now grown to a large and venerable tree, which, as of old, is in its appointed season regularly laden with clusters of delicious pippins.



ASHE HOUSE.

A knock at the door and a pull at the latch string—"Ah! Good morning, how glad to see you!" from a kind, motherly, benevolent form, but now, alas, gathered in the little churchyard, side by side with her courtly and noted predecessors of this old house. O Death! Death! why art thou so cruel, thou ravager of our hearts, thou cold and passionless destroyer, thou remorseless sunderer

"Of joys that come no more,
Of flowers whose bloom is fled,
Of farewells wept upon the shore,
Of friends estranged or dead.

Of all that now may seem
To memory's tearful eye
The vanished beauty of a dream
O'er which we gaze and sigh."

"Here, come in and rest yourselves," said the resonant and homely tones of the matron's better half; "for 'twill soon be dinner time," continued our host.

Gladly we accepted the proffered hospitality, together with the indescribable sense of comfort afforded by getting "hot through" in one of the great corners of the immense ingle, which was blazing with

a glorious fire. A comfortable meal and a cup of spiced cider made all things right within, and chewing the cud of contemplation quietly, we summon the celebrated name that has made this house so famous back from the custody of the past, and bring it to the bar of our thoughts awhile.

What a wonderful phantasmagoria passes in review before our mind's eye as we sit and gaze abstractedly into the glowing embers of the grateful fire, and think on the extraordinary career of the celebrated man who drew his first breath beneath this roof—and other traditions that follow.

Of the troublous times at the dawn of the Commonwealth, and his young and gentle mother fleeing before the advance of the surly Roundheads from the house of her husband in Dorsetshire, to find sanctuary and refuge in her loyal father's house at Ashe—of his birth here amid times ringing with peril and anxiety, a sort of presage of the eventful life he was destined to pass through—of his early infancy spent in this beautiful valley, redolent of sweet flowers, and balmy cows and gentle sheep, nursed in the arms perchance of some woodland Hebe. And then we lose him from these sylvan scenes; and ere he has reached his earliest teens we catch the perfumed atmosphere of the Court, and see his childish limbs enveloped in point lace, doublet, and rapier—the pretty page of an unfortunate and obstinate Prince—the dishonourer of his sister, from whom he received his first patent of nobility, it may be on the ruins of her virtue, and to whom, in the hour of his adversity, he proved a renegade. And then the grime and smoke of grisly war began to loom around; and in his sixteenth year he dons the regal scarlet of the soldier, and then a growing blaze of fame and success brightens on and on to its fullest splendour. Titles, wealth, and victories wait on the advancing footsteps of the "Handsome Englishman," till all a grateful country has in store for her most fortunate son has been proffered. A Prince of the Empire, a vast domain settled on him, and a palace built for his abode—the victor of a hundred fights, with captive marshals to swell the train of his prisoners—the babe of Ashe had grown to be a giant among earth's race of heroes. And the "divinity that shapes our ends" strangely protected him, too, amid the hazard of the soldier's life from injury—for Marlborough was no coward—and his escape at Ramillies pictures up where, after being ridden over by a troop of scared Dutch dragoons, a cannon shot took off the head of Colonel Briendfield, the officer holding the horse he was mounting. And then the haughty, astute, clever, intriguing, and superlatively-handsome Sarah Jennings, his Duchess, the "dear Mrs. Freeman" of Queen Anne—a woman as remarkable in her way as himself. And then the dark cloud that hung with portentous gloom over his declining years, and the ghastly and mean scandals that fell with mildew and canker on the victor's laurels. And then, last scene of all, the advance of a mightier conqueror than himself, and his out-living the possession of his faculties, and his dying the unconscious possessor of his vast heritage of fame. Thus lived, and thus died, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, thought we—born in this house.

And what of the result of this carnage that thus sent him to this pinnacle of fame, to us too, thought we, or to those who shouted pæans of victory at the time, and loaded him with honours and wealth—those "glorious victories" of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and a score of others, reared on the slaughtered myriads who fell in them?

"It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win;
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin:
Why, that I cannot tell, quoth he,
But 'twas a famous victory."

One of these "famous victories"—the storming of Schellenburg in 1704—the "gentle" Addison, smitten with the prevailing war-fever, thus describes in the heroics of rhyme:—

"The March concludes, the various Realms are past,
Th' immortal Schellenburg appears at last:
Like Hills the aspiring Ramparts rise on high,
Like Vallies, at their Feet, the Trenches lie;
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Pass,
Threatening destruction; Rows of hollow Brass
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilst in their Wombs ten thousand Thunders sleep;
Great Churchill owns, charmed with the glorious Sight,
His March o'er-paid by such a promised Fight.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,
And faintly scattered the Remains of Day,
Ev'ning approached, but oh! what Hosts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning close!
Thickening their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The close compacted Britons wing their Way;
In vain the Cannon their thronged War defaced
With Tracts of Death, and laid the Battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the Fight, they broke
Through Flames of Sulphur, and a night of Smoak,
Till slaughtered Legions filled the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works, the mingling Hosts engage,
The Battle, kindled into tenfold Rage,
With Show'rs of Bullets, and with Storms of Fire,
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire;
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly dye,
And lost in one promiscuous Carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their Doom,
New to the Field and Heroes in the Bloom!
Th' illustrious Youths, that left their native Shoar,
To march where Britons never marched before,
After such Toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretched on Bavarian Ramparts breathe their last!"

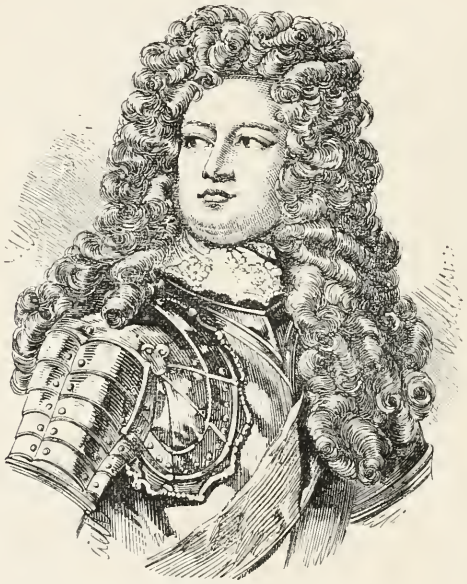
Thus far for our quotation "from the great Mr. Addison in his incomparable Poem, call'd the Campaign," a poet's rhapsody on the *glories* of war. From the wings of imagination let us descend to the actualities of its horrors, and add "a few particulars from an author of reputation." Mons. de Blainville wrote, upon making some observations on the spot *the next year after these actions* :—

> "We came back to the ruins of Blenheim, and surveyed this Field of Battle which gave so decisive a Stroke for the Interest and Liberty of Europe, *at the expence of 20,000 lives*. Tho' the Corn was now very high in this Plain, we could still see many direful Vestiges of the bloody Tragedy that was acted here. Fragments of Bodies half buried, Legs, Arms, Skulls, whole Carcases of Men and Horses, intermixed with But-ends of Muskets, Pieces of Swords, and old Rags, which the Peasants had not thought worth while to carry off, presented a most dismal, frightful Scene to the Eye and Imagination.
>
> At Schellenburg we found still remaining some dismal Traces of this Action, which were very vigorous, and in which a great Number of brave Men on both Sides perished, vast Quantities of Sculls and Bones in the Ditches; and amidst a Heap of old Rags we observed a Fragment of an English Grenadier's Cap, upon which the Queen's Motto, *Semper Eadem*, was still legible."

Another and real picture of the "*glories*" of war. From what peaceful English home, we wonder, was the unfortunate wearer of the cap lured to leave his bones "stretched on Bavarian ramparts,"—we cogitate in this cosy chimney corner?

The battle of Blenheim, as, indeed, were all Marlborough's engagements, was most sanguinary and fiercely contested. Dogged sullenness of courage animated the combatants on both sides, while the immense slaughter that took place by means of the comparatively rude arms then in use—the heavy, unwieldy, uncertain fire-lock—as contrasted with our modern rifle, shews the fierce hand to hand conflict with which it was fought out. The English soldiers charged up repeatedly to the enemy's bayonets, the officers exchanging sword-thrusts with each other, and then retiring, leaving the ground strewed with the dead and dying behind them. At last the Confederate army began to waver, and finally gave way; the retreat became a panic, enormous numbers throwing themselves into the Danube. Marlborough shared the perils with his men; a cannon ball passed under the belly of his horse, grazing the animal and covering the rider with mud. When victory was assured, he despatched a letter to the Duchess, "written on horseback with a leaden pencil," telling her "to let Her Majesty know that her Army has had a glorious Victory. *Monsieur Tallard and two other Generals are in my Coach*, and I am following the rest;" and writing the next morning to Secretary Harley, "the Battle lasted with great Vigour until Sunset, when the Enemy were obliged to retire, *and by the blessing of God* we obtained a complete Victory. *We have cut off great numbers of them, as well in the Action as in the Retreat, besides upwards of 30 Squadrons of the French which I pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest Part of them perish.*"

From this fragmentary description of his murderous vocation, it is a relief to turn to the character of the soldier himself. Notwithstanding the many criticisms passed on Marlborough's career, that career, taken as a whole in connection with his personal advantages and ultimate success, may be pronounced almost an unique one. Singularly handsome in person, tall and well formed, with fine features, fascinating manners, and an easy, almost indolent, grace of



JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

deportment which had great charm. With this was combined perfect dignity of manner, and entire command of temper, so that when quite young none dared take a liberty with him. A being so attractive could not fail to be a great favourite with the proud beauties of the court of Charles II.; and it is recorded that he was once nearly surprised alone, by the King himself, with one of his mistresses, the Duchess of Cleveland, and young Churchill jumped from the window to avoid discovery, for which piece of clever daring the Duchess gave him five thousand pounds, which he, with characteristic prudence, invested in an annuity. But the licentiousness of the Court did not deprave his affections, and when the beautiful Sarah Jennings appeared there, just turned sixteen, with her fine figure, expressive features, and splendid hair, Churchill completely lost his heart, and the young beauty finally, from a crowd of admirers, gave him hers. The union, in its way, was perfect—Churchill loved her with all the deep devotion of a warm and

sensitive heart; and although in her haughtiness of disposition she delighted to shew her ascendancy over him, and occasionally made him a little miserable, it was only for the pleasure of bringing him back to her arms again with passionate gratitude. They were married in 1678, when he was plain Colonel Churchill, and, wedded equally in their aspirations in the walk of life as in their hearts, lived together until they reached almost its highest eminence, without jealousy or

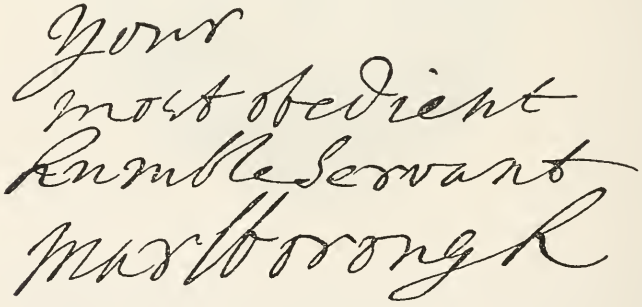
SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

mistrust; and after she had buried him below the magnificent mausoleum which she subsequently caused to be erected near their palace of Blenheim, her great wealth and position brought her new suitors, and the reply she made to one of them, a proud English duke, shewed the depth and sincerity of her love—"that she would not allow even the Emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to the Duke of Marlborough."

As a soldier, he has been pronounced to be, by the most competent authority, the greatest England has yet produced. All the great qualities of his mind conspired to make him a ruler and commander of men; amid the most terrible excitement, the bitterest provocation, or deepest anxiety, he was calm and unruffled. The men under his command had the most implicit confidence in him, and he did all that was possible for their comfort, and strove to lessen, as far as may be, the sufferings of war; and his own personal courage was unquestioned.

Although it may be urged the intrigue between his sister and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., did doubtless give him great influence and facilities for promotion, yet, without the great power of character that Marlborough possessed, all would have been nugatory as to result; nor would it have been said of him, "that he never besieged a town he did not take, nor fought a battle he did not win."

The following records a list of his titles:—Baron of Eymouth, Scotland, 1682; of Sandridge, Hertford, 1685; Earl of Marlborough, 1689; Marquis of Blandford, Duke of Marlborough, and Captain-General, 1702; Knight of the Garter, 1703; Prince of Mindelheim, 1705. He died 16 June, 1722, aged 73, and was buried, with magnificent obsequies, in Westminster Abbey; but his body was afterwards removed to Blenheim by the Duchess, who there erected a splendid monument to his memory. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was daughter and co-heir of Richard Jennings, Esq., of Sandridge, Hertford. Their only son John died at Cambridge in 1705. They had also four daughters, all wedded to distinguished men—Henrietta, married to Francis, Earl Godolphin; Anne, to Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland; Elizabeth, to Scrope Egerton, Duke of Bridgewater; and Mary, to John, Duke of Montague. The titles passed by special extension to his daughters, and the eldest having no male issue, they devolved on Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland, who married the Duke's second daughter Anne.



But a word relative to Sir Winston, father of the Duke, and two of his other sons, who also appear to have been men of war from their youth; and specially of his daughter Arabella, born in this house, who was the mother of another celebrated soldier.

He was descended from an antient Devonshire stirp of that name, one of whom, William Churchill, "was seated at Rockbeare," not many miles west of Ashe, whose descendant, Roger by name, toward the close of the fifteenth century, migrated into Dorset, marrying Jane, relict of Nicholas Meggs, of Bradford-Peverel. John Churchill, third in descent from Roger, married Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Winston, of Standish, Gloucester.

Winston, his son, married Elizabeth Drake, of Ashe. He was a strong adherent to the Royal cause, being forced to compound for

£4,446. 18s., and such a sufferer, that his wife lived for some years at her father's house at Ashe. There his son John was born in June, 1650, and subsequently some of his other children. The Axminster Register records—

> "*John, ye sonne of Mr. Winstone Churchill, was baptized the 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord God, 1650.*"

Sir Winston was M.P. for Weymouth, 1661; one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society; knighted in 1663; Commissioner of the Court of Claims in Ireland; and subsequently one of the Clerks Comptrollers of the Green Cloth. He was also the author of "*Divi Britannici, being a Remark on all the Kings of this Isle*," a small folio, London, 1675, which Wood calls "a very trite and thin book, which sold among the novices rather for the arms than the matter." This is a just description of the knight's tome, which is very limited, surfacy, and jejune as to the text; but the "copper-plates" of the arms of the kings are quaint, and drawn with some spirit. He died in 1688, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.

George, Sir Winston's second son, "betook himself to the sea service," became an Admiral under Queen Anne, and one of the Council to Prince George of Denmark, her husband; died in 1710, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Charles, the fourth son, succeeded his father at Minterne, and, says Hutchins, was born at Ashe in 1656.

He appears to have almost rivalled his great brother John in military aptitude. From his long biographical epitaph in Minterne Church, where he was buried in 1714, we learn—

> He was at thirteen made Page of Honour to Christian, King of Denmark, and at sixteen Gentleman of the Bedchamber to his brother, the renowned Prince George. His martial genius led him to the wars, and his distinguished courage and conduct made him soon taken notice of by his Prince. He was made Major-General of foot, and Governour of Kingsale, in Ireland, by King William; and after many battles fought with great bravery and conduct was esteemed one of the best commanders of foot in Europe. By his royal and gracious mistress, Queen Anne, he was made Governour of the Tower of London, General of the Army, and General-in-Chief of Foot, and had a great and honourable share in the memorable battle of Blenheim. After which, for his many and great services, he was made Governour of Brussells, Colonel of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards, and Governour of Her Majesty's Island of Guernsey.

Following these brothers comes another interesting memory of this old house, over which the veil of tender forgiveness must be drawn, as it was the birth-place also of these warriors' sister, Arabella, which event is thus noticed in the Axminster Register:—

> "*Arabella Churchwell, daughter of Mr. Weston Churchwell, and Elizabeth his wife, was baptized in Aishe Haule the 28th day of February, anno dom. 1648.*"

She was associated with her brothers at the Court of Charles II., and there, while maid of honour to his first Duchess, Ann Hyde, appears to have smitten the heart of that cruel unloveable man, the

Duke of York (Ann's husband), afterwards James II., and to whom, in her twenty-third year, she presented a son, followed afterwards by three daughters and another son.

Both boys appear to have been imbued with the military aptitude, so conspicuous in their mother's family. Henry Fitz-James, the younger of the two, and born in 1673, was made Colonel of a regiment of foot at sixteen, which he led at the battle of the Boyne. He was

ARABELLA CHURCHILL.

commonly known as "the Grand Prior," and in 1696 his father created him Duke of Albemarle, when he was placed in command of the Toulon fleet designed to invade England. Subsequently he was made a Lieutenant-General and Admiral of France, and died at Bagnolles, in Languedoc, in 1703.

James Fitz-James, the elder son, in his sixteenth year was created by his father Baron Bosworth, Earl of Tinmouth, and Duke of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

His career as a soldier was a remarkable one, and almost rivalled for reputation that of his celebrated uncle, the Duke of Marlborough.

When King James' obstinacy and consequent misfortunes drove him from England, the Duke followed his father, but soon crossed to Ireland, and was engaged in the fighting there, being present at the siege of Londonderry and the battle of the Boyne.

Returning to France, he was employed at once, and served with great distinction during the martial reign of Louis XIV., who made him Lieutenant-General of his armies, and subsequently gave him a Marshal's baton. At the conclusion of the disastrous battle of Landen, where our King William III. was on the losing side, the Duke was taken prisoner, and, according to Hutchins, by his own uncle, General Charles Churchill, but was soon after exchanged for the Duke of Ormonde.

JAMES, DUKE OF BERWICK

Engaged also in Spain, in 1707 he won the "glorious" but sanguinary battle of Almanza over the combined English and Portugese forces, which victory fixed Philip V. on the throne, and that monarch, in return, made him a Grandee of the first class and created him Duke of Liria and Xerica.

Subsequently he was again employed by the French king as Generalissimo of his army, to oppose Prince Eugène of Savoy, where, after a long series of brilliant services, Marshal Berwick found a soldier's death, being shattered by a cannon ball at the siege of Philipsburg in 1734, a veteran in his sixty-third year.

Ah! re-make the fire, host of ours, that we may get a fresh and pleasanter incantation from its crackling flames and curling smoke, and

lose the lurid, smouldering vista we have been contemplating of the soldier's life—its clanking swords, booming cannon, rattling musketry, and miles of carnage; the stark and ghastly dead, the heart-breaking agonised appeal for help from the maimed and dying; the callous, cruel unconcern of the trampling host, some fleeing terror-stricken to save their lives, others eager in pursuit, seeking to slaughter, and shouting Victory! The thread of our thoughts that left this roof with the young lives that first saw the light beneath it, have hurriedly traversed the gory precincts of a hundred battle fields, strewn with myriads of the slain, and with a shudder we feel they have returned to us in this comfortable peaceful ingle corner, sad, subdued and deeply blood stained—the direful glamour that surrounds the dreadful, sickening heritage of "gunpowder and glory."

As the tangly grey smoke rises in profusion from the new-piled "fire-dogs," it forms a not inapt resemblance in texture and colour to a procession of full-bottomed wigs mounting the chimney, and the glowing logs at the bottom resolve themselves into rubicund, homely faces they may have enveloped. And that word homely and the capacious head-gear recalls us back again to the waning days of the last Stuart King, and who they were that continued to live on here in peace after this daughter of the house had departed with her martial progeny.

The then possessor of Ashe was Sir John Drake, the brother of Elizabeth Churchill. He was first knighted by Charles II. and afterwards by that king created a Baronet in 1660. He married twice, and had three children by his first wife—John, Walter, and Elizabeth; and three sons by the second—Bernard, George, and William.

John succeeded his father and died a bachelor. "But though," says Prince, "he did not live to build up his family, he did his house;" for Ashe House, having become greatly dilapidated during the Civil War, this Baronet, "who was a serious, sober, and prudent person, set about its rebuilding, enlarged and beautified it, made a park around it, and added fish ponds and gardens, so that for beauty and delight it may now vye with most other seats in those parts."

But man proposes and God disposes. Sir John "no sooner was come to inhabit in this sweet and pleasant place, and began to live, but he presently died."

Sir John's own brother, Walter, having died before him, the next heir to the title was Sir Bernard, the eldest son by his father's second venture.

But though Sir Bernard was heir to the Baronetcy, he was not to the estates; these seem to have been the inheritance of the first family, and as Sir Bernard had offended his half-brother "by an indigestible extravagance," Sir John intended to have settled the estates on his other half-brother William, "a very hopeful young gentleman," but death intervened before the matter was completed.

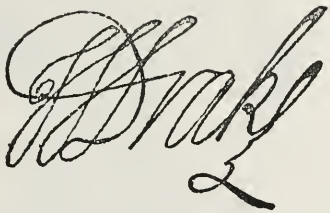
Thereon his sister Elizabeth became his sole heir, and "to her immortal honour be it here recorded, such was her generosity," she reserved only a very small portion of the estate to her own use, and settled all the remainder on her half-brother William, as her deceased brother John had intended.

THE BATTLE OF OUDENARDE.

From a contemporary engraving.

How gracious and refreshing is all this sweet, self-denying, sisterly affection to contemplate, couched in the lap of love and duty to carry out her brother's wish, compared with the ghastly pageant of the lives of her soldier cousins, and the harlot fame of their sister. How much more noble a career animated by such deeds—though only an unseen angel's pen may chronicle them—and yet, for the credit of human affection, not wholly left unrecorded upon earth, as the monument in Musbury church testifies, placed there by Sir William jointly to her memory, her two brothers, and his own wife, as the testimony "*of an affectionate grateful brother, and a sincerely tender husband.*"

This large-hearted woman became the wife of Sir John Briscoe, of Boughton, in Northampton, Knight, where she died in 1694, and was brought to Musbury and buried; Sir William followed in 1715, leaving two sons—Sir John who deceased in 1724 without issue, after whom came his brother Sir William, who also died childless in 1733, when the Baronetcy became extinct.



This last Sir William married Anne, the daughter of William Peere Williams, Esq., to whom he left the whole of his property free and absolute. She survived him nearly half a century, and old memories, but lately alive in Musbury, had heard from their predecessors many a story of the state and importance of Ashe in its palmy days when "the old Lady Drake" was alive, and ocasionally resident there.

Four years after the death of Sir William, Lady Drake married Colonel George Speke, of Dillington, Somerset, "*in the Chapell at Ash, 7 July, 1736.*" A daughter was the only surviving issue of this second alliance, and the child's future was destined to be one of the highest in station within human reach in this land of ours.

"Bring in yet one more faggot, and a fresh cleft of wood," say we, for the spell of our divination is not yet over, nor the tale of our traditions ended.

Aye, excellent of its kind—not *quite* so dry a "burn" as the last—and the cloudy, fleecy smoke, pleasant odour, and crackling, "spitting," snapping blaze, brings another weird scene to our mind's eye, brilliant and eventful, that pictures fair forms clad in spotless bridal costume—gentlemen in laced velvet coats, knee-breeches and ruffles, the sparkle of gems, the perfume of flowers, the quips, cranks, and bustle of a wedding feast held within these walls, the dainty procession filing across the courtyard to the old chapel, crammed with the *élite* of the country round, assembled there to witness the wedding of the sole daughter of the house to a bridegroom who not only laid an Earl's

coronet at her feet, but was also destined to make his bride eventually wife to the Premier of England—the last really grand and happy memory of this antient house.

Of Frederick, Lord North (subsequently Earl of Guilford), the bridegroom on this occasion, and for many years afterwards Prime Minister to George III., as with the Duke of Marlborough, the history of his career is indelibly written in the annals of the nation, and too

FREDERICK, LORD NORTH.

large to be more than glanced at here, beyond one great result—that it was during his administration the now almost boundless Empire of the United States released itself from the guidance of the mother-country's apron-strings, and put on the independence of a manhood worthy of the sires they represent. In supposed deference to the wishes of his Sovereign, Lord North prolonged the struggle with England's remonstrating children, and became very unpopular; but it is now known he wished to make peace long before its termination.

In private life Lord North is described as being one of the most amiable and worthy of men, a fair orator, and when he took office, about thirty-seven years old, married, the father of a family, and poor. In manners, person, and countenance, he bore a striking resemblance to the royal family, or all that part of it that descended from Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III, Like them he had a fair complexion, bushy eye-brows, and prominent gray eyes. His face, it was said, might be esteemed a caricature of the king's; and those who maliciously remembered the great intimacy which subsisted between Frederick, the king's father, and the Countess of Guilford, found no difficulty in accounting for the similarity. He became wholly blind before his death in 1792.

A slightly speculative thought flits across the imagination here like a winged imp, with regard to the rapid rise of the two noted men, Marlborough and North, so strikingly connected with the history of this old domicile, and which suggests whether the possible furtive admixture of the bluest of blood into their families may not have had something to do with it.

But ere we bid adieu to the Prime Minister, we must recall a somewhat grotesque incident anent a visit of his to his mother-in-law at Ashe, subsequent to his marriage.

During the summer of 1765, about harvest time, Lord North came to Ashe in company with Sir Robert Hamilton, the husband of Lady Drake's sister. The ministers were extremely unpopular in the West of England in consequence of a tax upon cider then recently imposed, and Lord North had been afraid to venture into Devonshire. His fears were, however, allayed, and the journey taken. But he was one day thrown into great alarm by a large party of reapers, who, having finished cutting the wheat on the estate, approached the house with their hooks in their hands shouting the usual cry, "We have 'n, we have 'n!" These portentous words Lord North applied to himself, and, pale with terror, considered himself a dead man. Sir Robert Hamilton seized a sword, and was sallying forth to repulse the visitors, when, meeting a member of the household, an explanation took place by which the fears so unconsciously excited were soon removed.*

A fate similar to her first husband befel Lady Drake in the choice of her second. Both the gentlemen she wedded were the last representatives of the main branches of their respective families, and she became widow to them both. A singular coincidence, and much in keeping with the little thread of old-world memories we have been spinning. In the north transept of Whitelackington church, near Ilminster, Somerset, is the monument to Mr. Speke. It records, "*George Speke of Whitelackington in the County of Somerset; this gentleman was the last male heir of the eldest branch of a very antient and honourable family who long possessed large estates in the County. He was born the 24th April in the year 1690, and died the 5th of January, 1753.*" He had previously married twice, but had no surviving issue, and his third wife was "*Anne daughter of William*

* Pulman's Book of the Axe.

Peer Williams Esqr., and widow of Sir William Drake, Bart., of Ash in the County of Devon, By this lady he had a son George who died an infant, and a daughter Anne born 6th Dec. 1739, and married the 20th May, 1756, the Right Honourable Frederick Lord North, eldest son of Francis, Earl of Guilford, who succeeded his father as Earl of Guilford the 4th of August, 1790."

Yet one more tradition remains unrecounted to chronicle respecting the desecrated Chapel, and this, too, illumined by the torch of Hymen, but strangely destined to share vicissitudes akin to all that has befallen this old house and its owners. On the 14 May, 1744, "*Thomas Southcott, Esq., of Ottery, and Mrs. Joan Fry, were married in Ashe Chapel.*" †

Southcott and Fry—two venerable Devonshire families, no direct representatives of whom, we believe, now exist bearing their names. He who is curious to see perhaps the latest remaining record of their memory, let his steps direct him to the Yarty Chantry in Membury church. There on a once handsome, but now mouldering, and, as the story is related, purposedly disfigured monument, erected contemporary with this wedding, he will find much said of the bridegroom's race and the previous relationship of the families, together with the name and royal descent of the bride herself, thereon claimed to be from "*John Fry, of Feniton, Esq., and Jane, daughter of Edward, Duke of Somersett, ye grandson of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was ye son of King Edward the Third*"—the newly-married pair being among the very latest descendants of both houses.

Thus four antient names of leading social importance in the main line, and now extinct, are closely linked with the story of the olden days of Ashe. To these another may be added; there was a younger strain of the Drakes descending from William, second son of John Drake, who died in 1628. He married the heiress of Westofer, of Yardbury, Colyton, and his descendants were located there for about two centuries. Francis Drake, Esq., of this family, was Plenipotentiary to the Court of Munich during the reign of George III.; but their patrimony is also alienated, their old home destroyed by fire, and their name without representative.

The latest replenishment of our ingle is subsiding with a parting blaze, and this typifies in kindred sort our final musing on the past memories of Ashe. Lady Drake had parted with her immediate interest in Ashe, and during the time her neighbour, Sir John Pole, was building the present Shute House, he resided here, which he rented the while. On 24 Sep. 1787, in early morning, a fire occurred in the offices and stables behind, which were entirely consumed, together with thirteen coach horses and hunters.

Soon after, the next possessors reduced this old mansion, full of such interesting historic associations, to the dimensions of a farm house, and as such it still survives.

"*Est-il possible,*" said we to ourselves, looking out at the rising moon through the frost-rimed casement, and recollecting the witticism

† Musbury Parish Register.

of the unfortunate James II. in his bitterest hour of trial at the expense of his son-in-law Prince George of Denmark, who, finally, with the rest, deserted his father-in-law, and who was in the habit of using this exclamation as one by one the Court favourites seceded. At last when the King heard that his daughter and Prince George had left him also, poor James said with a grim smile, "What! is *Est-il possible* gone too?"

At least, if he did not go thus, we must leave this comfortable corner—though we shrink to encounter the keen outpost of the frost king on emerging into the open air. A bright moon throws a flood of radiance down, and all inanimate objects are sparkling with their hoary covering, interspersed with intensely dark shadows, and the constraining coldness we dreaded seems to envelop us instantly as we leave the cosy warm nook. But hark! what was that soft tone, sounding like a sweet throb through the chill air? Again! Ah! 'tis the Colyton curfew. What art thou telling us, old bell, as thou bridgest over eight centuries in each measured beat of thy iron tongue?

CURFEW.

Over the moorland and down the glade
Swings the old bell's measured tone,
From the distant tower that stands arrayed
In sheen, by the pale moon thrown;
Peering above the tall trees' dark crest,
As a spirit telling some grave behest.

Through the long drawn silent vale it booms—
Down the churl's low chimney top,
Whose curling smoke, 'mid the dingle's glooms,
As a silver cloud, mounts up;
Round the huge-cornered hearth its faint echoes play,
Till lost 'mid the crackling fire-blaze gay.

The peasant sits by his ingle side
With his children at his knee,
He lists to the sound with contented pride,
For he feels that his home is free!
And he welcomes that ever unvarying chime
As a friend that tells of his boyhood's time.

The squire is feasting within his hall,
Some honoured guests among;
The flagon is passing, and one and all
Are deep in toast and song;
A moment they pause, as, in fairy peals,
Its voice through the well-closed shutters steals.

The grim old Norman sleeps in his might,
Within Caen's cloisters lone,
But his elegy every returning night
Is rung in the Curfew tone,
By the Saxon churl (never found a slave)
As a warning knell o'er serfdom's grave.

And this is the lesson thou hast in store for us, thou reminiscence of the Conqueror of this fair realm—we, who have been dreaming for the past hour of victories won, not far from that warrior's native soil, by the great soldier born within these walls. Surely, Time, thou art

the avenger; thy "whirligig" makes all things even at last, as anon thou puttest thy finger thus upon the boastful lip of Fame.

The grey walls of the old house loom out into the moonlight, and all around seems peaceful and lonely, as we turn and for a moment take a final glance. Our thoughts rapidly traverse the destiny of those that aforetime found birthplace or habitation within them, and who, issuing from this rural solitude, became leaders of their race, bade sovereigns obey their bidding, shook kingdoms to their centre, yea, even held the fate of continents within their grasp. So the true royalty of mind asserts its prerogative, and seeks not the storied grandeur of palace or castle for its cradle, but with wings of power, as here, takes its flight from the hearthstone of a country squire in this quiet valley, nor stays its progress until the ends of the earth, almost, have felt the sweep of its pinion. Then with wings furled these great ones of the earth have passed to their rest, and these old walls, permeated with the grandest historic traditions, are silently decaying and passing into oblivion also. Who, therefore, is he that boasteth? the Psalmist hath said, verily, every man at his *best* state is altogether vanity; and is not fame a dream?

As we pass out of the farmyard a delicious scent of hay catches the sense from an adjoining cow-byre, and calm, contented breathings, with an occasional rustle of the fragrant provender, fall on the ear as we listen awhile to the comfortable well-cared-for animals within.

Thus, even in the midst of thy deepest solitude, O Winter, are we reminded of joys to come. That odorous gale tells us of Summer flowers and balmy hayfields; those peaceful sighs of sunny banks and shady glade.

A WINTER PSALM.

Within the frozen dew,
O'er the broad mead on myriad grass-blades sprent,
Sleeps there each gorgeous hue
That shall in Summer's crown of flowers be blent.

Upon the piercing breeze,
That smites with frost-rime, as it wails and grieves
Among the spectral trees,
Comes there the call that brings Spring's garb of leaves.

Beneath her icy hood,
Sings the chained brook, unfaltering of her lot,—
"My marge shall yet be wooed
By purpled flag and pale forget-me-not."

Under the snow-bent sedge,
Echo faint whispers from the pasture dim,
Answers from bank and ledge
The carolling grasshopper and gnat's soft hymn.

Where keen the star-points gleam,
Through yon far deeps of sky, by no sound stirred,
Seen is the sun's warm beam,
Heard is the hum of bee, and voice of bird.

So lives there in things all,
That adverse seem, had we Faith's eye to see,
(As 'neath this wintry pall,)
The promise of those brighter things to be.

Sunt cum Willmo Wadham qui obiit . xxi. die mensis Januarii Anno dñi .....
Tener sarcofagū valet hic uel nou piceꝛ tuba
Mater mesti nato tumulata sunt pohandeꝛ
Summa opes deeus et pdias nam vita modesta
Sordida humor pietate deus demat homm :
Non mihi Spectaclū inemoues tue deꝛerecula
Toe dolet in popio clandee tales humo :
Affunt ambobꝰ pensemus hus ego dnobus
Agnima Sceū precaꝛ flos nungee flowū

BRASSES OF WILLIAM WADHAM AND HIS MOTHER Ilminster Church

THE

FOUNDER & FOUNDRESS OF WADHAM.

IT has often occurred to us how singularly rich in historical and traditional associations of every kind almost is this comparatively out-of-the-way eastern angle of the shire of leafy Devon. Of remote British origin is the remarkable chain of hill fortifications stretching along its boundary, and found at Hochsdun, Musbury, Membury, Hembury, and elsewhere; of Roman, the contested Moridunum at Seaton; of Saxon, the mythical slaughter-ground of Brunenburgh and Athelstan's votive Minster on the Axe; of mediæval fame, the grand religious foundations of Ford, Dunkeswell, Newenham, and Ottery St. Mary; of social distinction, the regal-blooded Courtenay's castle of Colcombe, the nest of the pious Mohuns and courtly Carews of Mohuns-Ottery, the court of the knightly Brooks at Holditch, the house of the noble Bonvilles at Shute, with divers others.

From Brass on Founder's Tomb.

In direct personal renown it is pre-eminently distinguished as being the birthplace of the great historian of our county, Sir William Pole; its pains-taking biographer, John Prince; that chivalric and unfortunate spirit, Ralegh; the successful Marlborough; the weird Coleridge, and a host of others of lesser reputation. To this long list of notabilities we propose now to add the antecedents of another name, which should be justly included among them, and to make record of a visit to the grave of the munificent Founder of Wadham College, Oxford, and the

old home of the family, where he was probably born, at Edge, in Branscombe; and sundry other notices anent.

The parish of Branscombe is one of the most romantic and picturesque in the county. The name itself, as chosen by its early colonists, gives a free and comprehensive description of its scenery—*Brans-combe*—two British words whose modern equivalent would imply *the Crow's-dingle*; and there is no better introduction to its attractions than a walk over the hill from the neighbouring village of Beer. As we gain the crest of the hill, which is a very high one, we look down at once into the place.

Facing us first, and somewhat to the left, is the ever beautiful sea (which to-day is intensely blue and calm), revealed in a sort of triangular peep, as the hill-sides run down with sharp obliquity to almost a point at the bottom of the narrow gorge-like valley, and meet at a strip of white building, where a tall signal post and a dot of red bunting tell us Her Majesty's coast watchmen are domiciled. Directly in front, the cliff line is broken and jagged in a remarkable manner into huge plateaux and ravines, and looks like colossal fortifications raised by some Cyclopean race. At our feet, far below, is Branscombe proper—a series of deep, narrow, tortuous combes, convoluting round high coniform hills of differing shape—

> "Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world,
> And mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

The villages forming the place are three in number—little nests of houses at the bottom of these valleys, half-a-mile apart, but connected together by the main road of the parish, which runs round the base of one of the hills, with a sort of esplanade appearance, well defined by strings of cottages skirting its margin at intervals. The first of these hamlets contains the parsonage, also a portion of an old manse, with tall gable and quaint gargoyles, and the village "public"; the second, the church and one or two antient farm houses; the third, the village smithy, the ubiquitous preaching house of the disciples of Wesley, and sundry cottages.

We must now descend from this elevated station, and our path zig-zags down the steep declivity through a copse of stunted trees and thick under-growth. To our right rises a noble rocky hill, at the base of which are the remains of an old unused lime quarry of large size, whose crater, scooped out of the side of the eminence, and serrated at the edges, gives it a sort of volcanic appearance. And, see! one, two, three—down the path with express speed, their long ears laid flat on their shoulders, and little white dossils of tail in the rear, rising and falling in jerky gallop, and now evanished in the brushwood instanter! Plenty of these "feeble folk" here about, we surmise, dwelling in "their houses in the rocks" around, with ample range for their teeming families.

This is not a region of flowers exactly, but beautiful patches of the purple-tufted heath fringe the path at intervals, while above rise short

growths of the prickly gleaming-leafed holly, interspersed anon with glorious bursts of the thousand-flowered aureous-tinted furze—

> "Each flower with a troop of swords
> Drawn to defend it,—"

the faint peculiar odour from which, as we pass, salutes the sense, borne on the wings of the light breeze that eddies upward from the valley.

A brisk half-hour's walk through the vicarage village, and we halt at the gate of the little churchyard.

"Where can we get the key?" said we to our friend, turning half round and looking toward an open doorway in an antique building close by.

"Here, sir, if you please," said a venerable but hale figure emerging from the cottage, and passing his hand over the scattered silver of his brow; "I've been sexton here near sixty years."

BRANSCOMBE CHURCH.

The church at Branscombe is a most interesting structure, and one of the oldest in east Devon. The tower is a perfect specimen of Early English work, massive in size, with plain parapet and a serried string course of characteristic corbel heads running round under. The nave is of similar date, character, and ornament, but has received many patchings and meddlings. The chancel and transepts are later additions of the early Decorated era, and the east window is a very good example of Perpendicular, on the outside corbels of which are the arms of the See and the silver saltire of Bishop George Nevill, who presided over the Diocese of Exeter 1455-65, being one of the very few remaining

traces of his episcopate found in the county. "He was," says Izacke, "not full twenty years of age when consecrated, and at his age of twenty-five was made Lord Chancellor of England," and afterwards became Chancellor of Oxford and Archbishop of York. Heir to the influential names of Nevill and Montacute, the "glories of our birth and state" were more of "substantial things" than "shadows," as far as the present life is concerned, to this fortunate young churchman; but the "icy hand" was laid on him while yet in the comparative prime of his years. So runs the transient history suggested by this little sculptured text.

We enter by the chancel door, and the untouched old-world air that greets us of two centuries agone, in these days of garish change, is quaint and suggestive. There still remains the enclosure of wooden rails of three sides around the communion table, with two antient memorial tablets behind it as a reredos; for the sturdy worshippers of those times believed not in altars or crucifixes now so fashionable. A number of monuments to the family of Bartlett are scattered around—a race that held a considerable estate in the parish, and whose oft-repeated Christian patronymic of Ellis still survives in the place long after their surname has passed away. The earliest recorded member has a large monument, with Corinthian pillars and other enrichments, on the north side of the table. Its inscription deserves record:

MANS LIFE IS BUT A SHADOWE.
DECEMB: 20: 1608.

WHEN DEATHE DID ME ASSAYLE
TO GOD THEN DID I CRYE,
OF JACOBES WELL TO MOYSTE MY SOULE
THAT IT MIGHT NEVER DYE.

HERE LYETH INTUMBED THE BODYE
OF A VERTUOUS AND GODLY GENTLEWOMAN NAMED ANNE
ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF JOHN MYCHELL OF TREWRO
IN THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL GENT:
SHE WAS MARRIED TO ELLYS BARTLETT OF BRANSCOMBE GENT:
AND HAD ISSUE BY HIM ONE CHILDE.
SHE LIVED THE AGE OF XLVII YEARES
AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE LAST DAY OF JANUARY 1606.

This inscription is remarkable in two respects: one, the lady was of gentle descent, a countrywoman and, doubtless, friend of her neighbour, the other Cornish lady resident at Edge, with whom she lived contemporary; and secondly, it most suspiciously resembles in phraseology what is recorded in Prince as having existed to the memory of the mother of the Founder, as if one pen, at least, had written them both.

Others commemorate the old Devonian patronymic of Bampfield, and the curious orthography on one to a venerable member who died in 1719 arrests us a moment to learn that he rests "*Here in ys allie coming into ys seat*," and "*in hopes of a joyful Resarrection to Life*

everlastign." On the nave wall appear two large pretentious marble memorials to the Stuckey family, the elder of whom, Robert Stuckey, who died in 1768, married Mary, the sole daughter and heiress of Bartlett of Hole, chronicled in the chancel, and to John, his son, who died in 1810, aged 91.

Locally, the magisterial functions once exercised by these country magnates still survives an unextinguished tradition, and preserves their joint memory, as the "old Justice Stuckey," who resided at the now dismantled house at Weston, and was in his day and generation a great terror to smugglers and all other petty ill-doers and offenders against the common peace of these parts. But of wider fame and in a differing field, the flourishing financial institution that now covers the broad county of Somerset attests their administrative fiscal foresight, and keeps their memory green as a household word.

On the floor of the south transept is the oldest memorial in the church. On a flat stone is incised a Maltese cross on degrees, and below it the abbreviated words—

"Orate pro anima John Hedraunt."

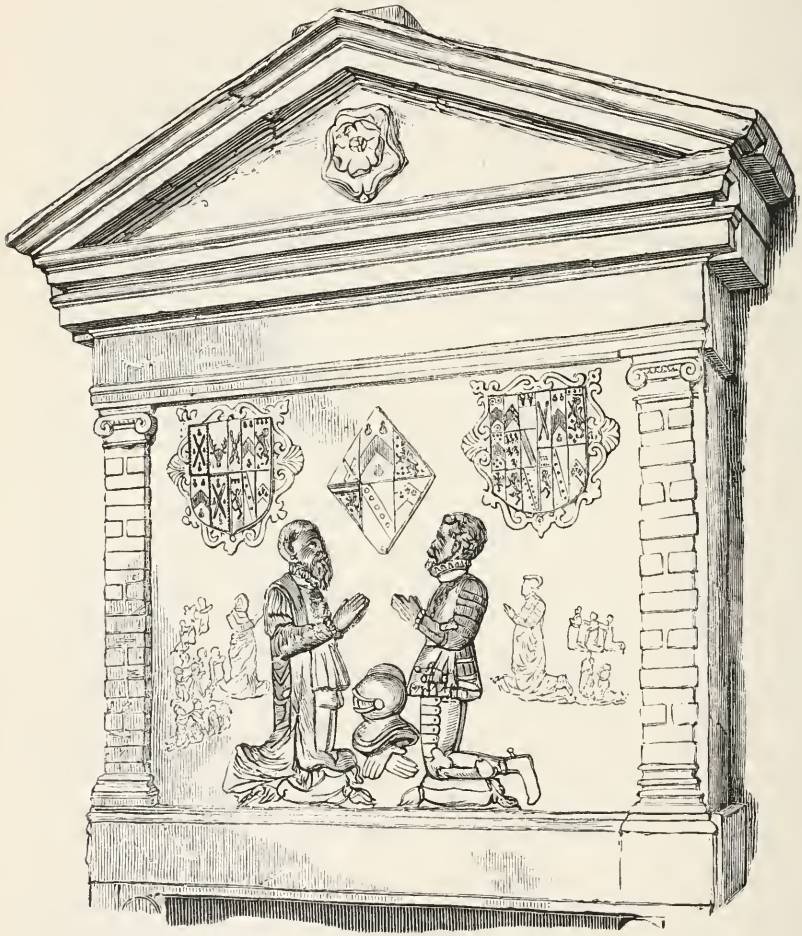
perhaps to one of the earlier vicars of Branscombe; and in a corner of the north transept is a large pedimental memorial, void of inscription, but the arms—*a chevron between three men's heads, with scarves round the temples, couped at the shoulders*—impaling—*three goats* (?)—tell us that it is to the memory of one of the antient race of Holcombe, who possessed Hole in Branscombe for seven descents, until the last Gilbert Holcombe sold it to Ellis Bartlett, whose wife's monument, and others, his descendants, are in the chancel. So the remembrance of the owners of this olden estate—in earliest days the inheritance of the De la Holes—is chronicled around: first to Holcombe; then in the time of Queen Elizabeth to Bartlett; and lastly, by a distaff, when George the Second was king, to old Justice Stuckey.

The object of our visit, the monument of the mother of the Founder of Wadham, is also in the north transept, opposite the Holcombe tomb; which, however, was not its original place. It was removed to its present situation about sixty years ago, from under the window in the south transept, where, without doubt, the lady is interred.

Relegated to this dark out-of-the-way angle of the transept, permeated with damp, its original glory effaced by lime-wash, its interesting sculpture battered and mutilated, and with inscription obliterated, appears the memorial of Mrs. Joan Wadham—the last of that honoured name that dwelled at Edge—her husband's twain, and numerous progeny.

The memorial consists of a pediment (in the centre of which is the *rose* of Wadham), supported on a base rusticated at the sides. On its face, in *alto-relievo*, are—first, two male figures, kneeling on cushions, facing each other, with their hands joined in prayer, and between them is a helmet and pair of gauntlets, apparently intended to belong to the effigy on the right. The figure on the left is attired

in a ruff and an academic gown; that on the right in complete armour, with sword and ruff.



MONUMENT TO THE MOTHER OF THE FOUNDER, BRANSCOMBE CHURCH.

Behind each of these gentlemen is the much smaller figure of a lady, both exactly alike, and evidently meant for the same person. At the rear of the lady, on the left, are fourteen little figures, five boys and nine girls—her children by her first husband; and, again, behind her on the right, are six children, her issue by her second spouse, four boys and two girls.

Below these figures is a black panel, now denuded of its original inscription; only the trace of a gilt letter or two remains, but Prince records a copy of it:—

> "Here lieth entombed the body of a virtuous and antient gentlewoman descended of the antient house of the Plantagenets, sometime of Cornwall, namely, Joan, one of the daughters and heirs unto John Tregarthin, in the County of Cornwall, Esq. She was first married unto John Kelleway, Esq., who had by her much issue; after his death she was married to John Wadham, of Meryfeild, in the county of Somerset, Esq., and by him had (six) children. She lived a virtuous and godly life, and died in an honourable age, Sep.:——in the year of Christ, 1581.

Over the figures are three shields of arms, which, at the risk of being somewhat dry, we propose to describe in detail. The bearings are sculptured and were originally heraldically coloured. Shield 1—*Baron*, quarterly of four—1, *Within a bordure engrailed, two glazier's irons in saltier, between four pears pendant* (Kaleway); 2, *A buck's head* (Trethurffe); 3, *A chevron between three escallops* (Tregarthin); 4 as 1;—impaling, *femme*, quarterly of six—1, *Two lobster's claws in saltier* (Tregarthin, antient); 2, *A chevron between three escallops* (Tregarthin); 3, *A lion within an orle of escallops* (Hendower); 4, *A lion rampant crowned, within a bordure bezantée, a label of three* (Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall); 5, *On a bend five roundels* (Chamberlayne); 6, *On a chevron, three fleurs-de-lys* (Pever). This is the achievement of John Kaleway and Joan Tregarthin, and placed over their effigies. Shield 2 is a lozenge quarterly of six, charged the same as *femme* on shields 1 (and 3), being the arms of Joan Tregarthin, as heiress and widow to both husbands. Shield 3—*Baron*, quarterly of nine—1, *A chevron between three roses* (Wadham); 2, *On a chevron three martlets* (Chiselden); 3, *In a chief three bucks' heads* (Popham); 4, *A chevron between nine bezants* (South?); 5, *Six lioncels rampant* (St. Martin); 6, *A chief dancetté, over it a bend* (Nevile); 7, *Barry of five, an eagle displayed* (Walrond); 8, *Per pale, a lion rampant* (Lorty); 9, *A bend fusilly ermine* (Reade); impaling, *femme*, quarterly of six, as on shield 1 and on the lozenge. This is the coat armour of John Wadham and his wife, Joan Tregarthin, widow of John Kaleway, and placed over their effigies.

The monument was originally fully emblazoned in colours, but has since been often whitewashed and the tints destroyed.

Thus the inscription given by Prince is substantially confirmed by the circumstantial sculptured statement still remaining on this remarkable monument, as that commemorating the venerable and twice-widowed Joan Tregarthin, the fruitful mother of twenty children; among which numerous progeny occurs the celebrated name of her son Nicholas, the munificent Founder of Wadham, and who, as his mother is here buried, it is in no wise improbable to believe was born at the old home of the family at Edge, in this parish.

Enough, you will probably say, gentle reader, of this dull genealogical category; and yet thoroughly interesting is it to trace these

careful and invaluable displays of the antient herald's art; for how completely and truly do they establish in their own peculiar language the descent of families when all other record is gone. Thus think we as we sit in the corner of a seat and quietly jot down the elaborate armorial display.

But what sweet scent is this we catch faintly at intervals, like a fragrant ghost, roaming at large in this damp and musty corner of the church? A glance at a heap of well-thumbed books in the corner by our side revealed its origin at once. There lay the odoriferous carefully-tied "Sunday afternoon's nosegay" of some cottage girl—that indispensable *addendum* to the prayer book and snowy handkerchief—left inadvertently the previous day, Sunday.

Ah, ye happy flowers, there is no act of Parliament levelled against your sweet priesthood as ye swing your fragrant censers, in silent worship, by thousands over hill and dale, in the great temple of Nature, nor to rebuke the gay colours of the vestiture that decks so splendidly your ceaseless ministry.

THE SUNDAY NOSEGAY.

What shall I pluck thee, Phyllis dear,
For this afternoon's nosegay?
What flowers d'ye like best—tell me clear—
To take to church to-day?

A bloody warrior, Robin, take,
Flaming with red and gold!
I love bold hearts that do not quake,
And love that don't grow cold.

What next, dear Phyllis? Take thee thyme,
Sweet, useful, lasting, sound;
I love hard work now in my prime,
And to be handy found;

Also carnations, white and clove—
Just one of each I mean;
Their modest fragrance, Rob, I love,
With all things pure and clean.

Aught else? Why, Robin! boys'-love, sure—
Nonsense, I said not rue;
I love—oh, who can this endure?
O, Robin! I love—you!

Then take me to the church, my maid—
Nay, why aside thus start?
Would that I was this nosegay, laid
For ever o'er thy heart!

A walk round the churchyard, of course. What huge oblong stone is this half buried in grass just outside the end of the south transept?

"That's a stone kawfin, zur," said our antient friend the sexton, "and they sais he was a brot here vrom Awterton by some vawk that once lived in theas parish, but I don't mind it."

Very likely not, we thought to ourselves. The ponderous stone, which is raised slightly on one edge, shews inside the usual charac-

teristics of a stone coffin as usually found. Who its occupant may have been must remain one of those secrets Time finds no tongue to unravel. It *may* have originally enclosed the dust of Sir John Wadham, the judge, and the huge sarcophagus removed when Mrs. Joan Wadham was interred two centuries later in the transept just inside, where, in the window, her monument was at first erected.

Here is a vigorous seventeenth-century epitaph of a farmer, traditionally said to have died suddenly at a sheep-shearing, found on an old fragment of a tombstone :—

> "STRONG AND AT LABOUR SUDDENLY HE REELS,
> DEATH CAME BEHIND HIM AND STRUCK UP HIS HEELS,
> SUCH SUDDEN STROKES SURVIVING MORTALS BID YE
> STAND ON YOUR WATCH, AND TO BE ALSO READY."

Another, of similar date, and with characteristic punning allusion to a father and son named Lee, buried at "*one time, together in one grave, October, 1658*" :—

> "THE WINE THAT IN THESE EARTHEN VESSELS LAY
> THE HAND OF DEATH HAS LATELY DRAWN AWAY,
> AND AS A PRESENT SERVED IT UP ON HIGH,
> WHILST HEERE THE VESSELS WITH THE LEES DO LYE."

Others tell us of an unfortunate exciseman, "*who fell from the cliff between Beer and Seaton as he was extinguishing a fire which was a signal to a smuggling boat;*" and of an unfortunate labourer mysteriously shot, not far from his cottage door, on his return from work one evening, *accidentally*, as it is charitably recorded.

O Death! by how many covert ways dost thou lay siege to the defenceless citadel of life.

We may now pass to a slight history of the olden and influential family of Wadham—who they were, where they came from, and whither they migrated—for centuries closely identified with Branscombe.

The antient manor of Wadham, or Wadeham, in Knowstone, North Devon, belonged, according to Lysons, "to an old Saxon of the name of Ulf, who had held it in demesne ever since the time of Edward the Confessor, and that it was not improbable he might have been the ancestor of the family of Wadham, of whom this was the original residence," and from which, with equal probability, they adopted their name. Pole relates that "one William Wadham was a freeholder of this land in King Edward I. time, and that both East and West Wadham, Sir John Wadham (the Judge) possessed in King Henry IV. time."

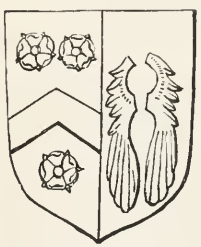
From Wadham, in Knowstone, they appear to have migrated to Egge, or Edge, in Branscombe, the seat of a family that took their name from the parish, one of whom, Sir Richard Branscombe, was Sheriff of Devon for six several years in the reign of Edward III.; but before the end of that reign, in 1327, it had passed to the possession of Sir John Wadham, who made it his residence. His son was Sir John Wadham, the Judge, King's Sergeant, and one of the Justices of the Common Pleas in the reign of Richard II. Prince "laments" that so few

circumstances of his history have been handed down to us; but Risdon narrates—"of him it was said, that being free of speech, yet it was mingled with such gravity and discretion, that he never touched any man, how mean soever, tauntingly, but managed all his actions and words with alacrity of spirit, and soundness of judgment."

We learn from Pole, the Judge added considerably to the family estate, and appears to have laid the foundation of their social importance. In 12 Henry IV., 1411, Thomas Nitheway granted Redworthy, in Ashreigny, to Sir John Wadham, and Jane, his wife, with remainder to Thomas, his son, and 4 Henry V., William Burleston conveyed the manor of Lustleigh to them, and the Judge also purchased the "whole mannor of Silverton, sithens which tyme it has contynewed" in their possession down to the Founder and his descendants.

The Judge married Joan, the daughter of Wrotesley, or Wriothesley, and died, according to Prince, toward the end of the reign of Henry IV., but it must have been somewhat later, and "lieth interred, most probably, in the aisle belonging to the family at Branscombe," a conjecture only, as there is no "aisle" in the church; but the north transept may have been his burial-place, where the monument to the Founder's mother was first erected. He left two sons, William, and Thomas of Redworthy, in Ashreigny.

William Wadham, eldest son of the Judge, Sheriff of Devon (20 Henry VI., 1438), married Margaret, daughter of John Chiselden, of Anke, Holcombe-Rogus and Rewe, Sheriff of Devon, 7 Henry IV., 1406. He left John, his heir; William, of Catherstone; James; Elizabeth, married to Robert Stawel, of Cothelstone; Margaret, to Gilbert Yarde, of Bradley, Newton Abbott; Ann, to William Montacute, of Henley, Crewkerne; Joan, to Thomas Malet.



On Bench-End, Rewe Church.

Sir John Wadham married Elizabeth, one of the four daughters and co-heirs of Sir Stephen Popham, the representative of an antient Hampshire family, and also of Merefield, in Ilton, near Ilminster, by his wife, Joan, daughter and heir of Nicholas Reade, of Pole-Anthony, Tiverton, who brought that manor to her husband. He left two sons, John, his heir, and Edward, of Pole-Anthony; also a daughter, Alice, married to Nicholas Stukeley, of Affeton, North Devon.

Sir John Wadham married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Hugh Stukeley, of Affeton, and sister of Nicholas; secondly, a daughter of Cheney, of Pinhoe. He left Nicholas, his heir, and William, "of whom is Ashford" (Westcote).

Sir Nicholas Wadham married, first, Joan, daughter of Robert Hill, of Halsway, by whom he had John, his heir; Lawrence, who married Margaret, daughter of William Hody, and died without issue; Andrew; Giles, who married a daughter of Clauson of Burton, and left issue Edward; Mary, who married Sir Richard Chudleigh, of Ashton; and Elizabeth, married to Sir Edward Bampfield, of

Poltimore. Secondly, he "took to wife" Margaret, daughter of Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, Wilts, sister to Queen Jane Seymour, third wife of Henry VIII., and to the Protector, Edward, Duke of Somerset. By her he had one son, Nicholas, and a daughter, Jane, married to Foster, of Badesley, in Hants. Sir Nicholas got his knighthood in 1494, "at ye creacion of Prince Henry," then two years old, to be Duke of York, by his father, Henry VII. In 1498 he was constituted Captain of the Isle of Wight, was Sheriff of Somerset and Dorset, 14 Henry VII., 1499, and of Devon seventeenth of the same reign, 1502.

We now reach John Wadham, Esq., of Edge and Merefield, and father of the Founder. He married Joan Tregarthin, the daughter of an old Cornish family, and widow of John Kaleway.

The Tregarthins were originally seated at the barton or manor of Tregarthin, in St. Gorran, Cornwall, and their antient device, *the pair of red lobster's claws in saltier*, has reference, probably, to the maritime situation of their early home in the promontory, facing the Atlantic, that forms the eastern boundary of Falmouth harbour. From this they appear to have migrated to Court, in St. Stephen's-Brannell, and here we apparently get a solution to the claim, said to have appeared on the mother of the Founder's monument, and attested on her arms, that this "virtuous and antient gentlewoman" had an infusion of royal blood in her veins, and was "descended from the antient house of the Plantagenets."

Richard Plantagenet, second son of King John, born in 1209, was by his brother, Henry III., created Earl of Cornwall and Poictiers, and he subsequently became King of the Romans and Almaine, and to him his father gave the Manor of Brannell. Earl Richard had a natural son by a lady of the Valletort family, styled by Pole Barons of Hurberton (Harberton), South Devon, who continues, "Jone, the widowe of Ralph de Valletort, which woman (as it is probable) was the concubine of Richard Erle of Cornwall," and who afterward married Sir Alexander de Okeston. To this son, called Richard de Cornwall, Earl Richard gave the Manor, who left it to one of his sons, with whose descendants it remained until the reign of Edward the III., when John de Cornwall, sometime member for Truro, married a lady of the representative Cornish name of Trejago, and their daughter and heiress, Isabel, brought it in marriage to David Hender, or Hendower, the scion of a family in North Wales, whose cognomen signifies "a winter fortified abode." Their grandson, Thomas Hendower, married Katherine, daughter of Robert Chamberlayne, and had an only daughter, Margaret; and Thomas Tregarthin (member for Liskeard 27 Henry VI., 1449) appears to have come across from St. Gorran, wooed and won the distaff, and settled himself at Court in St. Stephen's-Brannel with its mistress and representative of the antient house and blood of the Plantagenet-Cornwalls, there descended by a stray branch from King John. It was probably on their removal to Court that the Tregarthins relinquished their primitive device of the *lobster's claws* and assumed the still-smelling-of-the-sea *escallops* on their coat-armour, adopted, it may be, from the *orle* of Hendower.

This Thomas was the grandfather of the twice-widowed Joan Tregarthin of the monument, and the aforesaid is the history of her royal descent on her father's side; but she had even a more distinguished ancestry to boast of on her mother's. Her father, John Tregarthin, married Jane Trethurffe, the daughter of an important Cornish race, one of whom, named John, took unto himself a Courtenay for a wife, Elizabeth, sister of Edward, the seventh Earl; and his granddaughters (one of whom married a Cornish Courtenay) became two of the ultimate heiresses of the chief strain of that illustrious house when its unfortunate last male representative found an alien's grave at Padua in the reign of Queen Mary. It has been claimed that Joan's grandmother was a daughter of the Earl's sister that married John Trethurffe; the proof, however, appears somewhat obscure, but, in any case, she could boast, if not actual descent, close kinship with those directly descended from the regal Plantagenet.

Enow of this glamour of royalty, and to come to more homely particulars. John Tregarthin left two daughters, Margaret and Joan, and it is curious that both ladies selected husbands from the neighbourhood of Collumpton in east Devon. Margaret married George Tanner, "of Colhampton in Devon." She appears to have had Court in Brannell for her portion, where they settled and many of their descendants resided.

Joan married, first, John Kaleway, presumably an offshoot of the antient stirp of that name who for ages were of "Mokisbeare," in Halberton, also not far from Collumpton, which manor, according to Pole, together with divers other lands, Nicholas Kaleway held in the time of Henry II., and which remained in their possession for twelve descents down to that of Queen Elizabeth. By an heiress of Bingham, he continues, they came "unto Rockborn, in Hamshire, and the name decayed. Theire was a younger howse which dwelled at Columpton, whose heires general were Cooke, of Otery St. Mary, Horwood, Behethlond, Peytevin, and the daughters of Lighte."

It was from this "younger howse," who differenced the parent coat by the addition of *a bordure engrailed sable*, that John Kayleway, or Kaleway, sprung. The will of a John Kaleway, without local description, is dated 13 Feb. 1530; in it he names his wife Jane, son George, and seven daughters, Mary "the elder," Anne, Elizabeth, Mary "the younger," Katherine, Florence, and Agnes. He also names his cousin, Symon Cayleway, and bequeaths *to the lights in the church of Collumpton 20d.*

Another branch of this antient family was of Titherington-Keilways, Wilts, in very early time; and the old name exhibits a dozen variations of spelling. The *pears* in the arms are called "Kelway Pears," In Edward I. garden at Westminster were "cailleway pears"; they were so called from French *caillou.*

By John Kaleway, her first husband, she appears to have had fourteen children; and then she married, secondly, John Wadham, of Edge and Merefield, Esq., by whom she had six children, of whom Nicholas, the Founder, and his three sisters, Joan, Margaret, and

THE FOUNDER OF WADHAM.

Florence, survived. An entry in the Branscombe Register records :—

"*Mrs. Jane Wadham, wid., was buried the xxx. September, 1583.*"

Before, however, we conclude our little genealogical details of Wadham and their alliances, we must say a word or two on a branch settled at Catherston, near Lyme-Regis.

William, the second son of William Wadham, who died 30 Henry VI., 1452, married Jane, daughter and co-heir of William Payne, of Catherston, and to him succeeded William, John, John, and John. This last John, who died 26 Elizabeth, 1584, held at his death the manor and advowson of Catherston and other lands in Whitchurch and Wotton-Fitzpain, which, at his decease, passed to Jefferys. His monument is in the fine old church of Whitchurch-Canonicorum. Let his epitaph, graven on a brass plate, describe his official appointments, legal and martial :—

Here lyeth John Wadham of Catherston. Esquyer,
who decessed the xiii of Marche in Anno Dni 1584,
who was dewring his life time
Captayne of the Queens Mai'ties Castell of Sondesfote
besides Weymouth in the Countye of Dorsett,
and also Recorder of Lyme-Regis;
Whos soule God rest in pese.

The monument is of late debased Gothic, and the shields of arms are wrenched out. How many times have we experienced this teasing loss of the arms from tombs, which, being small and more easily removed, the sacrilegious hands have usually been successful in their mischievous designs to make away with. And the more to be generally regretted also, for in many cases, where the inscription has been obliterated or removed, their symbolled record, if remaining, supplies with tolerable exactitude the deficiency ; but when arms and inscriptions are both gone—no unusual condition—the identification of the memorial too often remains an impenetrable secret.

George Wadham, probably the brother of the before-named John, was of St. Stephen's-by-Saltash, Cornwall, having married Dorothy, only daughter of William Hitchings of that place. "In the church," says Lysons, "are monuments for Master Hechins, as Carew calls him, lessee of the great tithes in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whose heiress married George Wadham."

"Master Hechins'" monument is at the east end of the north aisle of this spacious church, and consists of a large raised tomb, with blank shields below, and above a cunningly-carved reredos of slate, containing at the top kneeling effigies of himself in half-armour, and wife with cap and ruff, and below what is evidently intended to represent his only daughter, Dorothy, wife of George Wadham, also kneeling, with her ten children, five sons and five daughters, also kneeling behind her. He married Frances, daughter of William Dinham, of Wortham. On a tablet by the side are the remains, almost obliterated, of this quaint

inscription, which, fortunately, has been transcribed in the Register :—

Hitchings milde and Dinham discreete,
Cotinuing longe a matche full meete,
One daughter had, no children more,
Her God hath blest with issue store.
Theye gave her unto Wadham's worthe,
Their eyes saw all her branches byrthe,
Then age prest on, and ache with al
Like busie stroakes before the fall,—
And pennd them in by griefs restraynte
Untill at length to death they faynte.
Away drops first the lovely henne,
The drooping Turtle followeth, when
With secret sighes that love had taught,
Sweet William for his Frances sought,
The faith of Christe each died in ;
Thus death doth end and life begin.

Above are the arms :—*A cross bottonée counterchanged, between four lions' heads erazed* (Hitchings), impaling, *four fusils in fess ermine, a crescent for difference* (Dinham). At the end another shield, Wadham impaling Hitchings.

George Wadham's gravestone is now in the floor immediately in front of this monument, having been moved up to its present position from further down the aisle when the church was "restored" a few years since. It has also a very quaint inscription :—

Heere lyeth the body of George Wadham,
sometime of Catherston Esquier, in the Countie of Dorsett.
who died ye iii September, 1606 ;
And Dorothy his wife when God shall call her.

Behold deare frende before thou farther passe
That this examples sayes all flesh is gras
Life from me is fled and yeat by death I liue
My corpes in graue to thee exampel giue
That thou shalt die and death alone brings Joy
A perfect frende to thos that feele Annoy
Then learn to die for tis the way to bliss
Lay hold on Christe you cannot doe amise.

The arms are Wadham, with crest, impaling Hitchings. This branch of Wadham became extinct about 1707.

We must now proceed to notice the monuments to the chief descent of this antient family.

The beautiful north transept of Ilminster church may be assigned, we think, with little doubt, to have been erected by the Wadhams, and in it is their earliest memorial. The structure itself is a fine specimen of Perpendicular, and dates about the middle of the fifteenth century. Two large transomed windows occur on each side, and a larger and very handsome one at the end, having a rose of Decorated character in the head. Outside, the walls are supported by panelled buttresses, surmounted by a cornice of finialed panels with shields, the gable being

richly crocketted and pinnacled. Within is a finely-carved open-timbered roof. At the intersection of the cross rises one of those fine towers for which Somersetshire is celebrated.

In the centre of the transept is a large high tomb, coeval with the foundation of the structure itself. On the sides under the table is a bold string-course of vine tracery, and below a series of canopied niches, now all void of their former occupants. The whole has been repeatedly whitewashed. The cover is a large slab of polished Purbeck marble, and inlet are the figures of a knight and lady under a beautiful canopy. Above the canopy are the indents of shields, and a ledger line surrounds the whole. The effigies are perfect. The knight in early plate armour, with a lion at his feet; the lady in long gown, mantle, and cover-chief, and a dog with collar and bells at her feet. Below them are eight lines of rhyming Latin. A large portion of the canopy is missing, all the shields, and a considerable length of the ledger line. What is left reads as follows :—

——— simul cum Willm'o Wadh'm filio eor'dem ———
que obijt——die Mensis——Anno d'ni mill'mo CCCC———
——— Et qui quidem Will'mus ———

The month and year were never engraved on the brass, and the badge of the family, *a rose*, occurs between the words.

From the fragment of the inscription remaining it appears probable that the tomb was erected by Sir John Wadham, who married the heiress of Merefield, to his father, William Wadham, and grandmother, Joan Wriothesley, the wife of the Judge, whom the figures may be supposed to represent; the transept being erected about that time, and adopted as their Chantry.

Next in order of sequence, although, perhaps, of contemporary date with the Ilminster transept, is the chantry in the north aisle of Ilton Church. Here in one of the windows lay a somewhat small but finely-sculptured figure of a lady in alabaster, greatly mutilated. At present it occupies the space under a much earlier monumental canopy in the south transept.

The effigy is clad in cote-hardie, gown, and mantle over, with dependant cordon and tassels. She wears a rich necklace with pendant, and has the high horned head-dress prevalent toward the end of the reign of Edward IV. The figure reclined, probably, originally on a handsome tomb of the same material, but no trace of it remains. A guess may be hazarded that this figure represents the heiress of Merefield herself, Elizabeth, daughter to Sir Stephen Popham, and wife of Sir John Wadham, to whom she brought it in portion, and which the Wadhams afterwards adopted as their principal residence.

The half of a small brass plate now affixed to the wall of the aisle is thus inscribed :—

" Here lyeth dame J.....
of Sr Nycholas Wa.....
Jane was daughter.....
who dyed the xx d.....

This is the remains of a memorial to Jane Hill, the first wife of Sir Nicholas Wadham, Captain of the Isle of Wight.

The next memento of Wadham takes us to the Isle of Wight itself, and Carisbrooke Church therein, under the shadow of the fine old Castle, of which the lady's husband was the custodian.

It is a canopied monument, with high tomb, in the north wall of the nave, of large size, and late Perpendicular character, with embattled cornice and string-course of vine tracery, having in the centre an angel holding a shield with the sacred monogram. The canopy is cusped and pierced, groined within, and a large double rose in the centre, the ends buttressed, panelled, and embattled. In the centre

PART OF TOMB IN CARISBROOKE CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

of the Purbeck marble table is a lady kneeling on a cushion, with pedimental head-dress, embroidered loose sleeves and cuffs, waist-band with long ends fringed, her hands raised in prayer.

But the most interesting feature is the reredos at the back of the tomb under the canopy. On each side of the lady are three panels containing figures in *alto-relievo*, representing cripples and impotent folk, toward whom tradition assigns her to have been most charitable and beneficent. On her right is a man with his feet turned awry, leaning on a crutch; a woman; and a man, apparently an imbecile. On the left, a woman with one hand holding, probably, a medicament, and the other hanging helplessly; and two men, one with his legs twisted, and the other on a crutch, and his legs bandaged.

Over the lady is a shield, Wadham quartering Chiselden, Popham, and Reade—impaling Seymour, *two wings in lure dependant.* The ledger line inscription has disappeared. There are *roses* in the spandrels; below the table are apparently enriched panels, but they are hidden by the seats.

This is the tomb of Margaret Seymour, the second wife of Sir Nicholas Wadham. She probably died at the Castle during her husband's tenure of office, and was here buried.

We now return to Ilton, and there on another small brass plate find the following;

Pray for the soule of Nycholas Wadh'm
sone to Sur Nycholas Wadh'm Knyght.
and Capten of the Ile of Wyght.
which dep'ted owte of this worlde
the viij. day of december in the yere of our lorde mvcviij..
On whos soule Jhu haue marci. Amen.

Above, on a separate brass, is a shield—Wadham impaling Seymour. This inscription, presumably, commemorates Nicholas, the son of Sir Nicholas Wadham, by his second wife, Margaret Seymour. But it is a curious circumstance that a Nicholas Wadham was Sheriff of Devon 6 Henry VIII., 1515; and a quaint letter from him, evidently written while he held the office, to his "Coseyn Ferys" (Richard Ferrers), of Feniton, complaining that "your neygheborowes have ryottesly rescewed a person which I must awnswer by retorn of writt," is given among the *Trevelyan Papers.* The date on the inscription apparently reads 1508, although the method of expression is peculiar. In the *Visitations*, 1531–73, he is described as *sine prole.* He was knighted in 1503.

Here it should be noted that both these inscribed brasses, the shield of arms and a small figure of a chrisom child at Ilton, are now affixed to the pier of the arch of the Wadham aisle, placed there for preservation by the good care of the present vicar. One of them is said by Collinson to have been "under the Communion Table," but they were removed by a previous incumbent to give place to encaustic tiles—a garish ogre that has wrought irrevocable mischief with many an old inscription.

A notice of the tomb of the Founder and Foundress in the north-east corner of the transept of Ilminster Church will bring the series to a conclusion, the intermediate memorial to the Founder's mother at Branscombe having been already described.

This is a very large enriched tomb of marbles and alabaster, and of classic character. On the broad massive table of Purbeck marble are inlet the brass effigies of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, vigorously engraved, and evidently intended to be likenesses.

Over his head is a label thus inscribed:—

Death is vnto me Aduantage.

Above hers another, thus :—

I will not dye but lyue, & declare ye work of ye lorde.

At their feet are these inscriptions :—

Here lyeth Interred the body of Nicholas Wadham,
whiles he lyued of Merefeild in ye County of Somersett, Esquier.
ffownder of Wadham Colledge in Oxforde,
who dep'ted this lyfe ye xx day of Octob' 1609.

Here lieth also ye body of Dorothie Wadham widdow
late the wife of Nicholas Wadham Esqr:
Foundresse of Wadham College in Oxforde
who died the 16 of May 1618: In the yeare of her age 84.

Over the figures in brasses are the arms of Wadham and Petre, and Wadham impaling Petre, and between them a large escutcheon, which is repeated in sculpture on the pediment of the monument, and charged identical with Wadham and quarterings on the Branscombe shield—Wadham, Chiselden, Popham—*a chevron between nine bezants*—St. Martin, Nevile, Walrond, Lorty, Reade, Tregarthin, Hendower, Earl of Cornwall, Chamberlain, and Pever. Above are these inscriptions :—

Hic jacet occiduis Wadhamus cognitus Anglis
Cujus cu: Phæbi lampade splendor abit
Nec tamer in terras totus descendit eois
Fulget ad huc multa luce micante plagis
Non cernis positas trans Isida suspice turres
Qua struxit Musis culmina templa Deo.
Illic Wadhami radios nisi conspicis oris
Effusa est animo spission umbra tuo.

Lucrari multis est vita et perdere funus
Sic tua damna putas vivere lucramori
Scilicit in terris quas negligis has tibi cœlu:
Funere cu: multo fœnore reddit opes.

Petræo patre magna marito magna Wadhamo
Hic Fundatoris filia, sponsa jacet
Par titulis utriq: suis. patri atq: marito
Fundatrix, in se magna, Wadhama jacet.
Nobilis auspiciis progressu, fine, parentis
Clarescit radiis, conjugis atq: suis.

Apostrophe ad Lectorem

Quæris quot annos vixerit: vixit diu,
Votum bonorum respicis? vixit parum.
Spectas an ædes, quas pia struxit manu?
Victura semper est: nec unquam secula,
Futura sunt tam sera, mundus tam senex
Ut non superstit hoc opus pulcherrimum:
Vivatq: in illo fæmina illustrissimæ
Nomen vetustate ultima vetustius.

BRASSES OF THE FOUNDER AND FOUNDRESS, ILMINSTER CHURCH.

The following translation is offered :—

Here lies Wadham, well known to the Western English, whose splendour departs with the lamp of Phœbus. Yet he does not altogether descend into the earth; he still shines with much brilliant light in the Eastern regions.

Do you not see? look at the towers set on the other side of Isis; what habitations he built for the Muses, what temples for God.

Unless you behold the rays of Wadham in those parts, a thicker mist has been shed over your own mind.

As to many to gain is life, and to lose is death, so you think it your loss to live, your gain to die.

Forsooth, those riches which you think little of on earth, heaven restores to you in death with much interest.

Great in her father Petre, great in her husband Wadham, here lies a Founder's daughter and wife.

Equal to either of them in her own titles to distinction, to her father and her husband, great in herself, here lies the lady Wadham, a Foundress.

Noble in her beginnings, her progress, her end, she becomes illustrious by the rays of her parent, her consort, and her own.

Address to the Reader.

Do you ask how many years she lived? she lived long.

Do you regard the wishes of good men? she lived too short a time.

Do you look to the buildings which she raised with a pious hand? she will live for ever.

Nor ever will there ages to come so late, a world so old, but that this most beautiful work shall remain; and in it shall live the name of this most famous lady older than the latest old age.

On the top of the pediment is the following :—

HOC MONUMENTUM VETUSTATE COLLAPSUM
INSTAURATUM ERAT SUMPTIBUS,
DOMINI EDWARDI WYNDHAM, BARONETTI,
ET THOMAS STRANGEWAYS, ARMIGERI,
DUORUM COHŒREDUM DICTI NICHOLAI WADHAM,
SEPTEMBER DIE VII, ANNO DOM: MDCXXCIX.

This monument, fallen to ruin with age,
was restored at the expense of
Sir Edward Wyndham, Baronet,
and Thomas Strangeways, Esquire,
two of the Co-heirs of the said Nicholas Wadham,
7 September, A.D. 1729.

The Branscombe Register informs us—

"*Mrs. Dorothæ Whaddam died the xvj of Mai, and was caried from eg (Edge) the xviij May, 1618.*"

The transept sadly needs the assistance of a careful restorer inside and out. When in its original state, with its tomb, altar, stained glass, and other decorations, it must have been a splendid object. Now, as at South Petherton, and, indeed, as is usual elsewhere, this by far the most interesting portion of the church, not only historically, but architecturally, is relegated to the inglorious reception of lumber,

utensils used for cleaning and lighting the church and a vestry, while the cumbrous bulk of a tasteless organ case blocks up the arch leading into it from the tower, and fills a considerable portion of the transept itself. Such are the contumelious associations that surround the tomb of the munificent Founder and Foundress of Wadham College, and that of his ancestors.

Over the monuments, perched on iron brackets, are two helmets, each crested with the Wadham badge, *a rose*. And the sight of its fair semblance, which has followed us like a pleasant ghost through these funereal investigations, now, as it were, on behalf of the departed, bids us a final adieu, and suggests for the nonce a further train of thought.

What a wonderful interest hast thou ever evoked within the souls of men, O lovely rose! Struck with thy peerless fragrance and inimitable beauty as symbol expressive of all that charms, endears, or exalts, hearts have throbbed for thee, poets have sung of thee, kings have fought for thee, and nations have adopted thee as their emblem; queen of flowers as thou art. And in thyself how varied has been thy interpretive destiny. Borne on the forefronts of knightly helms, amid the clash of swords, on gory battlefields contending for a kingdom's mastery; trembling in the hands of happy lovers, whose lips, palsied of utterance by soul-entranced anxiety, have proffered thee as the subtle diviner of the great secret of their hearts instead; garlanded on the glowing brows of the victor, wreathed on the fair temples of the bride, chief ever among the bedeckments that have graced man's brighter hours, or, when all is over, tremblingly and falteringly brought as love's hopeless offering, with the last agonized, tear-misted look;—

> "And now its perfumed breath is hid
> With her beneath a coffin lid,
> There will its petals fall apart,
> And wither on her icy heart."

And here, too, among these limitless associations, we welcome thy presence in the quietness and isolation of the sanctuary, think of thee in thy most glorious character as representative of Sharon's pride, note thy graceful lineaments greeting us out of the dim shadows of the eternal cycle of the past, as sculptured on the scentless stone around, or looking down amid the carved maze of time-embrowned rafter. While last, but not least, find thy apt semblance linked imperishably with the name and fame of the Founder and Foundress of Wadham, as their device, fragrant and perennial, notwithstanding all the contumely and neglect done to their memory around, and which shall still for aye survive—

"Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

From Tomb of William Wadham, Ilminster Church

Of the earthly habitations of Wadham, those they possessed and resided in when in the flesh, but scant portions remain. On these a few words.

At Edge, in Branscombe, their earliest habitation, the old house has been nearly rebuilt to suit the modern requirements of the English yeoman; but there is a tolerably perfect gable left, with large transomed Tudor window in the upper floor, and a cluster of old chimneys. At the rear of the building, some portions of a more antient house exist, massive walls and slit windows, with an old circular stairway. It does not appear to have been of large size at any time. Polwhele, quoting from Chapple, says, "there was formerly a handsome chapel at Edge, which had been desecrated before 1772"; but no traces of it are now visible.

EDGE, BRANSCOMBE.

At Merefield, their Somersetshire residence, the desecration and desolation is complete—scarce one stone remains upon another. Situate near Ilton, a long distance from a highway, among some fields at the skirt of Ashill Forest, lonely and deserted, no one would dream that the home of the munificent Founder of Wadham could once have been on this neglected spot. It was evidently a moated house of considerable size, but only a portion of a wall of massive masonry, overgrown with ivy, that may have belonged to the house proper, is left. It stood in a square area of about an acre, and around is a deep wide moat, still comparatively perfect, walled and buttressed, and partially filled with water, but for the most part thickly overgrown with brambles, alders, and reeds.

"*Whiles he lyved of Merefeild*," saith the Founder on his tomb; and the wayfarer of to-day, who, paying a tribute to his memory, seeks where his earthly home may have been, is verily shocked as he views this sort of Babylon in miniature—this most impressive picture of human desolation that is alone left to represent it. After the death of the Founder, Merefield became the property of Florence, his sister, who

married John Wyndham, "from whom," says Collinson, "it is lineally descended to the Earl of Egremont, the present possessor. When John Wyndham came to the estate, disliking the situation of the house, because it was surrounded with wood, he pulled it down, and with the materials built a farmhouse at a little distance, called Woodhouse, and likewise an almshouse in the village of Ilton. There now remains no part of the antient edifice except an old wall on the east side. The seat was formerly moated round, and the buildings exhibited very striking indications of remote antiquity."

But one other more perfect memento remains. In the village of Ilton is a small Tudor house, now used as a farmhouse, called Scotts, containing interesting traces of Wadham. A considerable amount of old panelling is within it, with finely-carved cornice of foliage and grotesques; and on the consoles, or brackets, is alternately the crest of Wadham, the *stag's antlers and rose*, and the *eagle and bars* of Walrond, presumably representing Popham, from whom they descend. The date of the workmanship would be about contemporary with the Founder, and the house may have been the residence of some member of the family.

On the 6 June, 3 James I., the Founder of Wadham also endowed some almshouses at Ilton, and enfeoffed his father-in-law, Sir William Petre, and eleven other gentlemen, with a "*piece or p'cle of land contayning by estimac'on fower acres, called or knowne by the name of Perihayes*," in Ilton, and the almshouses erected thereon, together with "*one annuitie or yearly rent of xlij. pounds of lawful money of Englande to be yssuinge out of all the landes, tenem'ts, and hereditam'ts whatsoever in Merefield, Braydon, and Ilton*," "*Upon this trust and confidence, that they shall for ever hereafter quietly permit and suffer eighte poore people to inhabite and dwell in the said almshouse, and to have, occupie, and injoie, the possession and profitt*" of the same. The document is most carefully drawn, and its "*schedule indented*" of rules is very quaint. Among the regulations prescribed is "*consideration to be had, as neer as may be, that one of the said poore be lettered, whereby he maie saie Divine praieres daylie to the rest, and maie be capable of Orders yf it shall please the Byshop of that Dyocesse for the tyme being to admit him thereonto, or to allow him to be a Reader.*"

In these days of science, technics, and what not, with which the heads of our rural and town youngsters are puzzled; together with the grinding, mechanical treatment their old grandfathers and grandmothers get meted out to them, in the "great house," as the parlance of poverty expresses it, or Union, as it is more formally termed; how little heed is taken of the necessity also for the education and sanctification of the heart, of its prime qualification as a guide to the young in all that is good and true—its only solace for the aged, in affording everything that brings comfort and resignation. "*Divine praieres daylie*," enjoins the old enfeoffment, those strengtheners and meeteners of the daily round; how such injunctions now are fought over by grinning sectaries, those vendors of Diana's shrines, if the leaven of their own views be not embodied in them, as if they contained the poison of an asp; while the prince of this world stands com-

THE FOUNDRESS OF WADHAM.

placently by and claims the victory, by blandly assuring the combatants how much better the world, tricky, greedy, heartless, money-grubbing, and God-forsaken, can get on without them.

In the Register of Admissions to the Inner Temple, under date of the seventh year of Edward VI., 1552–3, is the following :

> "*Nich'as Wadham de Brymton in Com. Somer., 9 die Martii. pleg. Jo. Taw. Rich. Baker.*"

As there was no other Nicholas Wadham living at this date that we are aware of, the entry must allude to the Founder. His age is not given on the monument, but his wife, who survived him nearly nine years, is set down as 84 in 1618, and supposing them to have been about the same age, it would make him just nineteen when admitted. Why "of Brymton" does not seem clear, unless he was a temporary resident there. Brympton was the seat of the Sydenhams, and about ten miles across from Merefield.

And now it remains to us to make reference to the excellent helpmate of Nicholas Wadham.

As Devonshire may with just probability claim the honour of being the Founder's birth-place, so by a rare combination of circumstances she may claim also the further fame of being very "nearly related to that excellent gentlewoman his wife," who with her husband was joint Foundress of the College.

Dorothy Petre, the wife of Nicholas Wadham, was second daughter of the celebrated Secretary, Sir William Petre—"to four several Princes"—another noted Devonian (born at the little parish of Tor Brian, in South Devon), by his first wife, Gertrude Tyrrel, of Warley, in Essex. Secretary Petre lived in an age which to some was fortunate for the easy acquirement of landed property—at the time of the dissolution of religious houses—and his official standing gave him immense advantages, which he fully availed himself of.

Prince gives a not very enviable picture of this statesman's art of serving divers Sovereigns—"In K. Henry's time, he observed his humour; in K. Edward's, he kept the law; in Q. Mary's, he intended wholly on state affairs; and in Q. Elizabeth's, he applied to religion." And of his art, amid all the changes occurring in these reigns, of keeping the property he had thus acquired, which rivals in some respects the resolve of the Vicar of Bray, "he had gotten a great estate in Abby lands, but, fearing lest the restoration of the Romish religion by Queen Mary might endanger his enjoyment thereof, he had prudently secured a special dispensation from Pope Paul IV., for the retaining of them, withal affirming he was ready to employ them to spiritual uses." And it appears an immense property, consisting of twelve manors and four rectories, was thus confirmed to him by a bull bearing date 1555, temp. Philip and Mary.

This was only a portion of his great wealth, and we do not find very much returned to their original "spiritual uses" at his hands, except the fellowships and scholarships founded by him at Exeter College, Oxford, and some insignificant charities comparatively in Essex. But in the person of his daughter, Dorothy Wadham, whose

fortune, doubtless, consisted of a portion of the spoil, something considerable was so set aside.

Nicholas Wadham, having no issue, after various schemes, settled within himself finally to found a college at Oxford; but, dying before he could complete the work he had designed, left the "whole menagery" of the affair to Dorothy, his wife, and she, "as became a trusty and noble-spirited gentlewoman, went on with the work, and by great industry, as well as charges, quickly brought it to a head." Prince, however, further narrates that it was quite a chance after all that the foundation went to Oxford, for "first he thought of founding a college at Venice for such youth of the English nation as, being addicted to the Roman faith and religion, should go in these parts, he and his wife being supposed to be that way inclined." Better counsels intervened, and in the charter of incorporation of Wadham, notwithstanding that "however she and her husband were known to be Popishly affected," it is enjoined "that all their scholars should resort to divine service as it is now professed."

So, amid the proud coronal of towers that ennobles Oxford, the college of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham finds its distinctive place, and which "beyond sons or daughters will convey their names with honour down to all future generations."

Nicholas Wadham, who projected the foundation, died before the commencement of the undertaking, in October, 1609, and the site was conveyed to his widow Dorothy, who immediately began to build. In an interesting letter* from Christopher Trevelyan, an Oxford student, written from that city to his father, John Trevelyan, Esq., of Nettlecombe, dated 30 July, 1610, and conveyed by his "kind frinde, my cosin Zacherias Windam," we get the exact date of laying the foundation stone—who

"hath promised me that if possibelly he can, to deliver them with his owne handes, or otherwise trustely to convaye these our letters; if he make good his promise, he will, I doubt not, certifie you of the perticulars of the forwardness of our new Waddam College, whose first foundation stone will be layed on this next morning, wch will be the last daye of July, with as much solemnity as the time will permitt, being as it is in the vacation, at what time the University is allwayes barest and most stripped of her company."

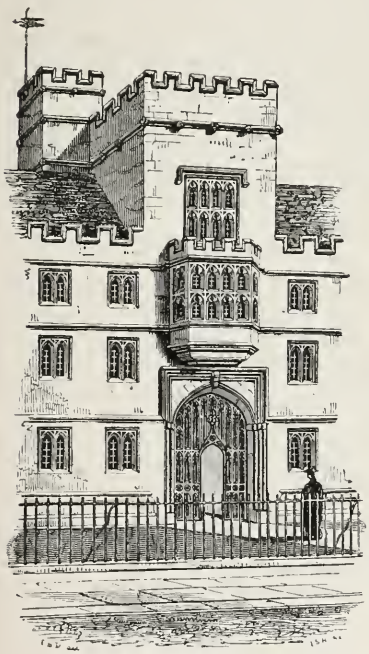
The 31 July, 1610, was, therefore, the actual day, but the royal license was not obtained until Decr. 1611. Mrs. Dorothy Wadham appears to have had some difficulties in the matter, and it may be King James, having a knowledge of the religious proclivities of the Founder and Foundress mentioned by Prince, wished to make every safeguard and be well assured it could not be turned into the seminary of a faith toward which he naturally had the greatest aversion.

"At the death of this good gentlewoman," Prince continues, "the wits of the college exercised their fancies in funeral elegies in Latin, Greek, and English, the most, if not all, of which I have in manuscript;" and then he proceeds to give a "taste" in Latin, followed by

* *Trevelyan Papers* (Camden Society), Part 3, page 113.

what he deems "will be most acceptable to the generality of my readers, if not too long, an English Pindarick Ode"—a quotation of five lumbering mythological stanzas, quite in keeping with the artificial taste of the age, but concludes by saying "it would be too tedious to insert near twenty such stanzas more," a truth the reader of his easy-going archaic gossip would speedily acquiesce in, and excuse the appearance of any extract from, on these pages.

Concerning a description or history of the splendid foundation of this munificent couple, no attempt can be made here—it is already abundantly writ at large in the annals of beneficence and literature. But a pleasant fact may be noticed, that in the design of the structure, the fast-dying spirit of Pointed architecture seemed to flicker up brightly, and leave a departing impress on its form, as a seeming protest against the sensuous charms of the rapidly encroaching classicism, which soon afterward buried its ever-beautiful, pure proportions and saintly imagery under a cloud of portico, entablature, and attic, garnished with nymph and satyr, gorgon or dragon, and other "chimeras dire"—the monstrous fancies of heathen symbolism, albeit, nevertheless, occasionally, in its best estate, exceedingly elegant and refined.



Gateway of Wadham College.

We begun our notice of Wadham at Branscombe, their early home, and our footsteps return thither as we conclude it. Among the most romantic of its many sylvan attractions, their antient seat is situate.

Turning off up a lane to the right, about half-way between the vicarage and church villages, you wind away for about a mile up one of the deep circuitous combes, and there, seated by the side of a hill, a short distance up from the base of the valley, is Edge. All around, the hills are very steep and precipitous; in front is a large copse extending a considerable distance down one side of the valley, at the extreme end of which we catch a small triangular view of the sea.

Viewed from the valley below, the windowed gable has rather a fine appearance; and as we were admiring it, a starling mounted on the finial at its apex, his green breast and golden bill glowing in the evening sunlight as he poured out his unmistakable long-drawn whistling wail, soon darting off, however, under the thatched eaves to his speckled mate.

One thought lingers with us as we take a parting look. In this little retired valley, beneath the roof of yonder unpretending house, it is justly probable the Founder of Wadham first saw the light; his mother—that *virtuous and antient gentlewoman*—yielded up her spirit, and was *entombed* in the sanctuary just below; and here, too, his devoted wife, the Foundress, her great work accomplished, retired to die, and was *caried* from hence on a fair May day down the narrow winding lanes, to be laid for aye beside her honoured husband in their narrower home beneath the transept of Ilminster church.

With faces set homeward, we bid adieu to the house of Wadham and its olden associations. The sun is getting low, and long shadows stretch down over the grassy acclivity. Overhead, a few straggling rooks are slowly floating towards their roosting place in the thick shelter of the copse opposite. All is quiet and undisturbed, except now and then the rushing murmur of the breaking tide, rising and swelling on the faint breeze, for the great ocean itself is before us, glowing in the evening sunlight, with here and there a stray sail, some near and others just discernable in the far distance. O, glorious, never-tiring sea; the associations of *men* may fail, but thine, garlanded as they are with the eternal imperishable beauty of Nature, never end.

MEREFIELD.

Stern ruin reigns supreme—all desolate!
  Could human foot have ever tarried here,
Or voice bade welcome at an open gate,
  Or friendship's hand dispensed its meed of cheer?
Seems it not fable or an idle dream
  To picture here a fair and stately home
Such as its antient owner did beseem,
  With wont, when in the flesh, to go and come?
Answers a whisper hoar from these old walls,
  "Seek not by riches to be kept in mind
Of those on whom unasked thy treasure falls;
  In generous deeds alone remembrance find,
Nor time, nor change, shall dim their gentle fame;
On Isis' banks—not here—seek Wadham's name."

BARRINGTON COURT.

A TUDOR BARON AND EARL.

DAUBENEY.

TWO hundred and fifty years ago, or nearly, a horseman passed along—though probably in an opposite direction—the short, flat stretch of road that runs from Martock to South Petherton, and which we are now slowly traversing.

His vocation was of two-fold kind, and in their order very different.

One was that of being a Cornet of Horse attached to the army of the unfortunate King Charles I., then commanded by that Monarch in person, and on its march back from the West, leaving but faint trace of his sovereignty behind him.

The other—which had been his delight from his youth up—was the embodiment of a zealous antiquary and enthusiastic herald, who, when off military duty, evidently employed all his spare time in visiting the old churches, together with the antient seats—in some of which he was occasionally quartered—lying near the shifting stations of his line of march, and afterwards carefully recording the notes then made, interspersed with sundry scraps of military operations and other jottings by the road, in a *Diary*, which probably at the time found sanctuary, for purpose of ready access, with other grim company in the holster of his saddle, and has since been fortunately preserved and published for our more peacefully-employed eyes to peruse.

The young Cavalier-Antiquary hailed from Essex, and his name was Richard Symons. Even now—although it is nearly two centuries and a-half since himself, his proud charger, and glancing helm, careered along this road before us, and have passed into endless age—as we ruminate thereon of him and his, we find ourselves unable to invoke

more characteristic description of Martock, as we quietly pace its lengthened street, than to repeat his own recorded words, that "the howses are built of a brave ffree stone, colour of umber, growing thereby"; the glorious oolite from mighty Hamdon, under whose giant shadow the little town lies, and also of its church as being still, as then, "very large and faire."

But a passing word with regard to the church, as we linger a moment to admire its "faire" proportions.

Structurally, perhaps, it is as well cared for, as hale and strong, as when the sword-clank of the Royalist-Dragoon woke its slumbering echoes of the Past, as he lingered in "yle and transept," and made careful survey of its precincts.

Pinnacle, pillar, and window-mullion remain much as the salutary but often worst-observed Rubric directs, "as in times past," or preserved by careful reparation, but what has become of the glorious pageant of armories he records that then filled "the south and north windows of this church in the middle yle, full of escotcheons, in all about 120 coates," and told with the tints of the rainbow, the heraldic story of many a great ecclesiastic and noble in the glowing panes?

Ask no questions, companion of mine, for, of course, you will be inevitably told—as you know it is the stereotyped reply—that these, and all other deplorable destructions that have taken place since the Diarist made record, are the entire handywork of those "wretched Puritans," fierce of faith and relentless of mischief; and now the meek unanswering scape-goats, bearing on their heads the indictment for every mutilation of this kind that has been effected from that time to this. Moreover, the Martokians have a specially appropriate tradition of their doings here, to clint the accusation, as far as their own particular church is concerned. But, perhaps, could Truth whisper in thine ear, with equal probability (shade of Wyatt stand forth!) visions of the beautifying fingers of churchwardens of Georgian times, and the neat finish of the parish glazier, well aided of late by the mechanically callous, or aesthetically crazed Victorian restorer, or destroyer, would appear to thee as equal offenders—if not here, exactly—but too often elsewhere.

Equally apt as the Soldier's description of Martock, is his passing note of the level lands, with hedgerows well studded with the "Corinthian" elm, stretching away on each side of the road leading from that town to South-Petherton, "a low deepe grownde," and if what he further adds, that Martock "is the richest parish in this county," could not, perhaps, be strictly made out—yet, doubtless, it would take very high rank for fertility, as its far-famed leguminous reputation fully attests.

About half way between the towns the river Parrett winds lazily along, and a cluster of mechanics from the neighbouring factory are congregated on the bridge, who curiously eye the passing stranger, but little wot, as they cursorily salute him, the current of the wayfarer's thoughts.

Thence by a somewhat monotonous track the road leads on until a gentle ascent, crested with cottages, shews us an outpost of South-

Petherton; and as we gain the summit of the acclivity, before us rises the singular, almost unique, octangular form of its church tower, looking at first sight like a solitary bastion, left as the witness of some departed castle.

Our ghostly companion—him of the steel cap and buff jerkin, penner, and ink-horn—has vanished, for one glance at that tower sends the thoughts on nearly as far antecedent to his era as his to ours—even back to another period of turmoil that has left its mark on English history almost as indelibly as the Cromwellian warfare he witnessed, that of the last days of the waning strife of the Roses, and the victorious advent of the first Tudor king.

A few steps further, and some venerable gables and chimneys, and a splendid oriel, rich in cusped mullion and serried rows of shields, peering over and revealed between masses of intervening foliage, strikes the key-note of the theme of our little pilgrimage and history, as it shows us the olden home of the elder house (in these parts) of the then noble and potent name of Daubeney—a name that from the even tenor of the life of a country gentleman, then resident among these rural surroundings, rose with marvellous rapidity to the highest eminence in camp and court, during the eventful reign of the first Tudor sovereign, and almost as rapidly sank, died out, and became extinguished, in the even more eventful and troublous days of the second.

So it will be found, from this little town of South-Petherton, leads out a history sufficiently remarkable to have left enduring impress in the annals of our native land; and our thoughts, as they essay to follow it, will traverse the atmosphere of the Court and grime of the battle-field; listen at the council-table of the Sovereign, and chronicle the honours of those who sat thereat; linger awhile in the solemn precincts of the mausoleum of princes at regal Westminster; gaze at glittering pageants; shrink at the relation of ghastly executions, and ghastlier hypocrisy; and at last ponder over the resistless, avalanche-step of misfortune and ruin that neither honours nor fortune can avert. Then, like the homing pigeon, return back again to this southern fringe of fair Somerset, to its calm and peace, even to within a few miles of where they first stretched forth, and, at the strangely alliterative name of South-Perrott, close their wings amid penury, obscurity, and death.

De Albini, De Albany, Daubigne, De Aubeney, or finally, what the name became mediævally Englished into, Daubeney, was a knightly family, having its origin in Normanland, whose first representative Robert, then called DeTodenei, came over with Duke William, to whom he was Standard-bearer, and, in agreement with the rewards showered by that Conqueror on his followers, eighty manors were bestowed on him in the north-eastern counties; he founded the Castle of Belvoir, and was buried in the adjoining Priory, which he also founded and dedicated to St. Alban in 1088.

William, his eldest son, was a distinguished man and soldier, much in favour with Henry I., as having assisted to defeat that king's brother, Robert Curthose, at Tenchbray, in Normandy, which resulted in the

unfortunate Duke being subjected, by order of his cruel brother, Beauclerk (to render him helpless in future), to the atrocious, but, at that savage era, common punishment inflicted on distinguished captives and prisoners, the *abbacinare*, or red-hot copper basin, being held over the eyes until the sight was seared or destroyed, after which he lingered a wretched sightless prisoner twenty-eight years in Cardiff Castle.

"He assumed," says Burke, "but from what reason is unascertained, the name of Albini, and was known as William de Albini, Brito—in contradistinction to another great baron, William de Albini, Pincerna—from whom the Earls of Arundel are descended." Collinson remarks, "in all antient evidences he is called de Albani, Brito." Was this change of name at all in reference to St. Alban, who seems to have been their patron saint, and hence adopted as their English patronymic?

From his younger son, Ralph, the family at South-Petherton is descended; he, continues Collinson, "bore the name of De Albini for some time, afterwards Daubini." He died at Acre, in the Holy Land —3 Richard I., 1191-2.

After Sir Ralph came Sir Philip, who was Governor of the Castles of Ludlow and Bridgnorth, and afterwards of Devizes Castle, and Keeper of the Forests of Melksham and Chippenham. He also died in the Holy Land—20 Henry III., 1236.

Some difficulty now exists in tracing the succession for a generation or two, and it was not until the fourth Plantagenet king had been long on the throne that Sir Ralph, said to be a nephew of the preceding Sir Philip, toward the close of the thirteenth century, 20 Edward I., 1292, died "seized" of the Manors of South-Petherton and Barrington.

Then came his brother, Sir Elias, summoned to Parliament as a baron from 1295 to his death, in 1305. To him succeeded his son, Sir Ralph, "solemnly created" a Knight of the Bath by Edward II. in 1326, and had summons to Parliament 16 Edward III. "His name," says Collinson, "in most public documents is written D'Aubeney." He married, first, Katherine, sister of William, Lord Thweng, by whom he had a daughter, Elizabeth, married to William de Bottreaux, summoned as a baron 8 Richard II., and died 1392. His wife appears to have survived him many years, and about 1427 rebuilt the parish church of North Cadbury, and obtained leave from Henry VI. to erect and transfer the foundation into a collegiate church for four clerks. She died in 1433, and was there buried with her husband. Secondly, Sir Ralph married Alice, daughter of William, Lord Montacute, by whom he had his heir and successor, Sir Giles.

Evidence of these personages appears to have met the soldier-diarist's eye on his visit to South-Petherton church in the stained glass in the windows, for he chronicled the arms of Montacute—*argent, three fusils in fess gules*—several times repeated, and in alliance with Daubeney. Also the arms of Bottreaux—*argent, a griffin segreant gules, armed azure*—and the "picture of a woman," with the legend "d'na Kat'ina (Dau) beney," which apparently relates to the first alliance.

Digress we for a time here to notice a contemporary and remarkable monument, evidently to a member of this family by another descent,

occurring in a chantry on the north side of the chancel of the parish church of Norton-Brize in Oxford-shire, erected to Sir John Daubygne, and dated 1346.

ihc :
deus :
dauboygne : quondam : dns : istius : manerii : qui : obiit : in : festo : sancti : nicholai : anno : dni : m : ccc : xl : vi : cujus : anime : propicietur : amen :

On a large sepulchral slab are two deep-sunk trefoil-arched compartments or openings, one at each end, and within them is sculptured the representation of the upper and lower extremities of a knight.

The head is covered with a bascinet, from which depends the camail, the arms are in plate armour, the hands raised in prayer, on the surcoat or jupon is embroidered the *four lozenges* of Daubygne. In the lower opening are shewn the legs from just below the knee, with the feet resting on a lion. The legs are apparently encased in *cuir-bouilli*, or leather armed with iron studs, the feet in iron sollerets with rowelled spurs.

The heraldry on this monument is interesting. Beside the family cognizance on the surcoat, at the top are two small shields, on one the same charge is repeated, the other exhibits *two chevrons within a bordure engrailed*. The central space between the two openings is occupied with a large heraldic achievement, supplemented below with two smaller shields. There is the great helm with mantling which is powdered with *mullets pierced*. Rising from the helm is the crest, a stem with a kind of cup, from which rises another short stem on which is a large *mullet pierced, surrounded by a wreath of holly, leaved and berried*. Slantwise below the helm is a large shield charged with *four lozenges in fess, on each a mullet pierced*, evidently for difference. The smaller shields display,—1, *Lozengy within a bordure*, for Brize; 2, *Four*

lozenges in fess ermine, in chief three mullets, doubtless another difference of the parent coat. Around the edge is this inscription :—

Hic jacet
Joh'es Daubyngne qui obiit in vigilia sancti Jacobi Apostoli
Anno D'ni M.CCC quadragesimo sexto
cui' anime p'picietur Deus.

But few of these semi-effigial monuments exist, and the intention seemingly was to shew the deceased person in a coffin or bier, with their armorial insignia over them.

To resume our little annals, and return to South-Petherton. In the son of Sir Ralph we reach the earliest Sir Giles (an adopted family name for several succeeding generations), who was M.P. for Somerset, and died at Barrington in 1386; although it is probable the principal seat of the family at that time was at Kempston, in Bedfordshire, where the Daubeneys had also considerable possessions, consisting, according to Lysons, of the chief or paramount manor called Kempston-Daubeney, granted to William Daubeney in 1337, and it was here his son, Sir Giles, who died in 1403, was buried. The Kempston property afterwards passed to the Braye family.

The third Sir Giles, second son of the preceding, brings us at once to South-Petherton, and it may be inferred that he resided occasionally there.

Born at Kempston, and baptized at its parish church of All Saints, 20 October, 1393, he was socially a man of considerable position and influence in Somerset, being Sheriff of the county in 1425, and its representative in Parliament 1424-8, Sheriff of Bedford and Bucks 1432, and he was also literally the fourth baron in succession, but never had summons to Parliament as such.

He married thrice, his first wife (who is figured beside him on the tomb) being Joan, daughter of John, second Lord D'Arcy, and Meinell, who died 1356, Constable of the Tower, and one of the heroes who fought at Cressy, by his wife, Elizabeth, only daughter of Nicholas, Lord Meinell, by which he succeeded to that Barony; secondly, Sir Giles married Mary, daughter of Simon Leeke, of Cotham, Nottinghamshire; and lastly, a lady named Alice, whose surname has not been recovered.

Sir Giles Daubeney died 11 January, 1445, and by his will, dated 3 March in the year preceding, he desired his body to be buried in the Chapel of Our Lady within the Church of SS. Peter and Paul at South-Petherton, before the altar there, and appointed that a Priest should sing for the space of three years in the said chapel for his own soul, and the souls of Joan, his wife, and of William Daubeney, whose bones are there deposited.

This "Chapel of Our Lady" is literally the south transept of the church, and on the right of its east window is the perk or bracket on which the image of the Virgin and Child was, doubtless, once stationed; below is a piscina. Taking into consideration that the principal historic association of the town centres in this Chantry, it

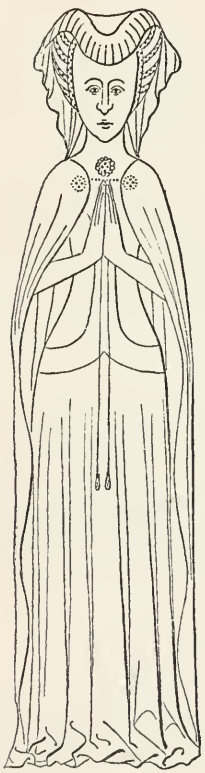
BRASSES OF SIR GILES AND LADY JOAN DAUBENEY. A.D. 1445.

SOUTH-PETHERTON CHURCH.

smaller size, but the costume is very similar to the lady on the tomb. Below the figure is this inscription :—

Hic jacet Maria Daubeney uxor Egidii Daubeney militis quondam filia Symonis Leek armig'i de Comitatu Notynghamie que obiit xbij die mensis Februarii Anno D'ni Mill'mo cccc xlij cujus anime propricietur deus, amen.

Following Sir Giles comes his son William, who was probably buried here, and the last of the main stem sepulchred within these walls.



Mary, Lady Daubeney, A.D. 1442.
South-Petherton Church.

He appears to have been an unambitious home-loving country gentleman, "altogether," says Collinson, "resident at South-Petherton," and dated all his deeds and documents from this place.

He married Alice, daughter of John Stourton, of Preston, Somerset, and by her left two sons—Giles, the elder, who afterwards became a Baron of the Empire and Knight of the Garter, and a younger, James, whose descendants were settled at Wayford, near Crewkerne. Evidence of this marriage was observed by Symonds in the stained glass then existing in the church at South-Petherton, in the east window of the chancel; among the coats of arms, "at the bottome, large," were those of Daubeney, and next came Stourton—*Sable, a bend argent, between six fountains proper.*

After William Daubeney's decease, his widow married, secondly, Robert Hill, by whom she had a daughter called Margaret, married to Sir Hugh Luttrell, of Dunster, who "was created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry VII., in November, 1487, and a few days later he received from his uncle, Peter Courtenay, Bishop of Winchester, a grant of the office of Master of Poundisford Park; he was Sheriff of Dorset and Somerset in 1488, and died in 1521." It was of this knight and his lady the old itinerant Leland made mistake in his visit to Dunster Castle, "who," continues Mr. Lyte, "states positively that Sir Hugh Lutterell, in the time of Dame Margarete, his wife, sister to the olde Lord Dalbeney, made a faire tourre by north, cummyng into the castelle." It has, however, been shewn that the gate-house was built in the reign of Henry V. by the first Sir Hugh Luttrell, the Great Seneschal of Normandy.

A curious and characteristic letter is preserved at Nettlecombe from Lady Luttrell's half-brother, Giles, Lord Daubeney, to his "Cousyn

Trevylion," concerning her husband hunting in the King's "outwoods," at the Forest of Exmoor. Among Daubeney's many appointments under Henry VII. were those of Master of the Hart-hounds, and Master of the Game in many of the Royal Forests; hence the inditing the courteous epistle wherein he says:—

"I am enformed that of late a litle grugge is fallen bitwene my brother Sr Hugh Luttrell and you, for that he hunted of late in the outewods of the same forest, and therupon a couple of hounds were taken up by servants of yours from his servants. After that, cousyn, inasmoche as my said brother Luttrell is a borderer of the said forest, and that ye knowe he maried my sister, and the man whom I do love tenderly, my mynde is and desire unto you that you shuld have an yghe unto hym above all others in those parties. And that when it shall lyke him to kyll a dere or to hunte for his disporte, that ye suffer hym soo to doe, I pray you as hertely as I can."

By which we observe the same propensity to trespass for sport, and a similar species of rough confiscation of the marauders' dogs was in vogue among gentlemen at that era, much as is exhibited now by their keepers towards the plebeian poachers of the present day. Sir John Trevelyan, to whom this letter was addressed, seems to have concerned himself probably as a sort of Chief Borderer for the protection of the Royal Forest of Exmoor, under Daubeney, as he lived close on its skirts, and, for the matter of that, so did Sir Hugh Luttrell, and they were near neighbours, if not distant kinsmen also. But the relationship of neighbours, or even kinsmen, has little to do as a rule in smoothing disputes where a "game" trespass is concerned; very often it aggravates the unpleasantness instead. In this case it is not outside speculation that the circumstance, in itself small and apparently irrelevant, carried perhaps a deeper and larger meaning than would appear at first sight. As to the loyal views shown by the two knights just at that juncture—one preserving the King's deer and the other capturing them—a circumstance afterwards further disclosed by Sir Hugh's presumed sympathy with some other marauders on "outwoods" of the royal preserves of a more vital character, and which we shall refer to bye-and-bye.

The letter from such a high functionary in the matter of the Royal disporte, doubtless put matters to rights, and Daubeney, like a true courtier, begins by praising Sir John for his "taking hede, and "good keping" of the King's game, with which he is "hertely well contented;" but after stating his brother-in-law had some small status as a borderer, concludes with only a moderate request:—

"I pray you, cousyn, let my said broder take his disporte, and if he lyste let hym kyll one dere in somer and a nother in wynter hereafter."

William Daubeney died 2 Jany, 1460-1, being the first year of King Edward IV.

The destinies of his two sons are remarkable indeed for their divergence. Giles soon betook himself away from the family hearth, and became earnestly identified with the fierce quarrels that deluged England with blood during the faction wars of the Roses. Running the gauntlet of a sanguinary death either on the battle field, or if taken

prisoner the sure fate of the headsman's block, he escaped both, and good fortune placed him on the winning side at Bosworth field. Thereafter he rose speedily to the highest confidence and favour of its Victor, and was by him from time to time literally loaded with honours, and he died as he had lived, full of wealth and fame; but

"That fierce light which beats upon a throne"

proved too strong for his only son and successor, and while it momentarily exalted, finally blasted and extinguished him.

James, the younger brother, seems to have inherited his father's predilection for a quiet country life, and, doubtless, happily for him—

"Far from the madding crowds ignoble strife,
His sober wishes never learnt to stray,"

while, located at their handsome old manor house at Wayford, his children's children for many generations

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way;"—

and so the venerable family name, by him thus peacefully transmitted down, remains with us even to this day, and with much honourable mention too.

But more about these two brothers bye-and-bye. Although no memorial exists here to William Daubeney, their father, yet is the memory of this good old lord and squire of South-Petherton, who evidently had the weal of his native place thoroughly at heart, well-preserved and held in remembrance as often as old Midsummer day comes round with the returning year, for then is held the annual Fair, which he procured for the inhabitants by grant from King Henry VI., "on the eve, day, and morrow, after the Nativity of St. John Baptist, and three days next ensuing." So do

"——— the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust;—

when all trace else of their existence is forgotten.

Was it the sighing of the wind roving amid the beautiful Early English arches that support the tower, or a ghostly whisper from the unseen world that saluted us with the interpellation, "Stay, I have something to say to thee of what I once beheld here," when, after closely scrutinising the fabric for any further traces of Daubeney, we were taking a final lingering look through the modern lumpish screen archway at their tomb?

Ah! it is thy familiar mysterious presence again, thou Cavalier-Antiquary, returned to us in this thy olden haunt, note-book in hand, and a glance at its record tantalizes, as it fills and charms, the imagination, while it equally grieves also the present and actual sense.

Not a scrap or a vestige is left of the solemn pageantry of armories which met thine eyes when thou wert here in the flesh—that then glowed in the windows of "yle and chancel," and told in heraldic language the descent and alliances of Daubeney.

Some thou recordest were "coates, exceeding old and large, under pictures of saints," and in one the "picture of a woman," a lady of this antient race, with the accompanying legend, "d'na Kat'ina (Dau) beney," before alluded to. Divers other escutcheons, emblematic of noble names, also filled the tinted panes, identified with the church, or sepulchred within it—Beaufort, Stafford, Montacute, Arundell and Carminow, Bottreaux, Stourton, Mohun, Oldham, west-country names of the highest honour, all is gone.

Fortunately the tomb with the "picture of the armed knight and woman fairly inlayed in brasse," and their "creaste, gay-worke," still exists in much the same condition as when it met thy gaze; for, even at that time, scarce two centuries after its erection, the border legend which was "circumscribed," had disappeared; but, probably, not by the sacrilegious hand of Puritan, although it is further chronicled "some monuments, and the organs made eight years since, were torn by Essex, his horse, a fortnight since"; yet they appear to have spared the windows to a considerable extent, though it is again noted of one coat as being "broken much by the rebels."

Thus musing with our invisible company, we saunter slowly away, catch a passing glance at the "large clownish monument" of Lady Penelope Hele—not a very gallant nor quite exact description either, antient friend, of the memorial to the lady—and its neighbour, "the playner though handsomer," but much more cumbrous and ponderous structure, with effigies—which, by way of comparison only, we cannot find heart to describe as such—set up by a loving, heart-stricken woman, "*uxor ejus amantissimæ*," to the "*memoriæ æternæ*" of her husband, another old denizen of South-Petherton, "*Jacobi Aysshe—generosi*," the scion of an antient Devonian stirp, whom, she tells us, rests below "*in Domino placide obdormovit;*" and with these words on our lips, cross the threshold of His earthly house, where, as we emerge into the glory that streams from the blue dome of His fairer temple above, not made with hands, we find ourselves again alone—our ghostly companion has once more disappeared.

One step only over the threshold of the church door, and what a boundless, fathomless abyss doth that single footpace divide and span—even the Past from the Present—this world from the next—the shadow of Death, with its solemn constraint, and the bright sunshine that sends a thrill of gladness through the bounding heart, elate with the possession of Life. Such is the lesson the great church key teaches us as it turns in the lock; but its interpretation and application is too often as distant from us as our own estimate of the day of our death.

But here we are in the open street of South-Petherton, and a glance up and down shews us the usual quaint diversified assemblage of houses of all ages, shapes, and sizes, that speak an unmistakable language and tell the story of many generations dwelling and succeeding each other in an antient land, that have left their impress on their earthly homes ere they passed silently to that last eternal one beneath the shadow of the venerable tower that overlooks and keeps guard alike above both. Older than common do many of these domiciles appear, and picturesque varieties of gable and chimney, traceried window,

corbel and finial, detain us momentarily to pay a tribute of admiration to the Tudor craftsman who designed and erected them, and also to suppress a half-sigh as we learn that they are slowly disappearing to make way for the mechanical, uninteresting repetitions of the present day. But these old dwellings were the habitations of men whose names have all the solemn odour of age, too—Mohun, Prouz, Sandys—branches of families of great honour and importance in the west country; and even now, long after their olden possessors have passed away, the truth of that wonderful proverb asserts itself,—"the house shews the owner"—equally true of the man as of his dwelling-place.

So, ere we dive down the lane leading to *the* great house of the place, we linger at the corner a moment before an antient corbelled oriel hard by remaining, and take a meditative glance at the quaint old quiet street, and the venerable oriel takes us back to the days of Henry VI., and the vision of the six days' Fair by him granted and held within these precincts returns to us, the which, in its entirety of length, many a face from the old window's casements had doubtless witnessed in the flesh. Now scarcely as many hours can be so occupied by the restless denizens of to-day, so do the fashions of men change. But at the date of the charter, and for centuries afterwards, and even up almost to living remembrance, fairs were of much larger and comprehensive importance than they are now.

They were the great meeting times and trysting places of the year for all the neighbourhood, not only for the sale of cattle and barter of chattels and merchandise generally, the laying in a stock of household commodities and necessaries, but also for the assembling of friends from long distances, "who came to Fair" to exchange greetings and renew old friendships and acquaintanceships, which, in those times of slow locomotion and difficult, if not hazardous, methods of transit, were only usually made at the anniversary of such festivals, and their return was therefore eagerly and joyously looked forward to as the great holiday of the year, when the venture of the trader and the offering of hospitality went hand in hand.

Traces of this afore-time importance still lingers with our country neighbours, for good old customs fortunately die hard, and many an aged farm labourer and his dame, and their equally venerable old-fashioned master and mistress, love to dwell on the memories of these meetings in their youthful days, the age of plough-boy and dairy-maid (and not quite extinguished now), when the anniversary of the neighbouring Fair-day and its prospective return were the Alpha and Omega of their simple non-eventful year.

For in those days life was not the feverish, impatient, artificial, insatiable phantom, now in these more enlightened times so unremittingly and assiduously pursued. With homely delights and simple pleasures, these dwellers in the past "improved the shining hour," undisturbed by the shriek of the express fiend raging along the peaceful valley, and seeking with still greater speed to devour the flying moments, nor startled by the scare of the ghastly telegram, curdling the heart like a lightning flash and discounting seven years' existence in a breath.

With them it was the cheery chime of the church bells, the lowing of cattle, the shewing of samples, pitching of wares, and busy chaffering in the streets, the quip of the mountebank, and the broad laugh of the assembled rustic auditory; within the threshold, the grip of the hand, the smoking joint and home-brewed on the social board, the retailing of "news," the unfolding of future "projects," the friendly counsel, homely joke, and, finally, the hearty farewell until "next six days' Fair" we meet again!

Such the pleasant suggestive picture of old English home life; and wherein is the gain of the excitement of to-day and its sleepless pillows? The slender trembling needle has now turned the world into one fair, or rather *un*-fair, gambling ground, and in places even where the ghosts of these old-fashioned gatherings still linger on with some semblance of vitality, the tiny hammer of the auctioneer is rapidly knocking the little life left in them on the head, for speculation and trickery is now the most important article in the creed of modern money-getting, and it is apparently deemed more reputable to exist as a parasite on other men's labour, rather than live on the slower but pleasant increment of honest industry and enterprize.

A truce, however, to these visions of the six days' Fair and its customs, for, as we look down the road leading to the house of Daubeney, a mounted figure at its far end seems to grow into the semblance of our quondam ghostly Cavalier companion, again waiting for us in one of his olden haunts; but as we near it, the apparition resolves itself into the very tangible outline of a substantial yeoman, who vanished round a neighbouring corner just as we pass through an open gateway, and find the chief domicile of the town and former home of its once most distinguished inhabitants before us.

But, unfortunately, with the exception of the glorious oriel and a certain retention of antient outline, all has passed under the incongruous hand of the modern adapter—not restorer, for he could scarcely lay claim to even such a dubious title as that—who has here again essayed the impossible task of putting the new cloth on the old garment, with the inevitable result of the rent made worse.

"King Ina's Palace"—for by such regal title the venerable piece of patchwork is now and has for many generations been generally known—displays not a large structure even for a Tudor squire; but how the name of this Monarch of the West Saxons who lived in the latter part of the seventh century got attached to it, has not been explained by any historian, nor that he was in any way specially connected with South-Petherton, or beyond that it formed an ordinary portion of the dominions of this renowned Lawgiver, Ecclesiastic, and Soldier.

But however romantic and seemingly improbable the voice of Tradition may appear to us now, the echo of its burthen coming down thus through the mist of ages is generally originally caught from the lips of Truth, and is rarely altogether a myth; and it is not outside the bounds of reasonable conjecture that an older station or edifice may have existed here, where the Saxon King either tarried or occasionally resided centuries before the earliest Daubeney was born or thought of, but who, when he did come as the succeeding mediæval

possessor of South-Petherton, may have adopted this site as the traditional place of honour for the endowment of his home; but all is, of course, mere speculation.

About twenty years since, and before the structure was modernized, one of our most competent authorities pronounced it "the most perfect fifteenth-century house in Europe," and "that it should have been preserved, from its completeness, as a national relic"—a sentiment we devoutly agree with, and earnestly wish had been carried out.

Originally begun, perhaps, by the first Sir Giles Daubeney, or his father, Sir Ralph, towards the close of the fourteenth century, its completion was seemingly reserved for their famous descendant, Giles, Lord Daubeney, who probably in Henry VII.'s reign added the wing with the fine bay of two stories, so strikingly intersected with string-course of shields *à bouche* and those of ordinary shape.

Within was the solar and squire's private apartments and the hall, a fine room open from the floor to the roof, which was composed of carved beams and woodwork, with large fire-place and a buttery hatch opening to the kitchen, and servants' dwelling-rooms behind. At one end of the hall was the minstrel's gallery, and below it a partition of shifting boards or shutters, to be removed and form the daïs in the solar at large festivities in the hall, for the squire and his family to sit in state and view the revelry below, and which could be either wholly or partially closed, if required, for the admission of servants, or for his honour and visitors to take an unobserved glance from behind the arras into the hall if privacy was desirable. Imagination easily garnishes the walls with trophies of cross and long bows, sheaves of arrows, pikes, armour, and antlers displayed above; below, with carved panelling, huge oak chairs, settles, presses, and tables ranged about; and quaintly-dressed figures seated here and there and passing around, complete the picture.

"Dreaming again," whispered the wizard voice of our intermittent ghostly companion; "let me tell you of some things I saw *here* also, a century after the last noble owner of this house had exchanged his Earl's coronet for the shroud."

These were notes made by Symonds of the heraldic achievements he found remaining in the windows of the hall and parlour of "Mr. Sands, his house," then, in 1644, either owner or tenant of the little mansion, and called by the Diarist, "Cassells," which probably meant the Castle, and again subsequently, "Holbrook-Place." One of these shields exhibited the badge of Daubeney, and the others, coats apparently of date subsequent to the Daubeneys, all have now disappeared save one, which displays—*Sable, a cross between four lions' heads erazed argent.* This seems to have been removed also, but has been happily handed back and restored to the house by the worthy and learned historian of South-Petherton, Dr. Norris, from whose interesting lecture and valuable help otherwise we are indebted for large assistance, woven into this our desultory gossip on Daubeney.

One curious feature in the old house must not be forgotten, the which, while it was intended to provide for the safety of the armorial glass, would also facilitate its easy removal for other purposes, and

"KING INA'S PALACE," SOUTH-PETHERTON. A.D. 1857.

that is, the stone mullions of the windows were furnished with holes or sockets for the insertion of bars to carry moveable casements of glass (then a very expensive article), which were placed *in situ* when the master of the house was at home, but were supplanted by wooden shutters when he was not in residence.

Another circumstance points to the antient importance of the structure, but now become a thing of the past also—the names of "Park" and "Mere" still clinging to fields close adjoining, suggestive of the sites of former plesaunce gardens and fish ponds, the usual surroundings of homes such as that of Daubeney in their best estate.

The first intimation we get of Giles Daubeney, the eldest son of William Daubeney, in his appearance at Court, is that of his appointment as Squire for the Body of King Edward IV., by whom he was knighted, and from whom, says Collinson, he had grant for life of the King's Park at South-Petherton. Presumably, therefore, at that time he was a Yorkist and attached to that faction.

But King Edward being dead, and his two little sons soon following him to the tomb, with Richard III. on the throne—although Sir Giles assisted at his first coronation in July, 1483—matters soon wore a different aspect—to Giles Daubeney, it may be, in common with many others.

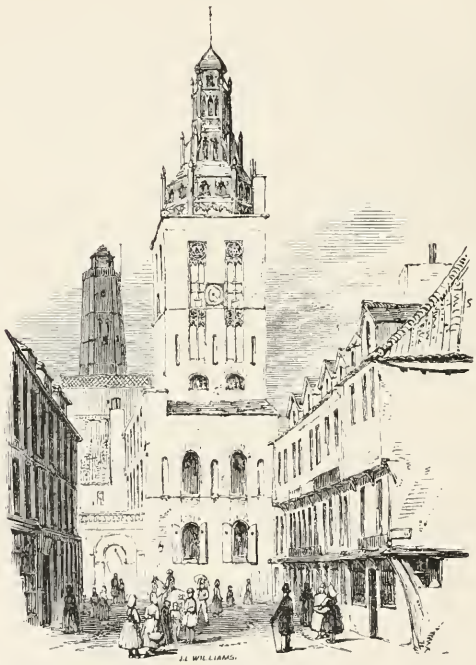
Our next glimpse of him is as being concerned collaterally in the Duke of Buckingham's revolt in 1483, he having been enlisted in the cause of the Earl of Richmond by Sir Reginald Braye, the agent employed by the Earl's mother; and with him his relative, Sir John Cheney; and associated also with them was the Marquis of Dorset, the Courtenays, and many other persons of influence in the four western counties. But the swollen waters of the Severn prevented a junction of this contingent with Buckingham, sent the unhappy Duke's followers back to their homes, and himself to the scaffold. Sir John Ashton, with the power and inclination of a Jeffreys, was despatched to condemn and execute such rebels as remained or were captured, and a proclamation issued against the Marquis of Dorset and others who managed to escape.

Among those who thus embarked and got safely to Brittany were Sir Giles Daubeney and Sir John Cheney, who were found in arms against the King at Salisbury in Oct. 1483. But although Richard could not hand them over to the tender mercies of Sir John Ashton's bloodthirsty commission, he stripped Daubeney of his estates. In the act of attainder consequent on this rebellion, Giles Daubeney and his servants by name were included, and the manors of South-Petherton and Barrington forfeited to the Crown.

No time was lost. Ashton's commission to try the rebels was dated at Coventry 24 October, "and on the 19th December," says Mr. Bond, "William Bracher, one of the Yeomen of the Crown to the King, was appointed bailiff or lessee of the Manor for his life, with four pence per diem, and forty pounds out of the profits; but on the 25th March following, the Manor described as late belonging to Sir Giles Daubeney was granted by the Crown to Ralph, Lord Nevile."

Then came the "crowning mercy," or rather turning point of his life, and its advancement in position and honour—the field of Bosworth.

It is probable Daubeney remained at Vannes in Brittany with the Earl of Richmond, and afterward followed his varying fortune at the French Court through all its intrigues and complications, and, finally, when the Earl set sail from Harfleur and landed at Haverford-west in August, 1485, accompanied him in the expedition.



CALAIS.

There is, however, no direct mention of his having shared the danger at Bosworth, where his military aptitude, afterwards so well known and largely developed, should have been of great value. But his name thenceforward was continually associated in service, and bracketed in honours, with some of its most distinguished combatants; and in the patent of nobility he afterwards received, it is therein recited that it was bestowed on him by Henry VII. for his aid to that King "*in bellis.*"

The earliest honour conferred on him by the new sovereign was that of calling him to his Privy Council, and he was further appointed Master of the Mint and Constable of Bristol Castle.

At the conclusion of the first Parliament of Henry VII. which terminated in November, 1485, in company with several other eminent men, he was created a Peer of the Realm, the patent bearing date 12 March following, 1485-6.

Early in 1487 he was nominated a Knight of the Garter, and one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer. We do not hear of him in Lambert Simnel's rebellion as fighting with the army of the King at the battle of Stoke in June of that year, against the Earl of Lincoln and the redoubtable Martin Swart; he was probably engaged in his duties at Calais; if he did appear it was among the reinforcements that joined Henry's army, "among whom was Sir John Cheney, and other knights and gentlemen at least three score," and drove the tide of irresolution out of Henry's and his commander's minds as to when to commence the attack, subsequently giving him the victory over the pretender to his throne.

About 1490, Lord Daubeney held the appointment of Lieutenant or Governor of Calais, an important command just at that time when Henry was carrying on what is called his French war, but which was really only an astoundingly crafty diplomatic game, in which the players were Charles VIII. of France, the Archduke (afterward Emperor) Maximilian, Francis II., the last and unfortunate Duke of Brittany, and Anne his daughter, afterwards wife of Charles VIII. In virtue of this office, Lord Daubeney was constituted General and Ambassador to the King, and shews the large trust Henry had in his merits as a diplomatist and courage as a soldier, which latter qualification he soon had opportunity of shewing his royal master that the monarch's estimate of his abilities was not misplaced.

The citizens of Bruges and Ghent had been long harassed by the incessant war carried on around them, and in addition an unpalatable edict having been recently published concerning their currency by the Duke of Saxony, commanding under the Archduke (afterwards Emperor) Maximilian, who was the proxy husband of Anne, Duchess of Brittany, they refused to comply with it and revolted. Charles VIII., who already had an army of occupation in the middle of Brittany—with a design also in the end to rob Maximilian of his youthful bride, the Duchess Anne, and finally acquire both the lady and her kingdom, the which, eventually, he cleverly, if unscrupulously, accomplished—delighting to see a war in Flanders, and so have the opportunity of attacking and discomfiting Maximilian in his own territory elsewhere, at the request of the insurgents despatched Marshal des Cordes, Governor of Picardy, with a body of troops, who appear to have been held in readiness in anticipation of the event, to the aid of the remonstrants.

Thus reinforced, the Flemings and French reduced Ypres and Sluys and invested Dixmude. The Archduke sent away at once to beseech Henry to help him against the French, as he so often had promised to do, but which he ever put off, contenting himself with promises, negociations, and ambassages endless, wherein Charles and Henry were apparently trying who could be the craftiest and most evasive.

This double warlike movement of Charles, and his equality in the game of dissimulation with Henry—for he could get no answer to his previous messages to the French King—appears to have been too much for the patience of Henry, and although he kept the Archduke's ambassadors in London, giving them no assurance beyond his usual platitudes and promises, he determined, nevertheless, at last to make some shew of friendship towards Maximilian, "and," says Bacon, "upon pretence of the safety of the English pale about Calice, but in truth being loth that Maximilian should become contemptible"—for, apparently, Henry could not be really open about anything—he dispatched the Lords Morley and Willoughby de Broke and a thousand men to Calais, with orders to relieve Dixmude if possible.

Adding another thousand men to the recently-arrived contingent, Lord Daubeney set out for Dixmude, and entered the town, which appears to have been left wholly unprotected, in the night, and passing out on the other side the next morning, they attacked the sleeping camp of the Flemings and their French allies at daybreak. "Not perceived by the enemies, negligently guarded, being out of feare, when there was a bloudy fight, in which the English and their partakers obtained the victorie, and slew to the number of eight thousand men, with the losse on the English part of a hundred or thereabouts, amongst whom was the Lord Morley. They tooke also their great ordnance, with much rich spoiles, which they carried to Newport, whence the Lord Daubigny returned to Calice, leaving the hurt men and some of his voluntaries at Newport."

Such is the description handed down to us by Bacon of this "battle," which appears to have been a somewhat similar engagement to the "victory" Daubeney afterwards took part in at Blackheath; but this one was even more murderous in the slaughter of the "enemies," who were probably mostly composed of an insurgent mob, not much better trained and armed than the Cornish miners, and set upon in the night, when probably they did not even "dream" of an English intervention, much more actual sudden conflict. Singularly enough in both cases of Daubeney's victories the enemy was a body of discontented citizens, who had taken arms in opposition to a distasteful money restriction or subsidy imposed on them by the governing authority; but Lord Lovell was not fortunate to save his life at Dixmude as did Daubeney at Blackheath.

Marshal des Cordes was not present at this battle, or the result may have been different. He appears to have been at Ypres with a "great power of men," and, willing to try to retrieve the misfortune at Dixmude, "came presently on and sate down before Newport and besieged it," when, after some partial success, he was "presently beaten forth by the English by the helpe of some fresh soccours of archers," arriving just in time.

Des Cordes was greatly annoyed by this second discomfiture, and a "common by-word" of his afterward was, "that hee would bee content to lie in hell seven years, so hee might winne Calice from the English."

What a curse is the warlike proclivities and senseless antipathies of peoples made neighbours by nature, Three centuries afterward, even

to the present hour, this hateful feeling casts its shadow over the both kingdoms. Witness the present aspect of the question of the proposed tunnel under the channel, and the alarmist "military" evidence that offers a drawn sword in answer to every argument adduced in its favour.

The next year saw another small expedition sent in aid of the Archduke, and at home, Henry, having by grandiloquent allusions in his speeches of the antient valour of the English, and his present fierce intentions towards France, got a good subsidy from the Parliament, immediately set to work to negociate instead, at the same time carrying on his warlike preparations very slowly. To this end, in Jan. 1492, he sent a batch of ambassadors over to Charles, to shew he was willing to try fair means before he proceeded to arms; while another lot of envoys was sent to Maximilian and Ferdinand, calling upon them to join him and invade France according to promise, which Henry well knew they would be unprepared to do; and so the duplicity went on.

One of the ambassadors thus sent over to the French King was Lord Daubeney, and associated with him was Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and others. Henry, however, to save appearances, after dallying as long as he could, and waiting until all the summer was over, and campaigning time gone by, finally set off from Dover early in October with an army of twenty-five thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse—a notable feat of seamanship and transport for that era—arriving at Calais on the same day.

Before, however, his foot had left the English soil, a letter was handed him from Marshal des Cordes offering terms of peace, of which the conditions were perfectly understood between the monarchs before. But Henry knew well enough how much better the bargain would be made in France with his army at his back, and thither he went never meaning to fight. After a little feigned surprise at the messages brought back by his ambassadors to Maximilian and Ferdinand of their inability to assist, he determined to make some show of military activity, and so marched out with his army and sat down before Boulogne as if he meant to beseige it.

Charles VIII., who was at Tours, did not appear at all alarmed at this movement, though a considerable army composed of the descendants of the victors of Crecy and Agincourt were on French soil. He did not even go through the useless ceremony of assembling a force together to oppose them, though he had the finest army and best artillery in Europe at his command if he had so chosen, and equal to the forces of the other three put together—a fact also Henry was doubtless very prudently aware of.

The last act of this military drama was now at hand. Henry called together "a solemn council" of his commanders, and set before them the large sum of money the King of France had agreed to pay, his lack of assistance from the other kings, the lateness and danger of the season for active warfare, and also the desirability of peace with France, and it ended in this military conclave drawing up a report and urging Henry, nothing loth, to agree to conditions of peace.

Again, Lord Daubeney and his coadjutor Bishop Fox, were despatched to meet the redoubtable Marshal des Cordes—armed to the teeth with French gold—who thus reinforced obtained a victory over his antagonists he might have sought for in vain with his armed legions, and the treaty was concluded at Etaples on the third of November.

Money was the moving consideration with all concerned in these transactions. Henry obtained a large booty from the King of France in the shape of money down and an annuity, together with another contribution from his subjects at home; his ambassadors also had their palms gilded, and returned to England, like their Royal Master, pensioners on the French Court.

The real master of the situation was the King of France, who was sojourning at Tours, perfectly unconcerned and laughing in his sleeve, and when Marshal des Cordes returned to his august sovereign and told him the backs of the English host were turned on *la belle France*, Charles the Affable had added the rich province of Bretagne to his kingdom, and brought away with him also its Princess-Mistress as his own fair bride.

"The truth," says Bacon, "is, this peace was welcome to both kings: to Charles, for that it assured unto him the possession of Britanny; to Henry, for that it filled his coffers, and that he foresaw at that time a storm of inward troubles coming upon him, which presently broke forth."

The treaty with Des Cordes at Etaples appears to have ended Daubeney's diplomatic career, and thenceforward the sword alone seems to have been the chosen weapon he was deputed to wield by his sovereign.

The storm that was to trouble Henry soon shewed itself by the earliest appearance of Perkin Warbeck at Cork, thereafter followed by the dire treachery of Sir Robert Clifford, and the consequent immediate arrest of a number of Perkin's supposed adherents in the summer of 1493. Several of these were executed immediately after their condemnations, and among them was a William Daubeney, a scion of this antient family, but probably not of the South-Petherton descent.

The great tragedy was, however, to come—the impeachment and execution of Sir William Stanley, Henry's Lord Chamberlain, brother to his father-in-law, one of his chief commanders at Bosworth, and who had placed the crown on his head. Could callous ingrate cruelty get farther? But behind this also moved the importunate revolting spectre of greed that infested Henry's mind—"the glimmering of a confiscation," as Bacon records, "for he was the richest subject for value in the kingdom." As to his crime, if it may be so called—but evidently *the* unforgivable offence in Henry's estimation, continues the same historian—it was "little more than for saying in effect that the title of York was better than that of Lancaster, which was the case of every man (at least in opinion), was matter of great terrour amongst all the king's servants and subjects;" and so for his small offence and large fortune he went to the block on Tower Hill 16 Feb. 1495.

Then came the most considerable honour of Lord Daubeney's career. At the death of Stanley, Henry made him his Lord Chamberlain. He had also been appointed Justice Itinerant of the King's Forests south of the Trent.

We now reach 1496, and Margaret of Burgundy, Henry's implacable enemy, had sent the ubiquitous Perkin to Scotland, where he was received with almost sovereign honours by the young King James IV., and had given him the beautiful Lady Katherine Gordon, "the White Rose," for a bride. This was ominously disquieting news to Henry, and, according to his custom, he empowered ambassadors to conciliate James, the well-named Fox, Bishop of Durham, being one "to try," says Rapin, "as of himself, to enter into negociations for the marriage of that King with his eldest daughter, Margaret," then a mere child not in her teens, although it is not certain the Bishop had opportunity of advancing it, but which match did take place, by more successful diplomacy, some six years afterwards, when the Princess had reached the mature age of fifteen, and through which marriage the crowns of England and Scotland, a few generations afterward, also became wedded. James, however, was bent on mischief, and, calling his armed lairds and chieftains together, made a raid into Northumberland, ravaging and destroying the county.

Early in 1497, Henry called his Parliament together, and represented to them, "very pathetically," the calamities endured by his subjects by this Scottish incursion, and that his honour and the protection he owed his people would not suffer him to let their wrongs go unavenged; so an extraordinary subsidy was asked for and granted to make war on Scotland. In this request he was ably supported by his Lord Chancellor and most trusted friend, Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, another distinguished west countryman (born at Milborne St. Andrew, near Bere-Regis in Dorset, in 1420), in a great speech, wherein, "instead of commencing with a text from Scripture, which was the old usage of Chancellors opening Parliament, rather leant on the example of the Romans despatching Scipio against the Carthaginians in Spain, when themselves had been almost destroyed at the battle of Cannæ,' and sundry other classic allusions, winding up with an appeal to St. Thomas Aquinas.

Henry, who was fairly well in earnest, and to make a good show to the King of Scotland what his intentions were, immediately began to get armed ships together and collect a force for the invasion of Scotland, the chief command of which he entrusted to Lord Daubeney.

But no time was to be lost in the collection of the subsidy. The King of Scotland, hearing of Henry's preparations, had withdrawn himself into his own country, and if a treaty of peace should be made, the money would not be wanted, or would be difficult to collect; so strict orders were issued to the Commissioners in the several counties to collect in the subsidy, and they proceeded to do so with great rigour, half in May and the other portion in November.

This was the germ of the Cornish difficulty. A considerable sum had been sent to Henry as a Royalty from the Duchy upon the tin raised from the mines, and this new subsidy was received with great

disfavour. So, headed by Thomas Flammocke, or Flamank, the scion of a gentle family (his father was one of the four commissioners appointed for the collection of the impost in the county), and of great popularity, and, after well tutoring his coadjutor, Michael Joseph, a blacksmith and farrier, they, together with a numerous company of miners, "stout of stomacke, and mighty of bodye and limme," set off from Bodmin to petition the King to dismiss his councillors—Cardinal Morton, Sir Reginald Braye, Sir Thomas Lovell, and Fox (Bishop of Winchester), specially the two first—who, they had been told, were the King's chief financiers and the authors of the unpalatable impost.

They were not far wrong in their surmise. To the Lord Chancellor, Cardinal Morton, is attached the rather sinister fame of having been a zealous promoter, if not the inventor, of these subsidies, or, as they were termed, "Benevolences," and which Henry was very free in the use of, and which was in truth the first rude form of that hateful income tax, which, by a more refined and inquisitive but equally unjust system of levy, is so deservedly unpopular in the present day. "The name 'Benevolences,'" says a modern authority, "is traced to the reign of Edward IV., and Richard III. acquired a brief popularity by promising to abolish the impost, which, however, he could not have done without. In view of the great difficulty of the collection, and the excuses certain everywhere to be made, Morton drew up a system of rules for the collectors, one of which has done more to perpetuate his name than all his good deeds:—"If the persons applied to for a benevolence live frugally, tell them that their parsimony has enriched them, and therefore the King may expect from them a liberal donation; if their method of living, on the contrary, be extravagant, tell them that they can afford to give largely, since the proof of their opulence is evident from their large expenditure." It was a dilemma from which there was no escape, and was called "Morton's Fork," or the "Cardinal's Crutch." Surely his Eminence's spirit walks abroad in these latter days of the nineteenth century, and his mantle fallen on those unscrupulous harpies known as Crown Surveyors for the income tax.

In a continually-increasing cloud the Cornish remonstrants and their allies crossed the moorlands of north Devon to the fat pastures of mid-Somerset, partaking on the way of the hospitality of the great Abbots of Athelney and Muchelney, with other religious houses on their line of march, for they may be said to have scrupulously avoided pillage and bloodshed.

At Wells they were joined by James Touchet, Lord Audley, a nobleman said to have been of "restless and discontented spirit," and to have opposed the collection of these subsidies in the House of Lords, who became the leader of this grotesque trio and their motley following, but who had, nevertheless, many more sympathizers of equally noble degree among the gentry of the district, who secretly encouraged, "aided, and comforted," the remonstrants in the movement, but did not care openly to declare themselves. Thence, wholly unopposed, they passed on by Salisbury and Winchester, finally to Black-Heath.

Henry, who was at Shene with his Court, had early intelligence of this outbreak a full week before they reached Black-Heath; and he despatched his Lord Chamberlain Daubeney with eight thousand men, collected for his Scotch war in the midland counties, to intercept them. But Daubeney does not seem to have been in any hurry to meet and oppose them, and they quietly travelled on and encamped themselves on the fringe of the royal city, to the great dismay of the inhabitants, who were, however, immediately afterwards much relieved to find Daubeney was also close by with his army on Hounslow-Heath.

How came this tardiness to occur in the face of Henry's well-known celerity in military movement, and his Chamberlain's equally good reputation as his hitherto able general, and of unquestioned courage? It is a curious speculative incident. Did Daubeney secretly sympathize with the movement? It may not be altogether impossible.

He was himself a west countryman. Several of his Somersetshire relatives, neighbours, and friends—men of considerable status in the county—were favourable to the rising: Sir John Speke, of White Lackington; John Sydenham, of Brympton, who was wedded to an Audley; Sir Hugh Luttrell, of Dunster, a distant cousin of Lord Audley, chief commander of the insurgents, and own brother-in-law to Daubeney, having married his half-sister, Alice Hill. Thus, a close tangle of family relationship existed between both commanders and their friends, and it is reasonable to suppose that it would prove specially trying and disagreeable for Daubeney to enter the lists of war against them. Again, he may not have been at all undesirous of witnessing the downfall of the four men, who were, perhaps, in some degree, his rivals in Court influence, and as the insurgents only asked for their dismissal, believing them to be the originators of the hateful impost, Daubeney would be in no hurry to upset the probable result. And, lastly, he may have conscientiously demurred to the collection of these imposts, and believed with his Somersetshire friends that the demands of the remonstrants—for they could scarcely be called rebels—were just and reasonable.

"In 1503," says Mr. Chisholm-Batten, "Thomas Flamank's brother, John Flamank, reported to the King Sir Richard Nanfan, the Deputy of Calais, as saying, 'My Lord Chamberlain was very slack in our journey, wherewith I know well that the King's grace was discontent; for and he had done his part well, the Cornishmen had never made the King feeld at Blackheath, but had all been destroyed before their coming thither; that, I know well, the King's grace had leve had been done than 20,000 pounds for his honour.'" The Venetian diarist Sanuto, commenting on 19th July, 1497, on letters from England of 13th June, writes, "I have heard that King Henry, on perceiving these assemblies, determined to oppose them, and ordered one of his captains to come to London against these men from the north, and was answered by him that he was of opinion that when they demanded (the dismissal of) those four (Cardinal Morton, Sir Reginald Bray, Bishop Fox, and Sir Thomas Lovel) they made a just demand, and did not think fit to come." Was this Captain, Lord Daubeney?*

* "*Henry VII. in Somersetshire*"—Somersetshire Archæological Proceedings, vol. xxv.

Another unpleasant difficulty was in store for the Lord Chamberlain, and shewed somewhat pertinently the estimate the insurgents formed of his friendly attitude toward them.

Two evenings before the encounter, "secret means was made," says Hall, "unto my Lord Chamberlayne by divers of the Cornish men that it would please his Lordship to be a mean unto the King's grace that the sayd Commons of Cornwall might have for theym a general pardon and they would of a suretie bring unto my Lord Chamberlain the Lord Audeley and the other hede Captayne the Smyth."

To be the ambassage of such a scheme of treachery toward Audley would be an impossibility; what would his Somersetshire friends think of such a transaction? On the other side, if it reached the royal ears that Daubeney had the means offered him of placing the leaders of the revolt in the King's hands, and thus suppressed the rising and prevented further bloodshed, what view would Henry take of it? But such a course could not be thought of.

A clearly-outlined moral reflects itself here—that of the instability and peril of assuming the leadership of a popular cry, and being a mob-king. Lord Audley had, perhaps, quite calculated on all the ordinary dangers he would run in heading an enterprise of this sort, but he little dreamt he would have to run the chance of being thus callously handed over to the tender mercies of his opponents. And it shows, too, in an unenviable light the innate cowardice and treachery of those for whom he afterwards suffered an ignominious death, and stifles largely the feeling of commiseration at the sanguinary fate that afterward befel so many of his followers on the field of battle before the well-disciplined troops of the King.

All these events made Daubeney's position a difficult one—wedded assuredly to the King by gratitude for the favours, trust, and honours he had bestowed upon him; pulled aside, reluctantly, it may be, by a sympathy with the motives of the insurgents, with whom his Somersetshire friends were to considerable extent allied, and a natural disinclination to imbrue his hands in their blood, he, perhaps, hazarded the difficult part of favouring both sides, or rather that of holding a kind of semi-active neutrality, for while he did not hurry to attack the Cornishmen, he brought his troops sufficiently near to protect London from their incursion.

But whatever his inclination may have been, his fealty to the King was soon to be put to the test. Saturday, 22nd June, the day of the battle had arrived; the brunt of the fighting was imposed on him, and it was necessary that he should acquit himself thoroughly, and without further chance of suspicion, if there were any. There could be no mistake as to his action in the result.

Great care was taken by the royal commanders to "impound" the rude, unskilled host, altogether unused to the art of war, in their encampment, and they do not appear to have had the least knowledge of the strategy of their assailants. The Earl of Oxford, as chief in command, with the Earls of Essex and Suffolk under him, with considerable forces, "were appointed to circle the hill" behind the ill-armed, ill-fated insurgents, and thus cut off their rear; while

Daubeney and his division "was appointed to set upon the Rebels in front"; the King himself, with the still larger reserves, in person, to protect London, if necessary, and complete the "victory" over his dissatisfied subjects, which his detestable love of money, exacted for a surreptitious errand, had brought as remonstrants thus to be-dabble with their blood the steps of his throne. Not a very enviable outlook for a monarch who was himself but an invader; but that fact had blunted his sensibilities, and perpetual alarms—always the invader's heritage—had in the past warned him to keep safe his position by the same means he acquired it.

But Henry was not likely to flinch. The same elements that now possessed him—fear and greed—had sent his former Lord Chamberlain and Chief Captain at Bosworth remorselessly to the block. Another Chief Captain and Lord Chamberlain now stood in those blood-stained shoes, and that ominous fact, if he had any misgivings of his Chamberlain, probably presented themselves to Henry, and its remembrance, also, doubtless suggested not the most comforting reflections to Daubeney.

And so, whether Daubeney wavered or not, or whether Henry was cognizant of such a possibility, certain it is the charge of the attack was imposed on the Chamberlain. Not only were the rebels ignorant of the network of the royal forces round them, but also of the probable day of the engagement, "for the King had, by all the art hee could devise, given out a false day, as if hee prepared to give the rebells battle on the Monday following, the better to find them unprovided and in disarray"; and the attack "was put off to the afternoone, towards the decline of the day, which was done the better to keepe the rebells in opinion that they should not fight that day"; so that no artifice was spared to be-fool the ignorant victims.

The engagement began by the advance of Lord Daubeney, who, doubtless, with a soldier's eye looked with contempt on the ill-disciplined host, said to have been sixteen thousand, and his rashness thereon might have been of fatal consequence to him. The Cornishmen fought sturdily, and met Daubeney's charge with a cloud of arrows, "which were reported to bee of the length of a taylor's yard, so strong and mighty a bow did the Cornishmen draw." Daubeney, says Lord Bacon,

"marched on towards them, and first beat some troops from Detford-bridge, where they fought manfully. But beeing in no great number, were soone driven backe, and fled up to their main armie on the hill. The armie at that time hearing of the approach of the King's forces, were putting themselves in array, not without much confusion. But neither had they placed upon the first high ground toward the bridge any forces to second the troops below that kept the bridge; neither had they brought forwards their main battaile (which stood in array farre into the Heath) near to the ascent of the hill. So that the Earle and his forces mounted the hill without resistance. The Lord Daubeney charged them with great furie, inasmuch as it had like (by accident) to have brandled the fortune of the day. For by inconsiderate forwardnesse in fighting at the head of his troupes, he was taken by the rebells, but immediately rescued and delivered."

On this "rescue," as thus put by Bacon, hangs a consideration, if not a doubt. Once in the "rebells'" midst and isolated from his own

troops, a cloth-yard arrow might have transfixed him on the instant; but the Cornishmen forbore, and he regained his liberty.

The engagement lasted about three hours, the insurgents being utterly defeated. From two to three thousand perished on the field of battle, and on "the King's part there dyed about three hundred, most of them shot by arrowes."

Audley, Flamank, and the smith, were taken prisoners and removed to London, where

"the Lord Audeley was led from Newgate to Tower-hill in a paper-coate painted with his own armes, the armes reversed, the coate torne, and hee at Tower-hill beheaded. Flammocke and the Black-smith were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tiburne, the Black-smith taking pleasure on the hurdle (as it seemeth by the words that he uttered), to think that hee should be famous in aftertimes. The King was once in minde to have sent down Flammocke and the Black-smith to have been executed in Cornewall for the more terrour. But being advertized that the countrey was still unquiet and boyling, he thought better not to irritate the people further."

Henry's vengeance was wisely appeased with the execution of the three captains, and immediately after the fight he issued a proclamation of pardon, on submission to the King's mercy, of all offenders in the insurrection at Blackheath, and numbers of them compounded for their lives, or liberty, by paying a few shillings each by way of ransom, so poor and miserable were the bulk of the insurgents.

"It is probable," as Hume observes, "that Henry was satisfied with the victims that had fallen in the battle field, or that he pitied the ignorance and simplicity of the multitude, or favoured them on account of their inoffensive behaviour;" or, what was perhaps the strongest reason of all, "they had never during their insurrection disputed his title, and had shewn no attachment to the house of York, the highest crime of which, in his eyes, they could have been guilty."

We now approach the last large public act recorded of Lord Daubeney—his advance in command of the King's army to Glastonbury to oppose the final movement of Perkin Warbeck.

Perkin landed at Whitsand Bay in Cornwall early in September, 1498, and, being joined by a number of the impulsive and dissatisfied Cornish and other malcontents, marched on to Exeter, where they arrived on the 17th, but only to find the city strongly garrisoned by the loyal citizens, who were commanded by the Earl of Devon, Edgcumbe, Fulford, and others the *élite* of the county gentlemen, and after making a futile attempt to enter it, proceeded by way of Collumpton to Taunton.

A despatch announcing the advance of the rebels was forwarded to Henry, and he, in a reply thereon, sent to Oliver King, Bishop of Bath and Wells, observes, "the Perkin and his company, if they come forward, shall find before them our Chamberlayn, our Steward of Household, &c., and at their backe the garrison of our tried City of Excester, and we with our Hoast Royale shall not be farre, with the mercy of our Lord, for the final conclusion of the matter.

The "final conclusion" was not far off. When Perkin had been at Taunton a couple of days, he heard that Lord Daubeney, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Sir John Cheney, and the King's army, had

arrived at the not far distant Abbey of Glastonbury, then in the zenith of its magnificence, and presided over by a man of commensurate grandeur, Abbot Bere.

Impostors are usually cowards when put to the test. Terrified and affrighted at the probable issue, Perkin secretly left his poor ignorant followers to their fate and fled across the Dorsetshire hills and through the New Forest to take sanctuary at the Abbey of Beaulieu. Lord Daubeney sent a squadron of horse to Beaulieu, and at once brought this would-be Prince back to his Royal Master, who had then arrived at Taunton. The King gave the poor trembling wretch an audience, and then ordered him to follow in the Royal train.

Henry stayed a day or two at Taunton, when, having seen this futile rebellion collapse, he pleasantly enjoyed himself. Thence he moved on to Tiverton and to his "tried" and faithful city of Exeter. There, to use his own words,

"the Commons of this shire of Devon come dayly before us, in great multitudes, in their shirts, the foremost of them having halters about their necks, and, full humble, with lamentable cries for our grace and remission, submit themselves unto us. Whereupon, ordering first the chief stirrers and doers to be tried out of them, for to abide corrections accordingly, we grant unto the residue generally our said grace and pardon; and our Commissioners, the Earl of Devon, our Chamberlain (Lord Daubeney), and our Steward of Household, have done, and do dayly, likewise in our County of Cornwall."

This appears to have been the conclusion of Lord Daubeney's active military service and last large public function.

Henry slowly returned to London, and his first care was to see that the subsidy he had been granted was collected from the malcontents in the two western counties. This done—as it was an excellent opportunity to exact a little more money—a Commission was sent down to deal with those in Somerset, Dorset, Wilts, and Hants, who were suspected of "aiding and comforting" the Cornish remonstrants on their march to Blackheath, or of "favouring and assisting a certain Image or Form—Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming born." The fines imposed were not large, and among those amerced were the Abbots of several Somersetshire Monasteries, together with Sir John Speke, Sir Hugh Luttrell, John Sydenham, and others of less degree; and thereafter the peace of the West of England was not disturbed by civil commotion for another half century.

Further offices of position awaited the fortunate courtier and soldier. He had been appointed Constable of Bristol Castle. To this was now added the Constableships of the Castles of Taunton, Winchester, and also Bridgewater, the place his son afterwards chose for his title when advanced to an Earldom. He was named also Steward of all the King's Manors and Lordships, parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster, within the Counties of Southampton and Dorset; and all the Royal Manors and Lordships, parcel of the Earldom of Salisbury, within the County of Somerset. He was Sheriff of Devon 22 Edward IV.

Literally gorged with honours—many of them were not empty appointments, but which probably brought large emoluments with

them, such as the Lieutenancy of Calais, which carried a salary of 15,000 crowns a year; and doubtless the Stewardships and Constableships all brought commensurate fees and stipends, so that it is quite possible Lord Daubeney's riches were proportionate to his honours—yet he never appears to have recovered his antient heritages of South-Petherton and Barrington, that were given by Richard III. to Ralph, Lord Neville.

Lord Daubeney married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Arundell, of Lanherne, Cornwall, a family known as "the great Arundell of the West," and left one son, Henry, and one daughter, Cecily, married to John Bourchier, Lord Fitzwarren, afterwards created Earl of Bath by Henry VIII., 9 July, 1536, and who died 30 April, 1539.

Cecily, Countess of Bath, is probably buried with her husband in Bampton Church, Devon, where there are the remains of some handsome Purbeck marble tombs, with fine traceried panels, and the *Bourchier knot* and *water-bouget*, the family badges, sculptured on them.

But all Lord Daubeney's prowess in the battlefield, his astuteness as an ambassador, his honours and wealth, were powerless to avert the shaft of death. He died 28 May, 1507, just two years before the grave closed over his Royal patron; and as the King was then preparing the beautiful mausoleum in which his golden effigies now marks the place where his dust was afterward deposited, Lord Daubeney willed that his body should also rest within the same grand edifice, and as near to the King as may be.

So he is sepulchred in the centre of the Chapel of St. Paul, beneath a Purbeck marble tomb, and thereon recline himself and his wife, finely sculptured in alabaster, and wonderfully preserved, but grimed with London smoke and polished by visitor's fingers to Ethiopian colour and lustre. Will no one—no descendant of this nobleman's family—take pity on these beautiful figures, and relieve them of this abomination, which could be easily effected at little expense, and without the least injury?

Lord Daubeney is clad in plate armour, with broad-toed sabbatons; the head is bare, with long hair; over the armour he wears the mantle of the Garter, with badge on the left shoulder; around his neck the collar of the Order, and the Garter around his left leg; his head rests on a helmet, and the crest (as at South Petherton) is *a bunch of holly leaved and berried;* the feet rest on a lion, and behind the soles are sculptured two weepers or monks telling their beads; the sword belt is studded with double roses, and on the handle of the weapon is painted the arms of Daubeney.

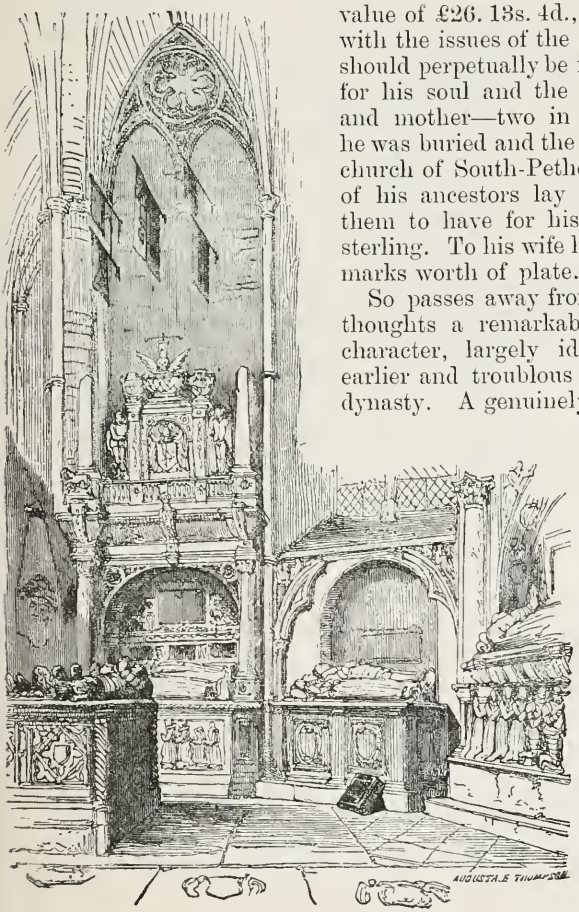
His lady appears with hair flowing down to her shoulders, and a portion brought up in a roll around her forehead enclosed in a jewelled net, and rings on her fingers; she wears a cote-hardie, with skirt and mantle over, tied across the breast with cordon and tassels; her head reclines on cushions guarded by angels; at her feet are two dogs, one collared.

The appointments of Lord Daubeney's armour and the ornaments of his wife's costume were gilded, and the cushions that support her

head are diapered in gold. Traces of colour are also faintly discernible beneath the vile pall of dirt that now covers these fine effigies, which are very boldly sculptured, and in their "best estate" must have been beautiful objects.

On the tomb beneath are traceried panels with shields in their centres, but no trace of blazonry remains. At the corners are, or were, twisted pillars. The ledger line around the edge of the cover stone has disappeared, and, with the exception of the shield on the sword and the crest rising from the helmet, no armorial insignia remain. The inscription existed in Dugdale's time.

Lord Daubeney made his will 19 May, 1507, and he bequeathed his body to be buried in the Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster; appointed that his feoffees should stand seized of the Manors of Winterslow and Critchell-Gouis in Dorset, of the yearly value of £26. 13s. 4d., to the intent that, with the issues of the same, three priests should perpetually be maintained to sing for his soul and the souls of his father and mother—two in the church where he was buried and the other in the parish church of South-Petherton, where divers of his ancestors lay buried, and all of them to have for his salary ten marks sterling. To his wife he left one hundred marks worth of plate.



Chapel of St. Paul, Westminster Abbey, and Tomb of Lord Daubeney.

So passes away from the stage of our thoughts a remarkable if not a great character, largely identified with the earlier and troublous days of the Tudor dynasty. A genuinely-useful man of all work for Henry; courtier, ambassador, or soldier, as the case or employment was; faithful and devoted to him on the whole, and by the King largely trusted and generously rewarded. To be a great man under Henry was, perhaps, an impossibility, as there was nothing large in the master

or his work, so there could be no great service performed in his employ.

In his ambassadorial functions Lord Daubeney could be only the "extended sense" of a subtle, wary, temporizing, cautious King, and master of dissimulation, not devoid of courage or principle, perhaps altogether, but so saturated with the love of money, and desirous to fill his coffers on almost any pretence, that he shrunk from earnestly and vigorously applying the subsidies his subjects voted, and contented himself with half-hearted martial demonstrations, prefacing even these, as a rule, by sending before them the harbingers of peace, with offers of his children, or connivance at almost anything, provided it would prevent the diffusion of his treasures, or make some addition to them.

An equally inglorious and aimless duty, as a consequence, waited on Lord Daubeney's services in the field, after the one real encounter at Bosworth, if he was really present there. In France it was limited to the rout of a sleeping camp, mainly composed of half-armed citizens, and its attendant ghastly butchery; in England to a similar onslaught and carnage on the ignorant host at Blackheath; and if "our Chamberlayn's" heart *did* recoil from such an encounter and consequent slaughter of his fellow countrymen, gathered as remonstrants at the insatiable call for money, it is, perhaps, the one green wreath that still survives with tender perennial fame, and crowns his memory in the Past.

As a Courtier, he achieved high rank, if pliancy and subserviency can confer such, climbing a constantly-ascending path; and that he did this unscathed through a difficult ordeal of duties in dangerous days, and in the company, doubtless, of many envious and discontented spirits, justifies the fine character left on record of him by Lord Bacon, as having been "a man of great sufficiencie and valour, the more because he was gentle and moderate."

What a contrast is the contemplation of all this phantasmagoria of greatness to the rural quietness and peace of South-Petherton and all "the pomp and circumstance" that waited on the steps of the country squire's child, who there drew his first breath, and, when Time

"Shut up the story of his days,"

was finally cradled for aye amid the king-haunted shadows in the Royal Abbey of Westminster.

And as with all the generations of men before them, so with the Tudor nobles of later time,—Lord Giles, the great and the wealthy, slept the sleep of his fathers, and Henry, his son, flourished in his stead.

Henry—such was the boy's name, for he was only thirteen years of age at his father's death—is suggestive. No ancestor of his had borne such cognomen. Giles for many generations had been the adopted family prefix, broken at one interval only by his grandfather, named William. To adopt the words of the genial historian of South-Petherton, the boy had literally been "born in the purple," and to him was fitly given the name of the King himself, doubtless out of compli-

GILES, LORD DAUBENEY, AND ELIZABETH, HIS WIFE. A.D. 1507.

Drawn by Roscoe Gibbs from their monument in Westminster Abbey.

ment, and it is not without the bounds of probability that the Monarch in person may have stood sponsor to his Chamberlain's heir.

The lad's position was a perilous one, and when viewed by the light of his eventual misfortunes, pity and commiseration would convey the feeling at its review, rather than wonder at the result.

Lord Henry was only thirteen years of age when his father died, and with him was also a sweet sister, probably younger. Thus were these two children, nobly born and abundant in wealth, left comparatively unprotected in the world at a critical age, with no father's care to shield them, nor, perhaps, other true friends at hand to guard and guide them, at the edge of a Court whose air then bristled with intrigue and danger, and to which, in the succeeding reign, was added boundless extravagance and license, treachery and blood. It would have been a wonder, indeed, if the lad had altogether passed scatheless through such temptation and contamination. Fortunately, his sister was suitably and happily married.

The first event probably having a great influence on his future destiny happened in 1509, two years after his father's death, when Henry VII. died and was succeeded by Henry VIII., young Henry Daubeney's companion, it may be, as well as namesake, then aged nineteen years, while the noble youth, to whom he afterwards gave an Earl's coronet, was just fifteen; and his name appears as the third in the recorded series of Knights created by the young Monarch in the first year of his reign.

Then occurs an interesting circumstance in his history. The Manors of Barrington and South-Petherton, the family patrimony, had been forfeited to the Crown through his father's complicity in Buckingham's revolt, 1 Richard III., and were granted to Ralph, Lord Nevill, of the Westmoreland family. Subsequently these manors appear to have passed to Lord Ralph Nevill's relative, George Nevill, the second Lord Bergavenny of that name.

"In 5 Henry VIII., 1514," says Mr. Bond, "George Nevill, Lord Bergavenny, sold it to Henry, Lord Daubeney, who seems to have settled this estate on his wife for life, with remainder to Sir Thomas Arundell (a relation on his mother's side) in fee." The young Lord Daubeney must then have been about twenty years of age. But was it a sale at all? or, if so, probably under very favourable conditions.

Henry, Lord Daubeney, married twice. His first wife was Elizabeth, the only daughter of the above George Nevill, Lord Bergavenny, who died in 1535, by his first wife, Joan, daughter of Thomas Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, K.G. So the sale of Barrington, if it was one, was to his son-in-law, prospective or actual.

These incidents would give a strong surmise that the building of Barrington Court may have been commenced about this time, and before, it may be, he had become involved in circumstances that appear to have prevented its ever being completed; and the style of architecture closely resembles what was prevalent about that era.

Then comes the mournful tradition of the gradual declension in circumstances of this wealthy and unfortunate man, and that he entered with avidity into the vortex of pleasures and costly frivolities

that accompanied the first year of the reign of Henry VIII., and finally his display at what may be termed the insane extravagance of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520, crippled him beyond power of retrieval.

How long he was wedded to his first love, Joan Nevill, or when she died, may not be answered here; but certainly about 1538 Lord Henry (then Earl of Bridgewater) had married secondly, and this time to Katharine, widow of Sir Ryse ap Thomas, and daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1524, by his second wife, Agnes Tylney. Being a widow, she may have been well dowered, and this circumstance, if so, perhaps had some weight as to his choice; but it was an ill-starred one and added great trouble of another kind, as will be seen.

Thus by his marriages he was allied with two of the noblest and most influential families in the kingdom—the Nevills and Howards—and closely connected also with the princely-descended but unfortunate Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, for George Nevill, Lord Bergavenny, father of his first wife, had married, secondly, Mary, and Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, half-brother to his second wife, was wedded to Elizabeth, both being daughters of the last ill-fated Duke, Edward Stafford, executed in 1521.

And so, probably, in his first wife's lifetime, and in company, at least, of her father, the young peer made his appearance at the celebrated and costly meeting of the two monarchs;

> "Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
> 'Twixt Guines and Arde."

And these words of our great bard, who makes fine allusion to this absurd pageant, lead us further to quote from the first act of his play of Henry VIII., specially and uniquely pertinent here, as interwoven with our little annals. In the graphic description of its "fierce vanities" and their results, we hear from the mouths of Norfolk and Abergavenny—evidently the father-in-law and (future) brother-in-law of Henry Daubeney—an account of the reckless expenditure and its deplorable results. "Each following day," narrates Norfolk,

> "Became the next day's master, till the last
> Made former wonders its: to-day, the French,
> All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
> Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
> Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
> Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
> As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
> Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
> The pride upon them."

In this revelry Lord Henry Daubeney's estate appears to have been irretrievably compromised, and this circumstance probably supplies the key to Abergavenny's remark—

> "I do know
> Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
> By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
> They shall abound as formerly."

FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD MEETING OF HENRY VIII. AND FRANCIS I.

From a bas-relief in the Hôtel du Bourgthéroude, Rouen.

and of Buckingham's confirming rejoinder, who, although he previously tells us "an unkindly (but perhaps kindly) ague stayed him prisoner in his chamber," answers—

> "O, many
> Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
> For this great journey."

a circumstance perhaps not altogether displeasing to Henry VIII., who while he was gratified by the vanity of this display about his person, saw also that this excessive expenditure, while attending him, severely affected their property, and so lessened the influence and power of the great nobles and gentry, many of whom appeared in the Royal train—as a contemporary, in a strain similar to Buckingham, observes—"carrying their estates, fields, houses, and woods upon their backs."

A small but interesting circumstance may be noted here, giving some clue to the state and probable expensive mode of living still continued by Lord Daubeney.

In the *Book of Household Expenses* kept by Katharine, Countess of Devon (she was seventh daughter of Edward IV. and aunt to Henry VIII.), for the year 1524, when she was resident in Devonshire, we find the sum of three shillings and fourpence paid by her "*to my Lord Dabney's minstrels for setting and mending my Lady's instrument*," and a further sum of five shillings "*to minstrels of the King, Cardinal, and Lord Dabney.*" Thus we see Lord Daubeney's minstrels, who were presumably part of his household establishment, bracketed with the King's and the imperious Wolsey, the very highest personages in the land.

So probably he and others continued to vie with the extravagance of the times; and then we hear of a conspicuous mark of favour bestowed on his sister Cecily's husband, John Bourchier, Lord Fitzwarren.

He, with George Nevill, Lord Bergavenny, and a large number of the leading nobility and ecclesiastics, had signed the notable letter to Pope Clement VII. on 13 July, 1530, "apprising his Holiness of the frail tenure of his supremacy should he refuse the Pontifical assent to the divorce of the King from Queen Katharine." On the 9th July, 1536, Lord Fitzwarren was created Earl of Bath.

Two years afterward came the last and most considerable honour conferred on Daubeney. On 19 July, 1538, Henry VIII. raised Henry, Lord Daubeney, also to an Earldom, and the title chosen was Bridgewater, perhaps in compliment to his father having been Constable of its Castle, and the town situate in the native county of his family, Somerset. Dugdale says it was conferred on him "at the King's Mannor House at Ocking, being the *second* that had title of some eminent city or town." The *first* to which this allusion is made must be Bath, chosen by his brother-in-law. Camden, referring to the adoption of Bridgewater as Henry, Lord Daubeney's title, says, "The greatest honour it (the town) ever had, was its being made a County by King Henry VIII., upon his creating Henry Daubeney Earl of Bridgewater."

Lord Bridgewater had married his second wife before he was raised to the dignity of the Earldom, in 1538; but the year following we get

evidence of his worldly affairs being in poor case. "To fulfil a former bargain and sale," says Hutchins, "between him (Lord Bridgewater) and Sir Thomas Arundell, Knt., 30 Henry VIII., 1539, he feoffs the said Thos. Arundell in fee simple of several lands in this Manor, Critchell-Gouis, and that of More-Critchell, and probably conveyed the whole of this Manor to him." Sir Thos. Arundell was his cousin, and had married his wife's niece, Margaret, sister to Queen Katharine Howard. This arrangement seems to have included his Manors of South-Petherton and Barrington, and it may be all the remainder of his landed estate.

It has been mentioned that his alliance with a daughter of the great Howard family was an unfortunate one, as adding much trouble of another kind to that of reduced circumstances. She was the aunt of Queen Katharine Howard, and became seriously involved in the cruel plot that finally sent her niece to the block.

When Henry returned from his northern progress in 1541, full of satisfaction and content with his young wife, whom he "entirely loved," Cranmer—he who afterwards passed through the agonizing fire—poured the "leperous distilment" into the monarch's ear of the assumed frailties of this much-loved wife before she was wedded to him and when she was residing with the old Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, her grandmother. At the relation, Henry, brutal and debased as he was, shrank aghast and for once appeared cut to the quick; but, true to his nature and love of change, his confidence in this "entirely-loved" wife vanished on the instant. Cranmer, too—with deep shame be it said—took upon himself the office of chief inquisitor toward fixing the disgrace on the poor distracted young creature; and his own account, still extant, of how he strove, by offers of proffered mercy, to lure her into a confession, or, as he expressed it, "travailed" with her in the wretched unmanly investigation to criminate herself before she became Henry's wife, almost exceeds belief, remembering the feeling of reverence with which Cranmer's character has been transmitted to posterity. Dereham (her assumed paramour), Damport, their servants, and others, had been also rigidly examined and put to the torture; but even then the "satisfactory" evidence they wished could not be obtained.

Then comes a change of plan and other actors engaged in hunting down this unfortunate Queen. The members of Henry's Council join Cranmer in the investigation, and foremost among these "nobles" was a disgusting sycophant, even more detestible and cruel than the Archbishop, because he was the Queen's own uncle—Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk—warm to the work, for he had already consigned to the scaffold one niece, Anne Boleyn, and now he was fully prepared, if not desirous, of sending the second. Now it was sought to implicate the Queen after her marriage, but sufficient on the first count being deemed to have been proved against her, she was ordered into custody to "the house of Sion." What a bitter sarcasm of name in the state of this distracted woman. This was followed immediately by the arrest of the old Duchess Dowager of Norfolk (her grandmother), the Countess of Bridgewater (her aunt), and other relatives, and their houses diligently

searched for evidence. The prisoners were not sent to the Tower, but locked up separately for examination at the houses of the Council and others the King's creatures.

So the matter went on and these nefarious investigations proceeded, and then another factor was associated with them—Stephen Gardiner, the champion of Roman faith, cheek by jowl with Thomas Cranmer, the champion of the Reformation, each vieing with the other, intent on the sacrifice of the young Queen, to please her bloated husband. Were ever the powers of evil so leagued together before for such piteous result?

One after another the prisoners were examined separately and secretly. Damport was reported "very stiff, confessing nothing for any torture they had used." Houses and coffers were ransacked for evidence, and everything done to get up a case, and at last these worthies report that the evidence, "with all presumptions and circumstances," will extend to misprision of treason against the old Duchess, the Countess of Bridgewater, and others, and ask orders of the King "if it shall please his Majesty to proceed thereon;" and they also wished to know what was to be done with their goods and chattels and the "profit of their lands for the term of their lives, their bodies being sentenced to perpetual imprisonment," as such example would be very notable!

Very comfortable times to live in, certainly—these "good old times" as we are sometimes deluded into the foolery of calling them, with the mirage of romance before our thoughts.

The next day after this "report," the Council proposed to meet at the house of the Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Southampton (one of the most unscrupulous of this unworthy conclave), and there examine the Duchess's daughter, Lady Bridgewater, who would be brought thither secretly; and they hoped, "with travail and labour, to find out the bottom of the plot, according to their bounden duty." But they appear to have got little out of the Countess, nor of Dereham or Culpepper, who by no "force" (torture) can be made to confess more. Yet they would be glad to hear his Majesty's pleasure concerning the poor doomed wretches' execution; and this, too, when they had not received the privilege of any kind of trial—only these scandalous examinations of their accusers before the truculent Council, aided by torture, not only to the unhappy men themselves, but inflicted on others to try and get some kind of evidence to convict them, and the Council alone, bent on their destruction, were the prosecutors, judges, and jury, and, of course, had found them guilty and set them aside for death.

The Council had not long to wait for the despot's decision. Culpepper and Dereham were ordered to be executed, and the one was beheaded and the other hanged and quartered at Tyburn on the 10th of December. This was paving the way and preparing surely for the death of the poor dazed Queen when all was completed. As to the old Duchess, the Countess of Bridgewater, and the others implicated, they were ordered to be committed to the Tower, which became so full that there was scarcely room for their accommodation; and "substantial

personages" were to be sent to the prisoners' houses to take charge of their goods in the King's behoof," all of which was simply an echo of what the Council had so cleverly suggested should be done.

Locked up in the fortress, this notable Council set to work with fresh vigour, and "travailed" diligently to get further confessions from their prisoners, and the old Duchess, the widow of the victor of Flodden Field, a poor infirm old creature, was baited and cross-examined with every kind of indignity, and coaxed and promised alternately with offers of her life if she would fix the shame of harlotry on her granddaughter with Dereham prior to her being wedded to Henry. But, aged and sick as she was, the high-minded old lady, with death staring her in the face, would not, could not, compromise her grandchild, nor relate anything on the matter beyond the possibility of a slight attachment between them. The Countess of Bridgewater was diligently "travailed" with also in like sort by these determined men, Cranmer and Gardiner being associated in the Council, but they were equally unsuccessful with her; and so they report, "*but as for Bridgewater, she sheweth herself her mother's daughter, that is, one that will by no means confess anything.*"

And not only did they "travail" to find accusation against the Queen, but also to make their victims reveal all "their hidden money, plate, and jewels," and the old Duchess's, whose possessions in this sort, as befitting her rank, were considerable, were all taken away for safe custody to Westminster, and when she was told at last her life would be spared, she pleaded for something to be left to live on, and also her house at Lambeth, as she had not long to live.

Then came the "trial"—if such a mockery could be called one—before the Council, of the captives generally, the old Duchess being omitted. They were brought up in twos and threes, man and wife arraigned separately, and all the art possible invoked to find them guilty on misprision of treason. The cowed jury did their work well, and convicted all those who did not confess or plead guilty and sue for mercy, and as a result the whole of them were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, forfeiture of their goods, and sequestration of their estates during their lives; and among those affected by this sentence was the Countess of Bridgewater.

Referring to these proceedings, some modern historians* observe:—

"The affair of Catherine Howard now proceeded rapidly, and with a baseness on the part of all concerned which almost staggers belief. No man had the spirit to recommend a more legal way of proceeding; none durst open their lips in favour of any of the accused; the nearest in blood to them sought favour with the Court by crying for their condemnation. No humiliation was too vile for the loftiest aristocracy of the land. A day or two after their committal to the Tower, the Duke of Norfolk wrote to the King, telling him he had learned that his ungracious mother-in-law, his unhappy brother and wife, and his *lewd* sister of Bridgewater, are in the Tower, which, he says, from his long experience of his Majesty's equity and justice, he feels sure is not done but

* See the *Comprehensive History of England*, by C. Macfarlane and T. Thomson (Blackie), to which we are indebted for many of these interesting particulars, for a fuller account, on the authority of the *State Papers*, &c.

for false and traitorous proceedings. This mighty lord had urged on the ruin of his niece, Anne Boleyn, and had presided at her trial; but Anne and he were enemies, and opposed in matters of religion, whereas in the present case there was no enmity and no conflicting views as to dogmas of faith. He, however, condemned his other niece, Catherine Howard, just as he had condemned Anne; and he lamented very pathetically 'the most abominable deeds done by two of his nieces against his highness,' which, he adds, hath brought him into the greatest perplexity that ever poor wretch was in; fearing that his Majesty, having so often and by so many of his kin been thus falsely and traitorously handled, might not only conceive a displeasure in his heart against him and all others of that kin, but also, in manner, abhor to hear speak of any of the name. 'Wherefore,' continues this noble Howard, 'my most gracious Sovereign lord! prostate at your feet most humbly I beseech your Majesty to call to your remembrance that a great part of this matter is come to light *by my declaration to your Majesty*, according to my bounden duty, of the words spoken to me by my mother-in-law when your highness sent me to Lambeth to search Dereham's coffers, without the which, I think, she had not been further examined, nor, consequently, her ungracious children."

It would be difficult, in the face of such evidence, to imagine much deeper, unnatural degradation of character, but the inevitable Nemesis followed this grovelling insensate man. He lived to witness his gifted

THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

son perish on the same scaffold whereon had died before him the two Queens, that gifted son's cousins. The edge of the axe, too, was already on his own neck, but that strange good fortune which occasionally interposes to save the worst among human kind, this time waited on him, and by an interposition almost miraculous, the hand of death was laid on "his Highness"—a few hours only before his own head was doomed to have been placed on the block; and so he escaped to carry his infamy to a grave unstained by his blood.

The Queen's relations being disposed of, it only remained to dispose of her also. Here there was some difficulty; but in those times difficulties were easily got over, and this would be only a slight one, although a question of life and death was concerned in it. Cranmer, during his inquisitorial investigations, had conveyed to the unhappy woman, as from the King, a promise that her life should be spared; but Henry was bent on her destruction, and the question was how to accomplish it.

Means were soon found. What that amiable potentate perhaps hesitated to incur the odium of, his faithful obsequious Parliament, then newly called together, with "unerring instinct" as to his desire,

QUEEN KATHARINE HOWARD.

implored him to allow them to do, and act the murderer's part for him. To this humble petition Henry graciously assented, and in five days the bill of attainder was promptly carried through both houses and presented to the King, accompanied by some kind of confession which the poor distracted Queen was said to have acknowledged; the resolutions and messages passing between the Parliament and the King on this mournful occasion being a tissue of the ghastliest hypocrisy.

The end soon came. On the 13th February, 1541-2, the Queen's headless body was laid beside her cousin Anne Boleyn's in the Tower Chapel, and with them the "infamous" Lady Rochford, partner of the same fate. A simple citizen of London, writing to his brother at Calais, was witness of their death, and has left the only record extant

of their last moments—a homely and touching description of the Queen's resignation and hope of future mercy, and the penitence of her companion.

So the grave closes over the hapless niece of the Countess of Bridgewater, and our thoughts revert to her imprisoned aunt. The sentence of perpetual durance passed on the Countess by the Council was not carried out, and with the remainder of the prisoners she was released soon after the death of the Queen; but, doubtless, greedy confiscating hands had been laid on all her possessions, personal and real, that she could claim as her own. How this would adversely affect Barrington it is difficult to see, and probably it did not, for, supposing the Earl had settled it on both his wives for their lives successively, they could have no possession of it during his lifetime, and the remainder in fee he had vested in Sir Thomas Arundell.

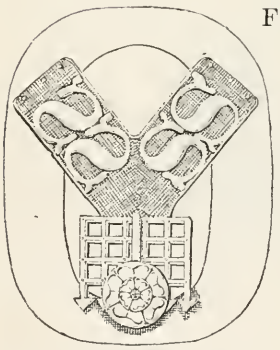
This settlement of the reversion on his relative Sir Thomas (who had also married his wife's niece, Margaret Howard), probably took place about 1539. The Earl died in 1548, but his Countess survived until 1554. Intermediately, however, and before he succeeded to its possession, he was implicated in the alleged conspiracy with the Protector Somerset. The boy-king Edward, as callously as he records the execution of his uncle a few weeks previously, circumstantially relates in his *Diary* the means taken to convict the Knight:—"29 Jany. 1551-2. Sir Thomas Arundell was likewise cast of felony in treason, after long controversie, for the matter was brought in trial bie seven of the cloke in the morning 28th day; at none the quest went together; they sate shut up together in a house, without meate or drinke, bicause they could not agree, all that day and all night: this 29th day in the morning they did cast him." Starved into compliance, doubtless, that their victim may not escape. Machyn, in his *Diary*, concludes the description of the tragedy, which took place on the twenty-sixth of February, "the wyche was the morow after saynt Mathuwe day, was heddyd on the Towre hyll, Sir Thomas Arundell, and incontenent was hangyd Sir Raff A. Vane, Knyght, after, ther bodys wher putt into dyvers nuw coffens to be bered, and heds, into the Towre in cases, and ther bered."* After the execution his property was confiscated, but a considerable portion, inclusive of the Earl's reversion, were possessed by his widow.

From the field of Bosworth to the death of Elizabeth, the history of the dynasty of Tudor may be traced in blood, and the executioner's axe, ready at every emergency, lurked unceasingly in the shadow of the throne.

* * * * *

* *The Chapel in the Tower*, by Doyne C. Bell.

BARRINGTON COURT



Tudor Jewel.*

F Barrington Court! and the way thereto. A bright summer afternoon, a pleasant Somersetshire lane winding between high banks; above, the clear sunny depths of God's sky; around, a thousand sparkling flowers, and hovering over them

> "the child of Spring,
> The winnowing butterfly with painted wing,
> That busy flickers on from bloom to bloom;"

the birds "singing gaily," and the droning bee. What a contrast, this pleasantness and peace, to the horrors of the lurid blood-streaked atmosphere of man's creating that we have just been contemplating.

Across the level fields or park we catch the first glimpse of palatial, gaily-crested Barrington, exhibiting unmistakeably the air and appearance of a residence designed for an important and wealthy occupant.

A stately, picturesque, E-shaped house, and rich in colour of the Hamdon oolite, time-imbrowned and softened,—its substantial but not heavy façade, well broken by gables and fully relieved with large many-mullioned windows, gives the edifice front rank among the numerous fine mediæval mansions still existing in Somerset. But the chief

* On the effigy of Sir John Cheney (a companion in arms of Giles, Lord Daubeney) in Salisbury Cathedral.

attraction that arrests the eye is the forest of ornate pinnacles and chimneys, twisted, fluted, and multi-angular, arranged above, the chimneys well capped and the pinnacles crested with rich pine-apple shaped finials.

All the exterior remains in comparatively excellent preservation, and but little renovation would be required to restore its antient completeness. But here we must stop, and with the completion of the outside walls we think the original builders stopped also; and the misfortunes that overtook who, we deem, was unquestionably its noble projector, paralyzed the hand commissioned to complete it, and all was left unfinished within, beyond carrying up roughly, as it were, the main divisions. Little or nothing remains of the internal fittings that, perhaps, could be absolutely assigned to the original era; what now presents itself having any pretence to age is a poor seventeenth-century trace, with the arms of Strode (one of its late possessors), on a chimney piece in a reception room. All otherwise is modern, and one unused wing is open to the roof. The appearance of the edifice now, suggests the comparison of a baron's robe covering a rustic squire subsiding into the country farmer.

The situation is not a fine one; but the charm of site so much sought after by later generations was then little studied. Still, in a broad open park, well garnished and clumped round with the superb elms that in the lowlands of Somersetshire alone rise in their strength and grandeur, the handsome front, with cresting of pinnacles and chimnies cutting into the blue sky behind; and beneath, the green level sward retiring almost illimitably between the trees into the grey distant shadows, would form a picture both striking and impressive.

Not an heraldic trace, monogram or date, referable to the original possessor, can be discovered either within or without the edifice; nor is there, we believe, any written record left giving certain evidence thereon. This is, perhaps, the most curious circumstance of all connected with a building of such pretension, and conjoined with the Earl's obscure burial, and complete demolition of the last earthly home he occupied, seems as if Oblivion had set her seal on the memory of the last noble Daubeney.

But a note or two on the subsequent history of Barrington. The fee of its Manor, together with that of South-Petherton, were made over by the Earl to Sir Thomas Arundell, probably at the same time as his lands at Critchell and South Perrott. After Lord Bridgewater's death in 1549, it became the property of Sir Thomas Arundell; but on his cruel attainder and execution, 26 February, 1551–2, it was forfeited to the Crown. The following year King Edward VI. gave it to Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, who, says Mr. Bond, "the same year sold it to William Clifton. Sir John Clifton, Knt., died at Barrington, 25 May, 1593, seized of the capital messuage and park of Barrington, and Gervase Clifton, his son and heir, twenty-three years old or more."

Sir John Clifton was one of the numerous company of west country gentlemen who formed the retinue of Queen Elizabeth during her "progress to Bristowe" in 1574, and there received the honour of knighthood.

Anent this Sir John Clifton, let us add a little bit of interesting family history, accidentally discovered in the Colyton church Register, as to his second marriage. We there read, dated 20 July, 1579:—

> "*John Cleftown, of Barrenton, in the Countye of Som'sett, Knyghte, was wedded unto the Ryghte Honorable the Ladye Margerette Taylboyes, of Collocombe, wydo.*"

This was the Lady Margaret Tailboys' "third venter." She had been married twice previously, but the cautious recording scribe in the Register must have had just ideas of precedency, for he gives her the superior title of her first husband.

She was the daughter of Sir Wm. Skipwith, Knight, and wife, first, to George (the second Lord Tailboys), who died in 1540, and, secondly, she wedded Sir Peter Carew, Knight, of Mohuns-Ottery, who died in 1575.

Sir Gervase Clifton, his son (by a previous marriage to Lady Margaret), sold Barrington in 1605 to Sir Thomas Phelips, of the Montacute family, and his son, Sir Thomas, was created a Baronet "of Barrington" in 1619. From him it passed soon afterwards to the Strodes (their arms, in stucco, are over one of the chimney-pieces), who possessed it until the middle of the last century.

A notable circumstance connected with the Duke of Monmouth's progress through the west of England occurred at Barrington during its ownership by the Strodes, on 27 August, 1680. "On that day," says Mr. George Roberts, "the Duke went on from Brympton to Barrington Court, the seat of Mr. William Strode, a great supporter of the Country Party. His Grace was pleased to honour this gentleman with his company at dinner, the entertainment being nothing inferior to what his Grace had met with at other places. The dinner hour must have been early, for about four in the afternoon he had got to Chard, eight miles further on, and went on to Ford Abbey in the evening."

Unfortunate Monmouth; his next progress through these parts led to a very different result. From the Strodes, through various possessors, Barrington has passed to its present proprietor.

Enow of Barrington, its antient inhabiters, and, shall we say also of him, the unfortunate founder thereof? No, for we propose to take up the clue of his memory and that of his persecuted wife again elsewhere by-and-bye; but here, as to the history of his projected home, the thread of our thoughts is ravelled out as the fairy pinnacles melt in the twilight. Right pleasant is it to traverse the quiet lanes back again, and rejoice in the security of unenvied enjoyment, and unfamed station, and that best and boundless source of pleasure that springs from within, the commune of one's own heart, that finds its inspiration, solace, and delight in the simple natural surroundings of every day life; for, is it not so, that all the promptings of ambition, or search for fame, can add to it, proves but the unrest of a troublous, feverish dream. Thus were we musing, and, as we thought, alone, when a sudden turn in our way brought us face to face with a picture,

not a scene from the Field of the Cloth of Gold and some painted Madam to throw down the gage, but a rural passage at arms in a court even more influential and charming than those "clinquant" monarch's jousts, and where the potent king sent forth, from lips an Earl may even envy the possessor of,

A CHALLENGE.

The path across the meads led on,
That reached his cottage home:
The ewes were folded, work was done,
Why need he further roam?

With arm across the stile he leant,
His dog beside him lay,
She, from the lane, asked if he meant
To come around her way?

With halting grasp his curls he crushed,
To hear such sweet request;
She stretched her hand, the dog forth rushed,
His paws placed on her breast,

And reaching, kissed her cheek so fair,
Then eager, turned to see
Why no one sought such bliss to share,—
And yet, still lingered he.

"O Rover, true," so spake the maid,
"Go tell thy master this,
Had he thy love, he ne'er had stayed,
To see thee steal his kiss!"

Then vanished where the shadows gray
The hedgerows tall divide;
The dog sped past her like a fay,—
His foot stopped at her side!

Our memories of the Earl and his Countess now become faint, almost beyond further trace; but before we reach the last scene of all, a short notice may be added as to the other descent of Daubeney, springing from James, the country squire, and younger brother of Giles, Lord Daubeney, K.G.

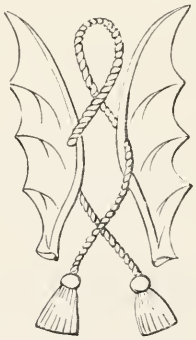
James Daubeney was a man of some position, and Sheriff of Somerset and Dorset in 1488; he married Elizabeth Pauncefote, and had two surviving sons. One, Giles, the eldest, settled at Wayford, near Crewkerne, married Elizabeth, sister of Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter (Symons saw Oldham's "coate" in South-Petherton church), and dying in 1558, left descendants settled at Wayford, where they erected the fine old manor house, still existing there, within which is the date 1602. The building is in excellent preservation, and displays, architecturally, the usual characteristics of a country squire's residence of that era. The principal reception room has a handsome chimney piece, and stuccoed ceiling of fine work, very well preserved. The porch, of arches and niches, has an Italian character, and is ornamented with the Daubeney arms and badge—*a pair of dragon's wings*,

addorsed and conjoined by a cordon. Sculptured shields of arms, with quarterings, occur on the north gable and over the porch; the bearings are considerably denuded, but on the escutcheon above the entrance the *dragon's wings* are placed as a *crest.*

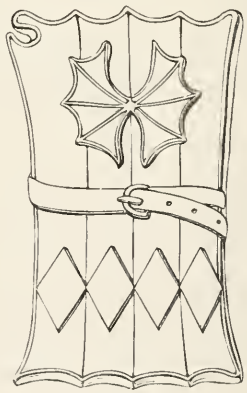
John, the younger son of James Daubeney, settled at Gorwell, in Litton-Cheney, in the County of Dorset, In the church, says Hutchins, is a monument to the memory of George, his son, thus inscribed:—

To the Memory of George Daubeney, of Gorwell, in this Parish, Esq.,
and for herself, Elizabeth, his wife,
daughter of Thomas Coker, of Mapouder, in this County, Esq.,
has erected this.
He died the 6th of Sept., Ann. Dom. 1612,
and of his age 54.

Arms, quarterly:—1, Daubeney; 2, *Sable, a bend or, between six plates;* there seems to have been a charge on the bend, but it is worn out. (This was evidently intended for Stourton.) 3, *Argent, a chevron sable, between ten billets.* 4, *Barry of six, or and vert* (Moyne). 5, *Parted per fess argent and gules, three fleurs-de-lys or.* 6, *A bend lozengy sable;*—impaling, quarterly, Coker, Norris, Wallis, Veale, Buett, and Sutton. Crest, above Daubeney's impalements, *a pair of wings sable.* Over Coker the crest of that family.



Wayford House.



Muchelney Church.

The arms of Daubeney—*Gules, four fusils in fess argent*—are found at the places and positions before described; the crest—*a bundle of holly, leaved and berried*—is indicated on the old gravestone at Norton-Brize, and occurs as a crest on the helmets supporting the heads of the effigies at South-Petherton and Westminster Abbey, The badge, although it is also used as a crest, at Wayford and Litton-Cheney Church.

One other unique example exists at Muchelney church, on a boss in the groining of the tower. There on a shield *à bouche*, divided by a guige fess-ways across it, is both the badge or crest of the *dragon's wings in chief*, and the *four fusils in base*. The date of the tower is about the end of the fifteenth century, and it is probable Giles, Lord Daubeney, was either a patron of the Abbey, or a contributor towards the rebuilding the tower.

An irrepressible digression stays us here. To the antiquarian or archæological student seeking a locality to spend a few pleasant hours, let him come to Muchelney, and look over the still remaining portion of its antient Abbey—the handsome and interesting parish church, with, just outside the precincts of the churchyard, the whole floor of the Conventual church, excavated and laid bare, strewn with portions of its structure, tombs and effigies, and gravestones of the Abbots, many of them *in situ;* a most interesting sight. One of these old Abbot's coffin-lids (which has since been, unthinkingly, perhaps, removed into the church) has a simple pastoral staff incised across it slantwise, but with no letter or date visible to give clue as to whom once rested beneath it. All it betokened was

A SHEPHERD'S GRAVE.

Thus saith the LORD—"As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out My sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." - EZEKIEL xxxiv. 12.

Who sleeps below this stone, so worn and frayed,
Shaped like the last that covers human face?
Say, as thou can'st alone, O mitred shade,—
The trusty marble gives but symbolled trace—
A pastoral staff. "The Shepherd of a flock,
So passed my days; what boots to know my name?
My fold is desolate—the world's dire shock
Hath razed its precincts—but a deathless fame,
Unkenned of men, soars on to endless day,
And consecrates my mission, crowns my vow.
Enough! go, sojourner, upon thy way,
And bear my benison upon thy brow
From nameless dust, and crook laid on the sod,
May thy steps end up in the fold of God."

The arms of Daubeney also occur on the gateway of Cerne Abbey, encircled by the Garter. This would also relate to Giles, Lord Daubeney.

The history of the adoption of the *dragon's wings* may have been a grant of honour from Henry VII. to his Chamberlain, the dexter supporter of the Royal arms of that monarch being *a dragon*, and in allusion, perhaps, to the continual movements connected with Lord Daubeney's offices as Ambassador and General.

The death of Queen Katharine Howard took place in 1542; and of the remaining six years of the Earl's lifetime we hear little. With his own and his wife's cup full, both of reverse of circumstances and anxiety, it is probable that he fled at last, like a singed moth, from the consuming glare of Henry VIII.'s terrible Court, and spent them in

the quietness and seclusion of his Manor-house, in the little Dorsetshire village of South-Perrott, near Crewkerne.

A portion of the Manor belonged to the Daubeneys, including the advowson, to which they presented in 1509, and again in 1539. The Manor-house stood in a field close beside the churchyard, but of its structure, except a small portion of broken wall incorporated into the boundary of the yard, not one stone remains upon another.

Where Elizabeth Nevill, the first wife of Henry, Lord Daubeney, was buried, may not be related here—it may have been where her father lies, at Birling, in Kent—but Katharine Howard, his second wife, and Countess of Bridgewater, survived her husband six years, and at last found safe sanctuary from man's devices in the Norfolk Chapel, attached to Lambeth Church, on 11 May, 1554. Many members of her distinguished family are there sepulchred beside her. The chantry was originally built in 1522, but has since been incorporated into the church.

The traveller adjourneying westward toward Crewkerne, if he looks out of the carriage window south, as the train slows itself into the station, will see a broad, open valley, and some two miles off, the crest of a square and somewhat massive church tower rising amid the grey haze of its distant undulations. That betokens the village of South-Perrott.

The way to it from the station is by a good broad turnpike road, and just as we are entering the precincts of the place, an exceedingly pleasant picture is before us of the grouping of old houses that forms its street, and the church well seated behind it. By a winding path we reach the churchyard gate, and on our right another gate opens into a meadow adjoining, where various hollows and mounds, now covered with luxuriant turf, shew us the foundations of the antient Manor-house.

"I was a guest once in the house thou art seeking to give habitation and name to," said a weird voice in our ear, "and can tell thee what I saw there when I was in the flesh, and its structure intact, and when also there sojourned beneath its roof a much greater and more unfortunate man than him whose grave thou hast come to seek." Here was returned to us yet once more, and for the last time ere he departed for ever, the spirit of our old companion who set off with us at the beginning of this little voyage of investigation—the Cornet of Horse and earnest Antiquary, Richard Symons.

This sojourner at the old Manor-house, of whom he spake, was the ill-fated Charles I., who stayed a night at South-Perrott, marching slowly back the disastrous road that led him at last to the block. And now, antient friend, give us the burthen of thy memories thereon, and a further and final glance at thy note-book.

"Munday (7 Oct. 1644). The King lay this night at Mr. Gibbs his howse, the manor of South Barrett (Perrott), Com: Dorset. These coates are old in the hall window, where the King lay at Mr. Gibbs:—*Gules, four fusils conjoined in fess argent* (Daubeney), and Daubeney impaling quarterly—1 and 4, Arundell; 2 and 3, Scrope."

Not Scrope, but Carminow, antient friend, the most cherished quartering of Arundell; a grand west-country charge as venerable and

honourable as Scrope, and therefore a very pardonable mistake, because the bearings are identical.

The Manor-house is traditionally described as being of some size, with fish ponds and gardens. Its site is still known as Court Orchard. After Daubeney, it passed to the Gibbs family, and the structure was finally razed to the ground toward the end of the seventeenth century.

Musing, we turn from a contemplation of the grassy undulations in the meadow—this last effacement of Daubeney, and our foot has traversed the threshold of the churchyard gate: but he of the steel corselet and antiquary's note book has vanished for aye!

SOUTH-PERROTT CHURCH.

From the Earl of Bridgewater's last home upon the earth to his final resting place beneath it, was but a step. Within the church, we carefully scrutinize the chancel pavement and every nook and corner elsewhere, seeking some sign that may mark his sepulchre. Our search is vain. We turn to the humble pages of the parish Register, and there, chronicled among the names of the peasantry of the hamlet, appears—

> "*Henricus Daubine, dominus illustrissimus ac Comes de Bridgewater sepultus fuit, duodecimo die mensis Aprilis, 1548.*"

This is the only record that exists to his memory. The priest who probably officiated at his simple exequies was Prebendary Hugh Farnham (a name still flourishing in the county), to whom the Earl had given the living twelve years before.

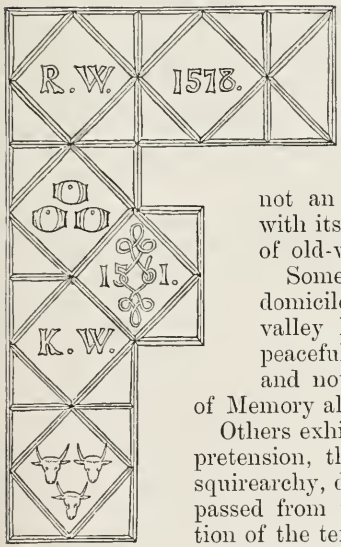
So ends our little history. Outcast and alone, without a letter or symbol to mark his sepulchre, so impoverished—tradition delivers it—as to be dependant on a sister's love to provide for the last sad preparations for burial (but this could not be, as the Countess of Bath had predeceased him nearly ten years), and with neither of his high-born wives at his side, sleeps the Earl of Bridgewater.

The dirge of a sigh escapes us as we think of this sad exemplification of the proverb, "O, Poverty, thou dost indeed bring us strange bed-fellows, aye, even in the grave!"

FUIMUS.

The pall hath here usurped the cloth of gold,
The shroud and nameless dust, the herald's breath;
In life's gay tourneys once the conqueror bold,
Hath bowed him low, here in the jousts of death;
Dreamless of pageants and their glancing pride,
The purple robe, and garb of homely frieze,
Peasant and peer are sleeping side by side,
The dark arch-victor knoweth no degrees:
Biered among strangers and entombed alone,
E'en love's connubial tie dissevered wide,
For thee life's help-mates twain in graves unknown,
Rest far away, and leagues their dust divide:
Grant us Thy peace, O hope of life to come;
Soothe suffering hearts, and point Love's endless home.

MEMORIES OF THE VALE OF COLY.



IVE miles pleasant saunter through green fields, without break or interval, is something of a trophy in its way even for green-swarded, leafy Devon, and an occasional halt here and there among the low-thatched farm houses scattered along or near their course; not an excursion to be despised in any case, with its attendant genial hospitality and meed of old-world pleasant human interest.

Some of these rests-by-the-way are simple domiciles where the "rude forefathers" of the valley have for generations spent the even, peaceful tenor of their lives, unknown to Fame, and now, possibly, even lost to the tender care of Memory also.

Others exhibit, but with scarcely recognizable more pretension, the olden residences of the local lesser squirearchy, dotted here and there between, but now passed from their original estate, and in the occupation of the tenants.

Fortunately some of these long, irregular, low-thatched domiciles still linger in the nooks of our valleys, guarded by the great elms that shelter and almost hide them from view. But the ceaseless war of Change—that restless demon under the too-often specious name of improvement—is fast destroying these pleasant old houses and levelling the glorious trees that cluster around and protect them.

Yet how pleasant, when fairly cared for, were these old houses to dwell in, in their primitive quiet and simplicity. The great overhanging deep-thatched eaves, the eyebrows of the front, as it were, with the chamber windows cut into them as eyes, gleaming in the morning sun, and looking so cosy and comfortable with the white curtains within.

Below, the old Tudor-mullioned windows—as much stone as glass—the stone grey and time-worn, and the casements between dim with the generations of eyes that, from early infancy to lapsing age, have peered through the chequer of its glass quarrels; the great towering chimney, square-hewn and substantial, with wealth of sweet wood-smoke softly floating away from its apex. The carefully-trained rose, spread along the every-way built stone and cob front, hung with unapproachable clusters; the thriving myrtle in the chimney angle; underneath, the fringe of old sweet blooms; and, stretching away on one side, the well stocked, well-cared-for garden, with venerable yew or bay tree—antient as the house itself—in the corner.

Thus far outside. The front porch, with its side seats—door open, of course—the sunshine stretching half way through the passage, breezy and airy; the massive oaken partitions garnished with saddle, and whip, and arched door-way half way down, opening to the "best" kitchen, or hall, as it is termed. Within, the great chimney corner, the cracking blaze, overhung with bevy of steaming crocks and kettles; on one side, the large, well-polished ash dinner table—the inheritance of generations that have eaten their first and last meal thereon, stretched their baby legs upon it, and then, life's labour done, silently departed, an unreturning guest—ranged just in front of the window, and on its surface the sun-lit mazes of the old casement reflected as a mirror; the tall venerable clock, older than the oldest tradition of the house, ticking measuredly away the busy hours in the corner, and sending the sweet clang of their knell acres away.

No one is there within, perhaps, at the moment you enter; the good wife busy, it may be, in the dairy at the rear of the house, or gone to the harvest folk with the dinner, the master of the household for the time, being a strong sun-browned three-year-old, tired with his morning run, sound asleep in his wicker cradle at the end of the great table, and a gaunt grey sheep dog on guard close by, eyeing you good humouredly and with his apology of a tail wagging a welcome; but the whole place wearing an air of indescribable homely comfort and peace, dreamless of revolvers, dynamite, and all such devilish inventions.

Pleasant in summer, so equally comfortable and warm in winter, the old yeomen, learning Nature's lesson of wisdom from the wild animals around them, planted their dwellings usually at the base of the hill, or nestled in some glade or combe at its side, well sheltered from storm and tempest. Close around they built the housings for their cattle, and stacked and stored the produce of their land for the sustenance of both—one family, as it were, and common interest. And so, when the fierce wind-sped November rains stripped the leaves from the trees, or whirling snow eddies in Christmas hours swept by, the farmer and his children warming their knees by the ingle in his low-thatched homestead, the cows chewing the cud of contentment in the warm shed close by, the horses looking lazily over the well-mended hatch of the stable door, the pigs, half smothered in straw, snoozing and grunting dreamily in their "loose" in the corner, the feathered monarch of the barton serenely perched among his dames on the bar over their head, became in verity and substance the embodiment of

homely refuge and content, so suggestive of the pleasantness of olden English rural life, a natural happy existence that the inmate of a palace might envy. And while lingering over these simple delights of a country life, a jingle in rhyme, the offspring of younger days, apposite to one of the sweetest of them—

> "Like phantom of a silent song
> That went and came a thousand times"—

has haunted their review—the subject a sentiment found in Terence, but a question, we trow, of much older birth than its tender delineation by the Carthaginian poet, which, before his day and since, many a shy waiting-to-be-won heart has secretly asked itself, ofttime, it may be, without getting the longed-for response we sing of.

WHY SPEAKS HE NOT WHO MAY?

My love he's a farmer lad, comely and true,
As e'er followed furrow or folded an ewe,
And the girls they all seek him, though he stands alone,
When I know in his heart he well wishes them gone.
They tell me *I'm* comely; I'm homely and pure,
And Robin he loves me, of this I am sure,
Though he ne'er says a word, and *I* love him, I find,
Yet I'd rather lose Robin than tell him my mind:
Oh, tell me, my heart, tell me truly, I pray,
The reason there is why he speaks not, who may?

Now Lubin, his brother, *will* meet me and talk,
And down the mill meadows oft asks me to walk,
But Robin, whenever he passes me by,
His brown cheek gets crimson, and down-cast's his eye:
I'm sure I don't look at him strangely or shy,
And long oftentimes for a word to reply;
But my heart whispers, Wait! 'Tis, I know, the best way;
Love won't always be dumb, but will yet have his say:
Oh, tell me, my heart, tell me truly, I pray,
The reason there is why he speaks not, who may?

Yet he tells me by deeds, and I love so to see,
How he waits for some errand which brings him to me;
Gets his work over early, to turn the cows home,
And help me at milking, when evening hours come:
One morning he brought me a lamb from the fold,
Whose dam on the snowy ground lay stiff and cold.
Though I thanked his kind care, he scarce made me reply,
Yet beneath my tilt bonnet I caught his blue eye:
Oh, tell me, my heart, tell me truly, I pray,
The reason there is why he speaks not, who may?

One eve by the dairy-hatch I stood alone—
The cows were all milked and my work was all done—
When soft footsteps I heard, then a trembling voice near
Made me start as I heard it say, "Phyllis, my dear!"
What passed for the moment I don't recollect—
My heart choked with joy, I ne'er paused to reflect;
The next found me prisoner where parley was vain,
And large tears on his burning cheek fast fell like rain:
Oh, tell me, my heart, tell me truly, I pray,
The reason there is why he speaks not, who may?

To return to things material. Regretfully, it may be said, the "march of improvement" slowly spreads its obliterating tide, and one by one these homes of the past are disappearing. Railway trains roar along our valleys with delirious speed and boundless risk, the thoughtless voyagers supremely callous or serenely unconscious of the grim truth that the snapping of one of the countless, highly-tensioned appliances of their steel-sinewed Phaeton would send the majority of them inevitably, in the twinkling of an eye, to the crack of doom. Side by side on the iron road runs the electric wire, pulsing with its heart-searching message current—heart-searching alway and too often heart-breaking in purport—the eager anticipation of a life already too short, and filling the noiseless plumy wing of Time with thorns to rend and tear us. And the flood of cheap literature also, sensational and superficial, professing on the one hand to "engage" the imagination with impossible situations and horrors, or prostituted sentiment, or assuming, on the other, to instruct, with the flimsiest and most superficial smatterings, on science, religion, politics, art, literature, or what not, ending in a general result of invading the enquiring mind with a cloud of doubts only, and offering with goody-goody importunity the everlasting pennyworth, as a viaticum to unlock the golden treasury of all knowledge; while the wholesome, homely, careful, old-fashioned, sensible training, and the high-minded moral suasion found in the life-giving pages of the Great Book are forgotten or set aside, or rifled of their balm by a crew of tricky so-called experts, and the large heart and loving spirit of its Great Exemplar—the very soul of a happy existence, and the truest knowledge—is ignored or sought to be explained away by metaphysical *finesse*, or to be obtained by mechanical observance or rant, and so made subservient to satisfy the insatiate claims of fashion, flimsy emotion, pious selfishness, or ecclesiastical pride.

So the old real people and their simple habits are gone, or nearly, and with their successors has come a clamour for the destruction of their habitations also. In this tide of change that has passed over present-day existence, rural life has perhaps suffered more than any other. Our modern farmer has been "transmogrified," by the aid of "artificials" and "machinery," into a scientist—the spoiled child of a host of admiring savans, all devoted, of course, most assiduously to his welfare. But all these new-fangled appliances have not proved unmitigated blessings; new diseases and sundry kinds of death have invaded his cattle, the employment of a much larger capital, greater pressure, and commensurate attendant risk, has not added to the comfort of his pillow; and while it has seemingly elevated him to a more pretentious position in the social scale, and increased his expenses, if not his profits, it has also deprived him almost wholly of the olden homely and precious comfort of the unobtrusive position enjoyed by his predecessors in days gone by.

And therefore it comes to pass, as things go, that no such superior being as the yeoman of to-day could reside in the old unpretending farm house, with its simple surroundings, that satisfied his forefathers, and one by one they are disappearing, and in their places, or rather

perched on some hillock near, give place to smirk square houses, with an accretion of smaller buildings in the rear, looking strangely uncomfortable and altogether out of harmony with the surrounding landscape—a sort of amplification of a modern Swiss toy-box.

Fortunately, this tide of change has been slow to reach some of our Devonshire valleys, and in our five miles' wandering through green fields, up the vale of the Coly, we shall have the pleasure to visit a few of those left remaining, and, furbishing up our historic memory, gossip over the little histories that belong to them.

> "The outcry strong
> Of the long wandering and returning breast
> Is for the thing least changed. Back to-day
> Comes many a foot all wearily and slow
> That went into the world with wingèd heel."

Over Chantry Bridge and through Chantry Meadow—such are the old-world names that meet us on the threshold of our journey as we leave the town and carry our thoughts back to the middle of the fourteenth century, the meadow being a portion of the lands with which Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon, endowed the free Chapel of St. John at his Castle of Colcombe, closely adjoining, in 1348, and the old cognomen has clung to the pleasant mead—a favourite resort and playground for the towns-children ever since. When the great despoil of the landed possessions of abbey and chantry took place at the bidding of the Defender of the Faith, and about the period also when he sent his cousin, the unfortunate Lord of Colcombe, to the block, this endowment was sold to Walter Erle, who subsequently resided some time at Colcombe, and whose descendants were afterwards settled at Bindon, Axmouth. Mr. Erle sold the lands to Mr. John Sampson, a respectable parishioner of Colyton, and connected with the staple trade of the district. He lived in his house, called the Grove, on the eastern skirt of the town, immediately opposite his influential neighbour, Mr. John Yonge, of the Great House. Flat stones in the church commemorate *George Sampson, Gent, 1610; John Sampson, Gent, his elder brother, 1639;* and a monument on the wall above records—

> THOMÆ SAMPSON, ARMIGERI,
> THOMÆ SAMPSON & ANNÆ UXORIS EJUS FILIJ UNICI:
> NATI UNDECIMO CALENDAS MAIJ CIↃIↃCXLII,
> DENATI QUARTO IDUUM NOVEMBRIS CIↃIↃCC.
> HOC POSUIT MŒRENS PIENTISSIMÆ AFFECTIONIS ERGO
> ILLIUS UNICA CONJUX ELEANORA.

Arms—*Azure, a cross moline argent*, impaling, *Azure, parted per pale embattled argent.* The old endowment still continues to be the property of their descendants, "in name and blood," until this day.

A field's distance further, and on the right is Willhayne, flanked by luxuriant elms and well garnished with myrtle, bay, and conifer, that flourish freely in this sheltered valley. Now a pleasant residence, but retaining much of the character of its early yeoman possessors, a

thought crosses the historic memory as we pass along, which reminds us that the *first* entry in that division of the glorious old parish Register of Colyton, thus headed—

The Booke of Mariadges.

Take his begynnynge the XVIII daye of October, in the yere of oure Lorde God, 1538, geuen and commanded by the Iniunctions of our most Souvereigne Lord Kyng Henry the eyght,—And in the Thirtye yere of his moste noble Raygne;

is to an antient denizen of Willhayne, John Newton by name, who thereto brought his bride on a November morning not long after, being "*wedded to Mary Weeke, the daughter of Roger Weeke, of Colyton.*" A small circumstance in its way, you will perhaps remark, gentle reader, but full of living interest. Little dreamt the young bridegroom and his comely helpmate, as they sat at their simple marriage feast, that the picture of their joy would be recalled from the gloom of three centuries and a half by a passing foot through these pleasant meadows, thus brought together again by the remembrance of that short chronicle in the venerable book, and a glance at their old home.

Pursuing our way through a large meadow, which, if it be about the ides of uncertain March, will exhibit acres all aglow with daffodils, and round whose boundary the Coly sparkles with many a bright stickle, we raise our eyes to the green slope that stretches down to the river, and peeping out among a nest of elms, about a hundred yards up the acclivity, catch the outline of another old-fashioned Tudor farm-house.

This is Heath-hayne, or "Yethin" in local vernacular, and the appellative has still some claim of fitness pertaining to its antient designation of an "enclosure in the heath," for a curious belt of heath and furze-clad common girdles the hill that rises behind it on the right, though all the adjoining land be meadow and fallow.

Here lived one of the smaller squireocracy of the valley, but Sir W. Pole, the antiquary (to whose descendants it still belongs), gives but a short account of its former inhabiters. "Heathayne," he says, "was for many descents in the family of Frankcheney, whose heiress married Strode, by whom it came to Denys Pasmere, and by him sold to my father."

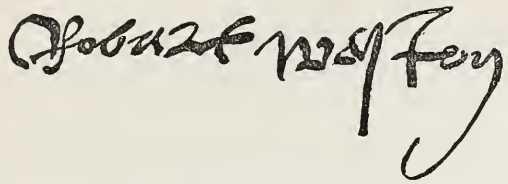
But the old house has a story to tell of its own, and for a text we will take the massive oak chimney, or rather clavel-piece, that spans the large hearth in the kitchen, which, although tanned to the deepest umber by the smoke of the hospitable fire that has blazed and crackled within its roomy precincts for three centuries, is still faithful to its trust when scanned by the searching eye of the antiquarian investigator, and carry him back in imagination to the time of trunk hose and beard-a-peak, high-heeled shoes, ruff, and fardingale.

Five panels are ranged along the front of the clavel-piece, thus inscribed:—1, 1578; 2, R.W.; 3, *Three tuns or barrels—one over two;* 4, K.W.; 5, *Three bulls' heads affrontée*—as shewn in our initial letter.

A glance at the old church Register tells us the following, which reveals the story of the trusty panels :—

> *1561—Robert Weston, of Heathayne, son of John Weston, of Colyton, was maryed to Katheryn Waldron, daughter of—Walrond, of Bovye, Esquyer,—19 Maye.*

The *three tuns* were the device allusive of Master Robert Wes-*tun's* name, but not his coat armour proper, as we shall see, and the *three bulls' heads affrontée*, the paternal coat of his wife, a daughter of the house of Bovey, near Beer, itself an offshoot of the main stem of Walrond located at Bradfield, near Collumpton.



The Westons probably re-built the house, and were of gentle descent, as is evident from the appearance of their pedigree in the heraldic *Visitation* of the county for 1620. A large number of entries to the family also occur in the Register ranging over a period of about a hundred and fifty years.

From the herald's survey we learn that Robert Weston came out of Wales, and that John, his son, married Beatrice Morice, of Colyton (an old Colyton patronymic), and that his grandson Robert was the erector of the old clavel-piece, he and his brother Walter (who was of Axminster) having married two sisters, Katharine and Jane Walrond, daughters of the house of Bovey. The son John, "of Colyton," was living in 1620, and signed the *Visitation*. His son Cornelius married Mary, daughter of Maximilian Mohun, of Fleet, near Weymouth, one of the last descendants of the Dorsetshire branch of that noble but unfortunate name. The arms of Weston were—*Argent, on a chevron sable, three leopards' faces or.* Crest—*A cock proper, wattled gules.*

Such is the graven history of the old mantel-piece handed down to us by the curious and sensible care of our "rude forefathers," a few of whose almost everlastingly-real dwelling-places are fortunately still unimproved off the face of the earth, and have not given place to modern brick and lath-and-plaster absurdities. Who will tell *their* story three centuries hence?

Traces of its former respectability still cling to the old fabric, and minutely attest its antient importance. There are the old Tudor stone-mullioned windows; the roundabout stairway, with steps of solid blocks of oak, black and hard almost as cast iron, cut from trees, perhaps, that were saplings when the wild boar rooted in the valley beneath their branches; old arched doorways and oak panelling, and a best "chimmer," with stuccoed cornice still remaining, ornamented with flowers and chimeras dire, fresh almost as yesterday. This was

evidently the dormitory of the olden master of the house. Now, within it, the three healthy children of the dairyman who at present inhabits the venerable domicile are singing themselves to sleep in their wooden cots, and seemingly as gleeful and happy as was Master Robert Weston when he brought home here his bride, the fair Katharine Walrond, from Bovey, on a bright May day, when Queen Elizabeth was in her meridian glory.

HEART MUSIC.

There is a strain more jocund than the sound,
Of echoed laughter on a summer eve,
When dancing feet brush light the dewy ground,
And bright eyes glance, and hearts care not to grieve.

Sweeter than song of bird, when sunbeams wake
The sleeping fox-glove, nodding from the bank;
And morn's first breath the pearly dew-drops shake
From bending golden-cups and broad leaves dank.

More heart-glad than the sigh whose measured breath
Scarce lives in sound, lest an awakening spell
Should crush the hope that sprung in early death,
Ere tremblingly we wake to find all well.

More clear and soft than children singing low
Their unknown happy song, whose guileless joy
Life's infant minstrelsy alone can know,
By heaven attuned e'er earth the chords destroy.

Sweet life with life, pure love with love, one tone,
Each in the other lost, one perfect sound,
Beating with trembling ecstasy alone,
Yet blent in truest union ever found,

* * * *

Pursuing our way from Heath-hayne up the valley, a couple of fields further on the Coly is joined by the Southleigh rill, which takes its rise among the quiet glades of Wiscombe, whose woody outskirts are just discernible in the distance. Wiscombe brings to the thoughts one of the most potential names identified with the history of the county—that of Bonville, a country squire, Nicholas by name, who, early in the thirteenth century, there fixed his home, and one of whose last descendants in Lady Jane Grey perished on the threshold of the throne. A history too important for place here. On the skirt of the tiny stream there rises alone from the green sward a strange weird-looking object some thirty feet high, which, on nearer view, resolves itself into an antique chimney, with arched fireplace below, and tall freestone elevation over, showing that it was once part of an old sixteenth-century building with some pretensions to size, now utterly demolished except this tall tower-like fragment. This is, or rather was, Freakehayne, another old name associated with the valley, and the farmhouse was destroyed by fire about twenty years since.

High upon its southern face is a sun-dial, and surely Time himself would scarcely desire an apter symbol than this desolate chimney, with its mocking suggestive garniture. Verily the tips of the wings and point of the old monarch's scythe seem to peer at us from behind the weather-beaten tell-tale, the rusty gnomon on which still accurately points

THE FLEETING HOURS.

Around the silent-working heart,
  Twelve viewless sprites are glancing,
And, ere the present can depart,
  Another is advancing;
Like nimble-footed maidens, they
Untiringly around it play.

Attendants of a wizard grim,
  They form his chosen band,
And keep a deathless scroll for him,
  That lies at his right hand,
A record blotted oft with tears,
Illumed with smiles, and crossed by ears.

High-priests of Time; the sands that fill
  His never-failing glass,
Though life decays, and hearts grow still,
  They yet unconquered pass,
Return and flee, but bring no more
What had been brought by them before.

Stern ministers of weal or woe,
  Your endless cycle fill,
Swift as your golden moments flow,
  I bid ye welcome still;
The lamp of life may lessen fast,
Yet still your spirit band floats past.

Almost directly opposite, on the hill-side, a substantial-looking building of large proportions, bearing the unmistakeable appearance of restoration, although very well done in this instance, displays itself. This is Howberhayne, which, together with its neighbour Streethayne, were the residences of the antient and influential family of Strowbridge.

They should also be included among the smaller squires of the valley, and it is probable that they partook something of the character of the wool merchant or general adventurer as well, were stirring people in their day and generation, and busied themselves considerably in local affairs. The name of one of their race appears on the first charter of the Feoffees, he being, doubtless, one of those honoured men who, generously making up a common stock of a thousand marks, purchased of the blood-gorged Henry VIII. a portion of the escheated Manor of Colyton that had belonged to one of his victims, the gentle and unfortunate Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, and left the same to *us* of late time in this enlightened age, the proceeds to be applied to charitable and other good, godly, and commendable uses and purposes as a relic of the barbarous and benighted age in which *they* lived. For many generations afterwards their name appears in the Register, and also in the Feoffee documents, as administering to

the trust, and engaged in other capacities as busy influential inhabitants.

It was in consequence of this close relationship to the Feoffee Chamber, and the esteem the Strowbridges were evidently held in by the trust, that the earliest record of their being is preserved to us. Carefully hoarded among the deeds and other old matters belonging to the Chamber there was kept, until a few years since, a small narrow brass plate, but now affixed to the north wall of the tower in the church, thus inscribed:—

Here lieth John Strobrydg' the Elder
late of the p'isch of Collyto' m'chant.
Which John decessyd the xj day off September
in the yere of oure lord god A thousand cccccxbj.
On Whois soule Jhu habe Mercy Amen.

But how came the Feoffees possessed of it? This may, perhaps, be easily answered. The Chamber carefully took charge of the repairs of the church, and contributed their quota towards it for two centuries and a half, and to them the churchwardens regularly produced their accounts, an almost uninterrupted series of which are now in their possession, and doubtless from fear of embezzlement, as it is well known that so many of this form of memorial have disappeared, they transferred this memento of an honoured family so long connected with them to the safer keeping of their archives.

One of the earliest entries in the Register relates to the Strowbridges, and embodies a curious and hitherto unknown relationship between them and the first representative of the house of Pole, who settled at Shute. Let the record speak for itself:—

1548.—Willyam Poole, of the Inner Temple, London, gentleman, the sone of Mr. —— Poole, of ——, was wedded unto Mrs. Tamsyn Beamonte, widdowe, late wyef of John Strobrydge, of Streethayne, and daughter of John Tudboll, of Lyme Reg., the xxvi. daye of November.

This was the lady's third venture, and apparently the gentleman's first. Doubtless she was well dowered, and the recording scribe, though he gives the "pedigree" of the buxom widow with careful exactness, is evidently at sea for that of her third spouse; but the adventurous bridegroom's son, the antiquary, has amply atoned for the omission by the array of armories displayed on his father's tomb.

Mrs. Tamsyn's father was Mr. John Tudboll, or Tudbold, a merchant of Lyme-Regis, and Mayor of that borough in the fourth year of the reign of King Edward VI., 1551. Her previous husband Mr. William Beamonte, of Colyford—probably a scion of the Beaumonts of Gittisham—was buried at Colyton 1 August, 1547; and the lady seems to have soon reconciled herself to enter the holy bonds of matrimony for the third time, and accept the distinguished hand of the lord of Shute.

Another entry in the Register (still in the matrimonial line), a few years later, gives us a further glance at the status of this family:—

> *1558.—John Strowbridge, of Streethayne, was wedded to Mrs. Dorothy Carwithen, widdow, daughter of Syr John Gaynford, of Cowhurst, in the Co. of Surry, Knt.*

Carwithen is an old Devonshire name, but we have failed to trace the first spouse of Mrs. Dorothy. Her father's family were of considerable repute in the County of Surrey, and Cleveland tells us that Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham, and head of that distinguished house, who died in 1535, married, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of Sir John Gainsford, of Surrey, Knight—it may be Mrs. Dorothy Strowbridge's sister. In our account of Colcombe, the antient seat of the Courtenays, situate about a mile or so distant, we have related an interesting incident of courtesy, occurring a generation previously, shewn by the then chief members of the house of Strowbridge to their illustrious neighbour, the Princess-Countess Katharine, at Colcombe. A John Strowbridge was one of the representatives in Parliament for Lyme-Regis, 2 & 3 Philip and Mary, 1555–6, doubtless the husband of Mrs. Dorothy. In 1552 is recorded the burial of "*Isbell, wife of John Strowbridge, the bayley of Howbrayne*," chief functionary to the Feoffee chamber; and in 1559 we are quaintly told a daughter of the Streethayne branch was wedded to "*Peter Salomons, gentleman, of the Yele of Jerze.*"

Of sufficient importance, too, as were their opposite neighbours, the Westons, of Heath-hayne, the Strowbridges find mention in the herald's *Visitation* of 1620, although soon after that time the family appear to have migrated to Modbury, South Devon. Yet the name still exists in the town and neighbourhood. The arms given are substantially the same as those found on their seal among the Feoffee documents:—*Or, over water proper, on a bridge of three arches gules, a tower of the last, and a pennon hoisted thereon.* The Register tells us a Thomas Strowbridge was buried 12 May, 1552.

But where is the dwelling-place of this old and once-influential family? A single room in a portion of the antient house only exists, but this solitary relic still surely points to that reality and thoroughness which *once* saturated and gave such dignity and weight to the English character, now evaporated almost entirely into pretentious surface and sham. A noble old oak ceiling, made from *real* trees which grew before the modern rage for the destruction of those glories of the landscape was dreamt of, yet remains, together with some side cupboards *en suite*, the panels finely carved with the *linen pattern* prevalent in the first half of the sixteenth century. The last time we paid our respects to the room, a grey old cottar's dame was tending a few sticks on the hearth, preparing her husband's supper, and carefully boiling a small crock of those floury tubers, whose name was not known in England for a generation after

John Strowbridge, Esq., M.P., of that ilk, introduced the fat alderman's daughter from the glories of metropolitan pageantry to the sylvan attractions of Streethayne. Little wot that venerable dame the rank and estate of her predecessors in the old dwelling.

DAFFODILS.

A thousand golden bells in odorous chime,
Swing o'er the precincts of the ungrassed lea,
Smote by the breeze successive, at the prime
Of early dawn, in cadence silently.

The grey-thrush dipped her wing, and glanced along
The twinkling multitude; the early bee
Ransacked each golden cavern with a song,
Clinging and swinging there, with lusty glee.

Fair ministrants of Spring, that gorgeous rise,
Thronging the pathway to her opening gates,
While yet the daisy sleeps with unclosed eyes,
And the great golden cup unchaliced waits.

Then, like a glittering dream, ye fade and pass
Into the gathering wealth of Summer skies;
Fair fragrant clover and the crested grass,
Outwaiting wintry hours again to rise.

* * * *

A few fields' saunter up the valley from the old dwellings of the Strowbridges, and we reach the spot where the Coly proper is joined by her sister rill, the Brinkly, at a place aptly named Purlbridge. The Coly comes from the Offwell valley, her birthplace being at Col-well—the Brinkly, from the left, rising under Farway hill and flowing down the Northleigh vale. Polwhele says the name Coly signifies the *hazel brook*, or the *water where the hazels grow*, and Colyton, the town thereon, which, "in the British tongue," would be written *Collh y tun*. Hazels abound in the valley, but their haunt is not the river side. Here at the juncture of the streams we get one of the most interesting historical associations connected with our little progress.

Immediately to the right is a comparatively modern dwelling, that supplanted a very old one destroyed by fire about fifty years since, called Hamberhayne. Directly in front, the thatched roof of a small old farm-house peeps up, called Blamphayne, and seated on the slope of a hill about half a mile further on we catch sight of a much larger domicile, well sheltered in the foliage, and where also an unmistakeable mass of the dark "sepulchral" yew gives striking impress of the locality of some antient habitation, once tenanted by one of the rural magnates of the valley, Cookshayes by name. These three dwellings, and another called Hornshayes—to be referred to again bye-and-bye—were four out of the eight old residences once owned and occupied by the reputable and eventually wealthy family of Marwood, dotted about the immediate neighbourhood.

Blamphayne, the smaller of the four, was the parent nest. The antient race of Marwood, Merwood, or de Merwood, were originally settled at Westcote, in the parish of Marwood, north Devon. Eustachius de Merwood, says Pole, held Westcote 27 Henry III., 1293, from whom lineally followed many of his descendants. The name Merwood was doubtless originally *Mere-wood*, which bespeaks its own signification, although from the adoption of the *goat* as an armorial emblem, allusive to the well-known habit of that animal gnawing the bark off saplings and young wood, and so destroying or greatly injuring it, the heraldic device appears by association to symbolize the more modern spelling.

The earliest resident in these parts was probably William Marwood, the son of John Marwood, of Westcote, whose wife Elizabeth was a daughter of Holbeam, another old Devonshire family. After the decease of her first husband, Elizabeth Marwood married secondly Robert Pollard, of Honiton, and, bringing her second son, William Marwood, with her, resided either at Colyton or Honiton, toward the end of the fifteenth century, and where her said son was also settled after her. He had one son, Thomas by name, the first of the family of whom we have any circumstantial account, and a very remarkable man was he in his long day and generation.

Aged 105! who can this be? We have translated you, gentle reader, from the pleasant vale of Coly, its cheery sunshine and charm of stream, meadow, and foliage, to the sombre precincts of the north aisle of Honiton old church, and your eyes, directed to the table of a high tomb just inside the porch, scan this remarkable announcement, together with the following:—

HERE lieth the body of Thomas Marwood, Gent,
who practised Physick and Chirurgery above 75 Years
and being zealous of good works gave certain Houses
and bequeathed in his Will to the Poor of Honiton 10 pounds
and being aged above 105 Years,
departed in the Catholic Faith,
September ye 18th, Anno Domini, 1617.

And on the panel below, to the memory of his third wife, Temperance Thatcher—

Here also lieth Temperance
the wife of the above said Thomas Marwood
who dyed the 9th of October anno d'ni 1644.

His second wife was Dorothy Searle, the daughter of a respectable family of that name, who were merchants of Honiton, to whom several memorials exist in the church and yard.

Physician by repute to Queen Elizabeth, he was probably born at Blamphayne, the small farmhouse just spoken of, where his father, it may be, resided; and there appears to be good evidence that the old

Doctor either partially or wholly rebuilt the house, for on a stone chimney-piece within it are carved the initials and date—

T M. E M. J M. 1558.

He may have spent some of his earlier years at Blamphayne, but during the greater part of his long life was resident at Honiton. He took unto himself three wives to comfort him during the long span of his earthly pilgrimage, his last venture being when he was ninety-four years old, a remarkable tribute to the blandishments of the evergreen, invincible god Hymen.

In the unpublished continuation of his *Worthies*,* Prince, who includes a memoir of the old Doctor among them, says he was "greatly skilled in physick and chirurgerie, and was the most celebrated practitioner of both of any in the eastern part of the County." His fame reached the Court, and he was summoned to London to attend the Earl of Essex, suffering from some ailment in his foot or feet. So, taking with him another clever practitioner, one Mr. Fowler, a surgeon of East Budleigh, Prince continues :—

"they were sent for up to London to undertake the cure of a certain noble Lord, belonging to the Court of, and in great favour with, Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory. Her Majestie's Physicians had long made tryal of their utmost skill and learning upon this Lord, but were forc'd to give him over as passt their recovery. These two persons being come to Court, after many modest excuses, with much persuasion, undertook the cure, and in a short time effected it. To the great joy of the noble person and his friends, but to the envy and vexation of her Majestie's Doctors."

He was appointed one of the Queen's Physicians, and invited to make his abode in or about the Court. But the old Doctor,

"finding himselfe much envyed by the Court physitians, he thought he was not safe there, and so earnestly sued for leave to return into his country, and what was much more suitable to his humour and way of liveing. And when he would not be prevailed upon to stay, he was loveingly dismissed, and nobly gratified to his heart's content."

A sensible resolve, or his years may never have reached the *five* score and five chronicled on his tomb. The learned, devout, and charitable old *Phisician and Chirurgian* gives, like the Founder of Wadham, special directions in his will for the regulation and governance of his almshouses at Honiton and their inmates, and *yf any be admitted into theise sayed howses that be at any tyme Dysordered and will not frequent the Churche on such Dayes as Divine service shall be sayed, or to be a Drunckard or swearer or any other notorious offender, and in this case proued, that he be excluded;* and further, *that no suspected person be admitted to abide; and yf any doe refuse to come once every day, and for the tyme beyng and all togeather in theire knees to praye vnto the Almightie and to giue hym thankes, that person I saye shall be put of allso, and an other placed in his roome.* Finally the old Doctor asks *yt my bodye may be buryed in the Church of Honyton a litle within the porche with a Decent tomb of convenient heighte vpon*

* See page 28.

my grave; and I entreate my sonne John Marwood to cause to be engraven vppon the sayed Tombe the tyme I was borne which was in Kyng Henry the Eights raigne, my profession whilst I lived, and that I vsed this profession fower yeres of the sayed Kyngs Raigne vntill the fifteenth yere of Kynge James his happie Raigne, the whole I vsed yt allmost fower score yeres. The old Doctor's wishes in respect of the inscription were not carried out; why, it is difficult to say.

Here we take leave of this venerable son of Esculapius, who, from 1512 to 1617—what a stretch of years!—employed the larger portion of them in the active pursuit of the beneficent duties of his profession. The shade of no more notable personage will be invoked by us from the Past as having once haunted in the flesh the pleasant trackways of this fair valley which we are now traversing. And as we note the little thatched roof peering amid the trees where his earlier years were spent, and think that from thence his feet found their way to the precincts of the Court to practice his art on one of the most favoured courtiers of Elizabeth, so does the reflection occur that thus true merit ever wins its way to eminence among the high places of the earth, even from such humble rural surroundings as these; and hence the old Doctor's name stands enrolled with those of the phalanx of brilliant Devonians that shed such lustre on the reign of the Virgin Queen, the careers of several of whom afford many interesting reminiscences in the course of our little pilgrimages.

Thomas, the eldest son of the old Doctor, and who died 1619, was settled at Northleigh, as also his son of the same name after him, at Bucknoll; a suggestive name, the dwelling being at the base of a wood on a high point between the Farway and Offwell valleys in the distance just before us. In the farm-house is now preserved a singular relic, traditionally described as belonging originally to the Marwoods, and having been brought there from one of their other habitations further down the vale. It is a large oak table with massive bossed legs and richly-carved frame, the substantial "table-board" having laps for extension. In the centre of the frame, interlaced by a cordon, is the date 1619; it is still in excellent preservation. Thomas the younger died 1661. A flat stone in Northleigh church records—

HERE LYETH YE BODY OF THOMAS MARWOOD, OF NORTHLEIGH, GENT.

The remainder is obliterated; and on an adjoining stone, to his wife—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF ELIZABETH MARWOOD, WIDOW,
OF NORTHLEIGH, DIED APRIL 2, ANNO DOM: 1674.

He was succeeded by his sons Daniel and James, the latter of whom was buried at Colyton, where on a stone in the church we read—

HERE LYETH YE BODY OF JAMES MARWOOD,
LATE OF THE P'ISH OF NORTHLEIGH, IN YE COUNTY OF DEVON, GENT,
WHO DIED YE 28 OF FEBRUARY, ANNO DOM' 1697.

He left two daughters, Elizabeth and Grace, who, "fulfilling the pious and charitable intentions of James Marwood, their father, on his death

bed," conveyed certain lands in Northleigh for the benefit of the poor, the funds to be distributed on St. James's day. These dutiful distaffs ended the eldest succession.

Henry, the third and youngest son of the old Physitian, was of Watchcombe, in Colyton, and died in 1627. He married Bridget, daughter of John Strode, Esq., of Parnham, near Beaminster, Dorset, and widow of Peter Blackaller, gent., of Colyton. On a flat stone in the chancel of Colyton church is the following:—

Hic jacet corpus Bridget Mar—secunda ux—Marwood gener:
et filiæ Johannes Stroud de Parnham, armiger.
qui obiit tertio die Januar: 1619.
Mors mihi primus Adam vitæ secundus erit.
Anno Dom: 1622.

This branch of the family appears to have become extinct in the next generation.

We now come to what proved the main stem of Marwood, descending from John, the second son of the old Doctor. He was of Blamphayne, Colyton, and also of Honiton, where he built himself a good house in 1619—still a well-preserved comfortable residence—and on the chimney-piece of the parlour is incised—

John Marwoode Ge't Phisitio'. Bridget his wife buylded.

Like his father, he was a physician, and died in 1626. His wife, Bridget, died in 1642, and in her will, among sundry more valuable bequests to her eight children, gives to her "*sonne James my second best feather bedd and payre of blanketts, my best redd and greene Coverlett, my greene rugg, my thirde best payre of sheets, my pillow and pillow-tie, and six of my silver spoones.*" * To Doctor John at Honiton succeeded his second son, Doctor Thomas, also a Gentleman Physitian, and who "had the honour of receiving and entertaining Charles I. in 1644. The King reached Honiton on Thursday, the 25 July, 1644, and slept at Dr. Marwood's, a Physician, as is stated in the *Iter Carolinum.*" The King also probably dined with Dr. Marwood on his return through Honiton, on Monday, 23 September following. For these devoted attentions, and his unfortunate Sovereign's conspicuous trust in his subject, Dr. Marwood's name has been handed down as the "loyal Physician." Thus three generations in succession practised the art of physic and chirurgery. Dr. Thomas, the last of them, died in 1667, leaving two sons—John, who died 1685; and Henry, a prosperous citizen and merchant of London, who deceased 1675.

John, the eldest son of Dr. John, the *Ge't Phisitio'*, resided at Blamphayne; by his first wife he had a son, John; by his second wife, Frances Bernard, three sons, James, Thomas, and Benedictus, and a

* For many of these particulars we are indebted to *Marvodia*, by William Munk, Esq., M.D., F.S.A., a most interesting and complete history of the old Court chirurgeon and his descendants.

daughter, Bridget. He died 1671, and on the pavement of Northleigh church we read:—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF FRANCES MARWOOD,
RELICT OF JOHN MARWOOD, OF BLAMPHAYNE, GENT.,
WHO DIED YE 5TH DAY OF APRIL, ANNO DOMINI 1700;
ÆTATIS SUÆ 71.

John, his eldest son, was of Beer, where his descendants still hold property. He left two children, Robert and Bridget.

Robert—in the days of Queen Anne—built Cookshayes, a long quaint semi-Tudor house, with rows of small stone-mullioned windows, and two jutting transept-like gables. In front are three tall fine yew trees, coeval with the building; and at the end a plesaunce garden,

COOKSHAYES.

wherein still remains the summer or music house in one corner, having on the apex of its domed roof an astrolabe for a sun-dial; and tradition delivers it that a certain "Madam Marr'od" haunts its precincts in the moonlight, albeit the said Robert was a bachelor, and resided there with his maiden sister, Bridget.

In Widworthy Church is their memorial:—

In Memory of
Robert Marwood, of Cookshayes, Esqr.,
who dyed the 13th of July, 1733. Aged 57.
Also of
Mrs. Bridget Marwood, his Sister, of the same Place,
who dyed the 9th of Decembr 1756. Aged 79.
Sua Præmia Virtus.

James, the second son, was a Commoner of Oxford, and M.A.; he adopted the profession of his great-grandfather, the venerable Court chirurgeon, and became really a Gentleman Physitian, for it is doubtful if he ever practised. He built his residence at Sutton, in

Widworthy, and died in 1722, unmarried. Benedictus, the third brother, erected his large roomy house at Hornshayes, and was also unmarried. He purchased the manor of Widworthy of the Chichesters, and was apparently the richer brother of the three, so wealthy, as it is handed down, that he "used to lend his money in ha'penny dishfulls" —descriptive of a child's small coarse-ware porringer as a measure— "instead of taking the trouble to tell it," that is, count out the coin; and lived also in some state, driving to Northleigh church on Sundays in a chariot and pair—a feat of some difficulty, considering the narrow and crooked lane he would have to pass through, and the length and weight of these cumbrous old vehicles. He died in 1745, like his brother James, a bachelor. Thomas, the second but surviving brother, who thus became heir to the whole property, had taken his residence at Sutton, and was a Justice of the Peace. He married Joan, daughter of Thomas Hutchings, Esq., of Allor, in Upottery, and left one son, James, and a daughter, Mary.

He followed his brothers to their last home in Widworthy church in 1748, where one memorial commemorates the three:—

BENEATH
lye ye Bodies of three Brothers.

JAMES MARWOOD of SUTTON, Esqr, M.D.
Dyed Oct. 27, 1722. Ætat 66.

BENEDICTUS MARWOOD of HORNSHAYES, Esqr,
Dyed Augst 18, 1745. Ætat 82.

THOMAS MARWOOD of SUTTON, Esqr,
Dyed March 21, 1748. Ætat 88.

Eminent for Piety Honesty and good Œconomy.

Bridget, their sister, became the wife of a physician in the neighbouring town of Honiton. On a monument in the old church there we read:— "*Underneath the Great Tombstone by the Church Door, in the same Repository with her Great Grandfather Thomas Marwood Gent, Physitian to Queen Elizabeth, lies interred Bridgett Ford relict of Edward Ford of this town Batchelour of Physick.*" She died in 1746, aged 78.

Before, however, we conclude our gossip over these brethren three, a characteristic and pertinent story, anent human vicissitude while still in the flesh, and connected with the residence of perhaps the richest of them in his former house at Hornshayes, deserves recital. Just twenty years after the wealthy Benedictus had relinquished the possession of his treasures and assumed that pocketless raiment, alike the final garb of all sorts and conditions of men, his olden home on

earth was then probably tenanted by a farmer, one of whose servants, through sickness or infirmity, had become chargeable to the parish at large. Owing to the peculiar situation of the house, his "settlement as a pauper" (wretched word; how much more humane is the Scots term, poor-body) occasioned a curious and almost unexampled dispute. "Colyton and Southleigh," says Polwhele,

"meet Farway in a point within a dwelling house belonging to the Marwood family. This occasioned a dispute in 1765 between the parishes of Southleigh and Farway, concerning the settlement of a man who, by having lived a servant in this house, was become chargeable as a pauper on one or both of them. As the part of the house which stands in Colyton consisted only of a dairy and some offices, and as the man could not be supposed to have dwelt anywhere but where his table and bed were placed, the dispute lay only between Farway and Southleigh, in one of which parishes his settlement must have been acquired. At length it was agreed that the charge of his maintenance should be borne by the parish in which he usually rested his head when in bed; for it seems the bed stood in both parishes, though the pillow was not so extensive. Two persons, therefore, being shewn the line in the floor of the kitchen, which was known to divide the two parishes, constructed a true perpendicular line from thence to that part of the garret where the man slept, and by that means determined that his head and part of his body must have lain in Farway, and his lower parts in Southleigh, in consequence of which decision the former took charge of him."

Reluctantly enough, doubtless, to accept the poor human waif. What a strange contention to have happened in this erstwhile wealthy home. The world having had all the work possible out of the worn-out frame, handed over by exact measurement of rule and plummet to the tender mercies of public charity—

"Only a pauper whom nobody owns."

All the brothers and cousins being now dead, the whole of the family estate devolved on James, the only son of Thomas, of Sutton. He married Sarah, daughter and heiress of James Sealy, of Avishayes, near Chard, where he resided and died in 1767, and to whose memory a beautiful monument, by Bacon, is erected in Widworthy church, where he was interred. He had four daughters, but one son only, to whom was given the united family patronymic—James Thomas Benedictus—after the three brothers, of which the child's grandfather was one.

Strange prescience, apparently, of a coming fate, this gathering together the family traditional threads, as it were, preparatory to the direct extinction of the name of Marwood. Born to be the owner of such large landed possessions, a saying was current among the country people that "he had an estate for every day in the year,"—just as he reached man's estate, he was stricken with insanity, and died about seventy years since, the childless and unwitting possessor of almost boundless wealth, the inheritance passing to the four distaffs (his sisters) or their representatives. Frances, the second, married Edward Elton, Esq., and her descendant, who succeeded to the larger portion of the Widworthy estate and had assumed the additional surname of Marwood by Royal license, was created a Baronet in 1838, with special remainder to his brothers; but they all died without issue, and the title,

like the antient name, is extinct. Arms of Marwood:—*Gules, a chevron argent, between three goats' heads erazed ermine, attired or;* crest—*a Goat's head erazed argent, attired or, charged with a chevron gules.*

Here endeth our notice of Marwood, one of the longest and most interesting echoes of past life in these valleys, evoked by the sight of yon little thatched roof, and the contemplation of the centenarian Physitian that found his way from thence to the sparkling Court of Elizabeth and safely back again, concluding his long life, full of honour and peace, in his native air; and the spread of his teeming descendants around this scene, and then their gradually dying out one by one, until all were gone. But neither length of days nor multitude of descendants can perpetuate a race, "for we have not here an abiding city," saith the Apostle. And what echo doth the survey of the career of the distinguished old Court Chirurgeon make in our thoughts, be the life that is entrusted to us long or short?

VIVE UT VIVAS.

Off, pilgrim spirit, swift,
From home's sweet influence rift,
Love's moorings cut adrift.

Onward, the path for you,
Lengthening life's gateway through,
Paved with the good, the true.

Not back—but forward prest;
Not slow—with quickened zest;
Nor halt—life hath no rest.

Watch thou the golden seed
Shoot high o'er grovelling weed,
Mounting leaf and flower with speed,

'Till stayed its rising power,
Grown ripe and rich with dower
Again on earth to shower.

Watch the turf-born lark try
His untried wings on high—
Soon too low for him the sky.

'Throned in night's arc serene,
See the star—by day unseen,
Waits the hours that intervene.

And thou, one talent given,
Nurtured with untiring leaven,
Shall make the tale seven.

Clad in faith's armour bright,
Coward not in hindering night,
Conquer shall in the fight.

Victor be, and reach the van,
Crowned with light divine, to scan
All things that make up the man.

Bidding adieu to the Offwell valley and the interesting reminiscences of Marwood, our footsteps return to Purlbridge and are bent up the Northleigh valley, where the Coly proper is joined by her sister rill, the Brinkly, and, keeping the eye steadily fixed up the valley to the left, a very charming bit of landscape is before it. Fortunately, the beautiful trees are still standing to ornament it, and on a gentle acclivity to the right, embosomed in their varying foliaged outline of oak, elm, and poplar, a grey-walled house, with unmistakably antient high gables and chimneys, shows itself clearly but harmoniously among them. This is Farwood, and the word has a suggestive old Saxon twang about it when coupled with the name of the village that lies at the extremity of the valley, and to which it gives its own appellation—Farway.

Directly opposite Farwood, at the base of the hill, almost hidden from observation, and situate in a locality that seems neither to go nor lead to anywhere, is the large roomy farm house called Hornshayes.

These two old farm-houses were the dwelling places of a branch of the antient and respectable family of Haydon, whose chief seat was at Cadhay, in Ottery St. Mary.

The original home of the Haydons was at Boughwood, Harpford, and subsequently at Woodbury, where, says Pole, "their name I find often and very aunciente;" and in Woodbury church their earliest existing memorial is found—a flat stone, inscribed with their name, and the matrix of a brass, which appeared to resemble a kind of genealogical tree. Thomas Haydon, of Ebford, who was living there in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, had, among other children, two sons, John and George. John, who settled at Ottery, was a man learned in the law, charitable, and of great repute in the home of his adoption, Ottery St. Mary, where he resided and built his splendid mansion of Cadhay, with its rich inner court, decorated with the statues of the four Monarchs during whose reigns he lived. Dying in 1587, and in the plenitude of his fame, his dust reposes in the place of honour, on the north side of the altar of his noble parish church, where, over it, has been erected a handsome monument, and the story of his life is included in the homely and gossiping pages of Prince with careful minuteness.

George Haydon, his brother, settled at Hornshayes, Southleigh, marrying one Susan Parke, of London. It is probable, however, that he did not long remain here, but, like a wise man, having bought the pleasant and sunny slope on the other side of the valley, called Farwood, being a manor which formed part of the possessions of the Abbey of Quarr, in the Isle of Wight, he removed thither, probably building the house until lately remaining there. George Haydon appears to have died, issueless, in 1558, and was buried in Farway church, whereon Farwood returned to the main branch at Cadhay, Gideon Haydon holding it in Sir W. Pole's time, and it was seemingly the usual residence of one of the younger sons. Subsequently the family became dispersed and their patrimony alienated, Farwood sharing in the common fate. Intermediately, the place appears for a short time to have been the residence of Richard Calmady, a son of

the antient house of that name, and member for the little borough of Plympton. Sundry entries occur to them in the Colyton Register.

The house at Farwood was of small size, had been greatly modernised, but bore the characteristic traces of its origin; and, true to that reputable and proper consequence which distinguished the country gentleman of that era, when he built his home, the coat-armour of his ancestry, carefully limned and marshalled, found the place of honour in the hall or parlour window of his domicile, and displayed in its mystic emblazonry the cherished alliances of his descent.

Gideon Haydon did not omit to duly place his heraldic insignia in the window of his house, and with rare good fortune, although somewhat tattered and displaced, the old family escutcheon still exists, and displays substantially the same bearings as that given in the *Visitation* for 1620. Here it is:—1, *Argent, three bars gemells azure, on a chief gules, a barrulet dancetté or* (Haydon); 2, *Ermine, three battle axes sable* (Wyke); 3, *Argent, within a bordure engrailed, two chevrons gules* (——?); 4, *Ermine, two glazier's irons in saltier gules* (Tytherleigh); 5, *Argent, within a bordure engrailed gules, two chevrons azure, a martlet for difference* (Tyrell); 6, *Argent, ten torteaux, 4, 3, 2, 1, a label of three azure* (Babington). Crest—*a Lion argent, vulning a bull sable.*

A curious circumstance connected with these brothers is worth passing notice. There still exists at Cadhay, we believe, a splendid tulip tree, not yet past the meridian of its almost unequalled beauty, a relic of the fine taste of its olden possessors. Another had its being once at Farwood, and was its compeer in loveliness. But the intrusion of the charming stranger was, of course, long ago voted an useless encumbrance, and its funeral pile adorned the bleezing ingle in company with its more plebeian associates.

So closes our little history of Haydon of Farwood, one more *post obit*, merely, in the pages of the ever-increasing volume of the world's past. Alas, too—with regret be it said—as we are revising this fleeting page, an end has come to the old home of Haydon at Farwood as well. A disastrous fire has utterly destroyed what Time seemed almost powerless to attack. Fortunately, a careful hand secured the old coat of arms in the window, since replaced in the new house, and so enables us to add it to our illustrations.

Here stayeth our wandering for to-day. The evening shadows are lengthening on, our day's garnering is stored, and our steps

are homeward. A somewhat devious lane constrains our willing feet, under whose o'er-arching trees and shadowing bushes we quietly saunter along, and, having made prize of a delicious bloom glancing out invitingly in the half twilight, dedicate our thoughts to that sweetest of familiar flowers,

A WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Steals there rich fragrance through the green lanes' gloom,
When dew-veiled suns die in the golden west,
From amber horns breathing a rich perfume
On leafy rampart of the hedgerow's crest.

O honeysuckle—priestess of the glade,
Swinging on high thy crown of censers pale;
Secure from capturing hand that would invade
Thy ministry that haunts eve's gentlest gale.

A thousand forms more gay in tint than thee,
Crowd round thy footstool calm with patient bliss;
Wooing in vain the burly humble bee,
Or dainty gnat, till they have shared thy kiss.

Not wingèd visitants alone with fairy feet
Have brought their homage to thy fragrant shrine,
Proud man hath lingered o'er thy charms, and meet
Enwoofed thy beauty in art's dream divine.

Yet came he first as bee or butterfly,
By nature lured—a dark-eyed, bronze-armed child
With happy face—who climbed thy ærie high,
And brought thee prize from some Athenian wild.

Stayed thy sweet impress through the surging storm
Of manhood's thoughts, and crowned thy triumph meek;
When, as the Phidian sculptor, he thy form
Graved on the pallid marble's scentless cheek.

Lived there with each a pleasure none may mete,
The child's pure joy, the sculptor's kindling pride;
Or humble tribute from these passing feet,
Thus small the link that join enjoyments wide.

So dwells alway, companioned with the soul,
Nature, bright prompter, Art her conscious son,
He scribes her charms upon the sculptured scroll,
She points him still how much waits to be won.

* * * *

What a true and tender mother is Nature! How kind and gracious are her perennial blessings and beauties! How well for us, querulous, ungrateful pensioners upon her bounty, that her ear is closed to our complaints, while her endless answer is the mute eloquence that speaks to us and to those that succeed us, for ever, in the cycled display of fresh-given life and the myriad-sown charms and blessings spread beside that life for its enjoyment. Well for us, too, when, after we have dared and repulsed her sweet entreaties, and spurned the pleasant

simple joys of her love—transformed, deformed, and surfeited ourselves with the unreal and the aching of our own creation, until we are shattered and vanquished in the conflict—we can return at last to be lulled to rest in her lap, and she, "shutting up the story of our days" in her bosom, hushes the complaining voice to silence, covers the poor restless clay with her daisy-spangled pall of greensward, and sends the lark aloft—meet emblem of man's higher, truer destiny—to sing his requiem.

BURY ME HERE.

Bury me here, I would love to sleep
Where the scented wild flowers bloom,
Where the stealing sunbeams oft should creep,
To gild my forest tomb;
The mavis blythe my dirge shall sing
With many a sweet-voiced lay,
And the dove shall mourn with folded wing
My fate at close of day.

And when the crescent star of eve
Her silent bow hath bent,
Sad wood nymphs o'er my grave shall grieve,
With many a soft lament,
And fays shall leave their floral bed
When fades the waning light,
And o'er my bosom featly tread,
With many a mystic rite.

When morn illumes the fragrant air,
And wakes the slumbering bee,
Then shall the lark, with warbling prayer,
Chant orisons for me;
The foxglove with his crimson bell
Sprent o'er with dew drops fair,
With nodding plume shall sentinel
My tomb with reverend care.

Bury me here—for Nature's child
On his mother's lap should rest,
And gently sleep with slumber mild,
Cradled upon her breast;
There hope shall weave with sunbeams clear,
A halo o'er my head,
And heaven shall weep with many a tear
Upon my lonely bed.

Subdued thoughts follow us this clear sunny Sabbath morning as we thread the path through the meadows between Purlbridge and Farway. The soft, almost imperceptible note from Northleigh church tower passes by, and what a host of associations rise as we listen to the eternal tone of that bell! The passing breeze seems laden with suggestive echoes as we think of those who, dwelling once in this fair valley, listened to its sound, followed its faithful invitation to the House of God year after year, until the unconscious ear, no longer charmed by its call, found sanctuary for ever beneath its ærie. A host

of phantoms seem to rise at every footfall and walk silently along the church path by our side; men, the olden squiredom of the valley—

"whose names
The well-worn roll of Time disowns."

Weston, Strowbridge, Haydon, Marwood, and now Prideaux, whose tenantless and eke dismantled dwellings are nearly all within sight, but their owners are not, and even their very names a thing of the past—

"Yet from the grave they stretch their dusty hands
And hold in mortmain all their lost estates."

Venerable bell! Before either of these former magnates of the valley set up his tabernacle within it, thou wert there, and, though one by one they have departed "in His faith and fear," yet thou art here still to tell thy listeners of to-day that the same judgment awaiteth them; while a thought for us, too, of the present, passing through life's valley of sunshine and tears, rises from the heart with chastening spell, as the sweet pulsation salutes the sense:—

INVOCAMUR.

Chime of the old church bells
That alter not nor change,
'Mid every sound that round me swells,
Your voice alone seems strange.

Strange amid voices now—
Echo of voices gone—
Life on her knees recounts love's vow,
But finds herself alone.

Strange 'mid this passing time,
The best still go before,
Yet greetings send by that sweet chime,
Ever—to never—more.

As from the heart-strings woke,
Struck by an angel's hand,
Tones that hath Death's deep silence broke
From the far spirit land.

Run on your pleasant round,
As *we* heard long ago,
Ye from above bend to their sound,
I listen still below.

Yet is there one other sweet voice in the valley older than thine, old bell, and whose lisping echoes shall out-last even thy pleasant tones—that of the bright rill along whose banks we saunter—

"Voices of music follow
Its silver-sandalled feet."

Verily, as we have seen, men may have come and are gone, but it still floweth on for aye.

* * * *

Our steps here make a short detour, and take us to a pleasant acclivity on the right, where, just hidden from view, is Northleigh, from the tower of whose interesting little church come the sweet notes of its very antient quatrain, to which we have been listening, with inviting sound. Mentally we sound a note also on them as we draw near, for they are *all* mediæval, probably of fifteenth-century workmanship, a fact almost unique in its way, and which gladdened the heart of the late revered apostle of bell-craft, Mr. Ellacombe, when he visited them about a quarter of a century ago, and described the little peal, then fitted with the original and strength-trying appliances for ringing, as being "all beautiful castings, with baudericks and half-wheels"; and cinctured around them are Latin invocations, usual at that period. Within the church are two finely-carved oak screens, rows of similarly ornamented bench-ends, and some antient stained glass in the north aisle.

"The tracery of a quaint old time,
Still weaves the chancel screen:
And tombs, with many a simple rhyme,
Suit well this simple scene."

We take, as we leave, our usual glance through the churchyard, and an old time-worn, but still substantial, high tomb, detains us a moment to scan the grotesque and ample-sized character of the letters that compose the inscription on its side:—

HERE LYETH THE BODIE OF TRISTRAM BOWDAGE,
OF THIS PARISH, YEOMAN, AGED 94,
C. WHO DYED THE XVIII. FEB. 1636. B.

And the memorial over the last resting-place of the venerable yeoman furnishes the text for another interesting reminiscence close by. On our path back to the green fields, at a short distance from the church, we pass a large farmhouse, now modernized, with cheery grass-plot in front, skirted by a few straggling poplars. This was the home of the patriarch, and here lived his son, who probably rebuilt a portion of the house. On the stone chimney-piece of the principal bedchamber is inscribed:—

1647.
Clement Bowd'ge—Ellen his wife.

And the name of the lady unites the fraternity of the valley, and connects this old resident with the race whose story we have last lingered over. Mistress Ellen was a granddaughter of the old Court Phisitian, Dr. Thomas Marwood, her father being Thomas, his eldest son, who was settled at Northleigh, and died in 1619. Longevity is conspicuous in their ancestry on both sides.

Down over the acclivity, through a well-shaded lane, and we resume our walk on the pleasant trackway through the green fields, which here follows the brook with many a bend and curve, and crosses it occasionally by a plank bridge, often almost hidden from sight by the alders and willows that fringe its banks with great density. This makes it rather difficult to follow by the uninitiated in sweet summer-

time, when every spray is in full foliage, the grass knee-high, and the glorious water-plants, some with immense leaves, which here flourish in their greatest luxuriance, literally up to the waist, to wade through, but eminently delightful to traverse. As we saunter along among the greenery, and catch sight of the gleam of cottages nestled among the trees in front, another country jingle is ringing its changes in the mental ear, *à propos* of one of the pleasantest associations often connected, we trow, with such

AN OLD PATH.

From the furze by the hill's steep side,
  Where the linnet chirps to his mate,
Where the crow opes her dark wings wide,
  And the pheasant marches in state,
I glance down the valley below,
  A path by the dark alders winds
By the rivulet's whispering flow,—
  Who is this that my roving eye finds?
    Sweet Phyllis, 'tis thee
    That afar off I see;
And away down the hill-side I speed to the lea.

"Whence comest thou?" said the fair maid;
  "How knew thee my steps went this way?
I made thee no promise, conveyed
  No message to meet thee to-day,
Yet think not I'm less glad to find
  Thyself unexpectedly near,
Ever present art thou to my mind,
  And absence but makes thee more dear;
    For, Damon, 'tis thee
    That afar off I see,
Ever coming along Love's bright pathway to me."

Hand in hand, 'neath the dark alder's shade,
  Heart with heart beating quickly and true,
Wandered onward this fair youth and maid,
  Recounting what's ne'er old nor new:
Still forward they lingering went,
  Until lost through a grey cottage door;
But Time hath that trackway long blent
  With the path of their lives evermore.
    For, Damon, 'tis thee,
    And, Phyllis, 'tis thee,
Ever coming adown Life's long pathway to me.

The village of Farway, towards which our steps are now inclining, may be described as consisting of three small hamlets, separated from each other by a considerable distance, The first we reach is a mile's length beyond Farwood, called Wood Bridge, beautifully situated among the trees and meadows, and consists of four or five groups of old-fashioned cottages, with pretty flower-beds in front, where crimson stocks, clustering roses, and other sweet blooms, grow splendidly. How curiously strange it is that the cottager's flower-knot, in front of his low-eaved cob and thatched home, so often exhibits a much finer display than the garden of his richer neighbour, even with all the arts

and appliances of horticulture and floriculture of the learned gardener whom Dame Nature often treats with contemptuous disdain.

A half-mile further on, and the second hamlet is reached, which may be termed the Netherton village, as the somewhat imposing hall of the Lords of the Manor—the Prideaux—stands on the rising ground before us, being the erection of the first baronet of that name who settled here, and whose last descendant has just been laid in the tomb of his forefathers, and the premier baronetcy of the county lapsed into extinction. Netherton Hall is a house of good size, with large stone-mullioned windows. In the hall is some old stained-glass armorials, and on the pediment of the entrance-porch the date 1607.

Another half-mile, and the church village catches the sight, nestling under the grand rampart of hills which separates this spur of the valley of the Coly from that of the Otter.

Farway church bears evidences of very great antiquity. The body of the fabric is, or was, probably of Early English date, and the massive arcade which separates it from the north aisle of still greater age. There are seen genuine old huge circular Norman piers and capitals supporting acutely-pointed arches, exhibiting the features of, perhaps, the oldest sectional church in the neighbourhood.

In a recess of the wall of this north aisle (which, from its great age, was probably ruinous at the time) is the bust of a man, with ruff, buttoned jerkin, moustache, and beard, and below him, on a scroll, is this inscription :—

THIS PARTE OF THE CHVRCH
WAS NEW BUILTE IN THE YERE OF O'R LORDE 1628,
BY THE BENEVOLENCE OF HVMPHRIE HVTCHINS,
OF THIS PARISH.

A curious legend is preserved relative to the good estate of this Humphry Hutchins. He is said, while ploughing on one occasion in a field adjoining the lane leading from Farway up the steep hill to the main road leading to Honiton, and at a place still called "Money-Acre Corner," to have turned up with the point of the share the inevitable crock of gold, and, on opening the vessel containing the treasure trove, there was found within it written instructions to the finder that he was to appropriate a certain portion of its contents towards the re-edification of the parish church. Hence the re-building of the new aisle by Master Humphry.

Three centuries and a half have elapsed, and again the aisle is being renewed and enlarged—this time by the Lords of the Manor, the Prideaux, the first of whom settled there about the time Master Hutchins reconstructed it, and the last of whom finds the first grave within its once more rebuilt area.

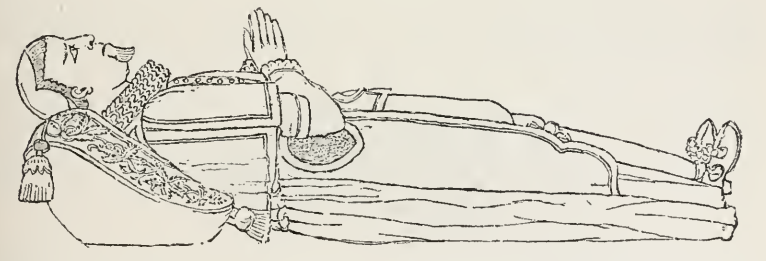
In this aisle, under a striking monument, the earliest of the Prideaux of Farway reposes, and is, as the inscription informs us,

IN MEMORIE OF SR EDMOND PRIDEAUX, BARONETTE,
WHO DYED YE 28TH DAY OF MARCH, ANNO DOMINI 1628;
ÆTATIS SVÆ 74.

Sir Edmond Prideaux was second son of Roger Prideaux, of Soldon, Devon—third son of Humphry Prideaux, of Thuborough in Sutcombe, North Devon—which Humphry was a descendant of the antient family of Prideaux, of Orcharton, near Modbury, South Devon. He was admitted at the Inner Temple, 1574; called to the Bar, 1584; to the Bench, 1596; Autumn Reader, 1598; Treasurer, 1608; and Lent Reader, 1615. His father's sister, Elizabeth, was married to Robert Drake, of Wiscombe, Southleigh, brother to Sir Barnard, of Musbury, which family connection doubtless led to the introduction of her nephew, young Edmond Prideaux, to the neighbourhood, as Netherton was bought by him of John Drake, son of Sir Barnard, who had purchased it some time after the dissolution of the monasteries, it having originally belonged to the priory of Canonsleigh. Prince gives a circumstantial biography of this legal luminary and fortunate man in worldly estate—that he enjoyed great reputation during the reign of that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, which waxed greater during the reign of the "hygh and mychtie" King James, her successor, who finally rewarded his learned subject with a patent of baronetcy, July 17, 1622.

Further, he says Sir Edmond was twice "innodated in the bonds of matrimony." The learned knight really made three ventures—first, to Bridget, daughter of Sir John Chichester, of Ralegh; secondly, to Katharine, daughter of Piers Edgcombe; and thirdly, to Mary, daughter of Richard Reynell, and widow of Arthur Fowell, of Fowellscombe.

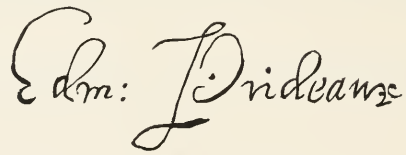
There is, however, one short inevitable finish to all worldly success, though apparently every earthly blessing—honours, fame, and great riches—seems to have fallen to the lot of the fortunate lawyer.



"Having lived to a great age," continues his biographer, "he yielded up the ghost at Netherton, and lieth interred under a very fair monument." This fair monument now claims attention, and he is represented in forensic costume, lying clad in his legal robes, coif, breeches, and high-heeled shoes, his hands raised in prayer, and his head resting on an elaborately-embroidered cushion. The effigy is sculptured better than many occuring at this date, and both features and drapery are by no means void of force and expression.

Below this figure, in a recess, is another of similar size. This is a remarkable effigy of its class and era, and it is a puzzle to determine who it represents—whether it be a second similitude of the learned Counsellor in his warlike harness as a country gentleman, or designed to commemorate his son, Sir Peter, who died 1681, a date almost too late for the costume. Whoever he may be, he is here depicted in complete armour, richly ornamented. The attitude is at half turn, the head resting on the hand, the arm being raised on the elbow. The other hand grasps the sword, and on this arm is a shield on which his coat armour is sculptured. His legs are encased in long boots with spurs, a flowing wig on his head, and around his neck a collar of ample dimensions, edged with point lace, evidently the work of the nimble-fingered maidens of the district, and interesting as one of a few examples which display this kind of decoration found on old effigies in the district, others similar being seen on the Ayshfords in Burlescombe church and the Poles at Colyton.

But what a motley garb decorates the old knight's person! Iron armour, leather boots, horsehair wig, point lace collar, and ostrich feathers in his helmet! He would have great difficulty to frame an indictment on the matter of taste in personal display with his wild free brother, the red Indian, in his sanctuary of the primeval forest. We here give his signature from a document dated 1600.



Sir Peter, his eldest son, was M.P. for Honiton 1661, and Sheriff of Devon 1662. He married Susan, sister to John, Lord Paulet, of Hinton St. George.

Edmund, the baronet's second son, was of Ford Abbey, which he acquired in 1649 of Sir Henry Rosewell; was a barrister at law, Solicitor and Attorney-General to Cromwell 1648-9, and M.P. for Lyme-Regis. The Protector created him a Baronet "three weeks before his death," which title was of course not acknowledged by that fountain of honour and purity, Charles II.; but Mr. Prideaux survived his sturdy patron eleven months only, and died 8 Aug. 1659. Edmund, son of the foregoing, was as remarkable a man as his father. He had been under the tutorage of the celebrated John Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), who resided with the Attorney-General to

the Commonwealth at Ford Abbey, and instructed his son, and so learned did the youth become, that he was afterwards known as "The Walking Encyclopædia." He was for some time M.P. for Taunton. Inheriting his father's love of liberty, although of mild and quiet habits he became an object of great suspicion at Court. He had, in common with many other west-country gentlemen, entertained, with much state, the Duke of Monmouth on his Progress, a few years before the wretched engagement at Sedgemoor; and after that event, on the assumed evidence of a slender bit of unauthenticated gossip, the most atrocious methods were devised by the infamous Jeffreys to fatally incriminate him—fortunately without success; and after having been kept a close prisoner in the Tower, hovering between life and death for several months, he was released at last by paying £15,000 to that blood-thirsty and covetous functionary to whom the almost equally infamous James II. had *given* Mr. Prideaux *as a present*, that he may wring what he could out of the victim, life or estate, or both.* He was subsequently *pardoned (!)*, and endeavoured during the reign of William III. to get back a portion of this extortion—which Jeffreys had in the main applied to his own uses—but without success. He died in 1702, leaving the inevitable distaff, Margaret, his heiress, married to Francis Gwyn.

To return to Netherton. Sir Peter, who died in 1681, was succeeded by his son, Sir Peter, M.P. for Liskeard, 1661; he married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the celebrated Sir Bevile Grenville, of Stowe, and sister to John, Earl of Bath. Dying in 1705, he was followed by his son, Sir Edmond, sometime M.P. for Tregony, and who deceased 1716.

Monuments to the second Sir Peter and sundry of his descendants occur in the church, inclusive of that to the last of this branch of the antient family who was premier baronet of Devon at the time of his death.

But the oldest memorial here of the human past has just been exhumed during the recent alterations, and, as usual, is without a letter to give clue to the name of him over whose dust it was once placed—a simple and elegant cross fleurie incised on a plain slab, the memento, doubtless, of an antient ministrant in this sanctuary. Found turned *upside down*, of course, in the porch. Does the old priest sleep there? Perhaps so. If not, what matter?

Fitting, consistent memento of earthly love—the poor clay, once carefully placed out of sight, how little is afterwards cared for any indignity that may be offered it, or thought of the awful and solemn associations that invest the perishing bones that once moved about these scenes as we do now at the bidding of their immortal occupant.

Two venerable yew trees of immense size are in the churchyard. Probably a thousand generations of the children of men are at rest beneath their shadow, all of whom have found their unconscious way there since these twisted, gnarled, but still vigorous veterans, first took root among their narrow sepulchres.

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* *Book of the Axe.*

As we turn to come out of the little graveyard, sundry names known to us in earlier days speak from the memorials around—some whose joys and sorrows we have participated in, in earlier days, and one specially mournful, that tells the not uncommon history of a young life in the opening bloom of womanhood snatched hastily away by the fell destroyer: saddened memories whose possession is even more dear to us than present pleasures.

The Past our richest treasures keep,
Our truest, tenderest joys are there,
That were too bright to stay, too rare,—
Safe locked in memory's haunted deeps.

So the soul turns within itself,
In darkness and with inward eyes,
As one, returned from sweet emprise,
Counts all its hoard of garnered pelf.

There, lives beyond the price of gold,
The wealth of life's uncertain lot,
The joys where strangers meddle not,
The bitterness that stays untold.

A short distance below the church, at the uttermost extremity of the valley, is a small, antient farm-house called Boycombe, formerly in the names of Knolle, Nitheway, and Hoskins, according to Pole. It is, as usual in this valley, an early seventeenth-century building, with stone mullioned windows, and oak ceilings, and richly-carved window lintels. In the parlour window, as at Farwood, is the shield of an olden owner in coloured glass—*Or, a lion rampant azure.* Around is a wreath and riband, but the inscription has been displaced, and part is deficient; all that can be made out reads—

arma Wile'a—fry et Alicie—anne uxo's ej'—filie.—
side :—fili—eius—Joh'ns—a Willia'—hoo.—

The arms give no clue to its unravelment.*

The great curiosity, however, in the antient house is a wall painting of considerable size in this chamber. It represents an old man with white hair, moustache, and beard, in a brown cloak or robe, shearing a sheep, which he holds in his lap. Behind is a church, arch, trees, and landscape. Below are these lines :—

Lent but a year, now in ye month of June,
The bale pated Farmer sing this tune :
Go, Tom, fetch home ye sheep we will them shear,
This Day will make amends for all ye year;
With pleasing labour now he takes from sheep,
His long lent Fleeces in plenteous heap :
Mirth makes ye House run round yet all joy's be,
But grateful tributes to the Deity.

1744.

* Scratched with a diamond on a pane close by is *John Smith, Honiton, 1773;* a well-known family of glaziers still existant. It was then probably repaired.

Of course the room is haunted, and it is averred that solemn, soft music is occasionally heard, "like an organ playing," when all is quiet, both in the old parlour and the bed chamber above.

A word of thanks is due here for the hearty, homely hospitality afforded us by the dwellers in these old farm-houses while we were leisurably investigating and noting such outward and visible signs as remained about them, giving clues to their past histories. The best fare in the house was always at our service, and every assistance cheerfully rendered for the discovery of sculptured panel, armory, inscription, or initial. And this, indeed, may be said (with very inconsiderable exceptions) of our visits to such places everywhere. The passing shadows of apprehensive forebodings are said to haunt the farmer's life, but those who often have this phraze on their lips know little of the vicissitudes of his vocation. The spirit and affluence of his hospitality has never been questioned. Dr. Oliver records that the good Bishop Bronescombe bought the manor of Sowton, near Exeter, and erected there what was afterwards a favourite country episcopal residence, to which the stranger and traveller were welcomed with that hospitable invitation distinctly inscribed on its gateway—

Janua patet, Cor magis

the door is wide, the heart wider. The same motto may have been placed in humbler sort, but equal truth, on any of the farm-house lintels we have visited here and elsewhere.

Our adventuring up this valley through its five miles of green fields, and historical gossip by the way, ends here; and our peregrination over this long stretch of the humble velvety sward has been a pleasant one. What a delightful factor in the beauty of the landscape, and its enjoyment by the sense, is the little lowly plant, so contemptuously used and trodden under foot, yet ever returning with inextinguishable vitality and fertility; the sustenance of untold myriads of grateful, contented beings. Yet how seldom does the reflection cross the thought that every one of those countless tiny blades is the inheritor and enjoyer of nearly all the natural blessings the proud heel that crushes it may boast the possession of.

> "O, grass that withereth! thou hast
> The earth and sky!
> With all my longings infinite,
> What more have I?"

Our return by the river's side may be equally pleasant. He who is adroit in the use of a short rod, can place his fly to six inches, and keep his temper amid sundry and manifold hitches in the dense alders, will find occasionally good sport up the little brook, the olden inhabiters upon whose banks, and their doings and dwelling places, we have essayed in some measure to chronicle. Is it not truly named a gentle art thus to be able to fish and study too, and withal enjoy the delightful pleasures of Nature to boot?

And so, sweet river, on whose banks we often fish and soliloquise, whose surroundings teem with endless interesting associations of the past and attractions of the present, our adieu, as it is inspired by a contemplation of thy beauties, is to thee inscribed.

RIVER COLY.

Tumbling down and rushing by,
Weedy marge, and shingle dry,
Singing ever, wandering free,
Nature's song of liberty.

Silvery stickles hurrying fast,
Gurgling eddies whirling past,
Chattering wavelets lisping low,
Gleaming reaches calm and slow.

Sweet forget-me-nots bend o'er
Deep blue eyes thy rippling shore,
And the dainty May-fly laves
Raptured wings in thy bright waves.

Proud the stately iris glance,
'Mid thy singing ripples dance,
Purples blushing in their bliss
Stoop themselves to share thy kiss.

Darkling shadows flecked with gold,
Close thy covert pools enfold,
There the sooty moorhen dips,
There the red kine slake their lips;

There the kingfisher darts by
Like a glint of sun-flashed sky,
And the bounding swallows skim,
Dimpling faint thy mirrored brim.

When the varying heavens display
Sunbeams bright mid cloudlets gray,
And each gauze-winged water sprite
Hovers o'er thee in delight,

Then alert the brigand trout
Roams thy crystal fields about,
Then the patient angler tries,
Vainly oft, to lure his prize.

On and on—the dappled morn
In thy wave glows newly born;
On and on—eve's crimsoned gold
On thy burning marge is scrolled:

On and on—the lamps of night
In thy silent depths hang bright;
Singer sweet and priesthood lone,
Gladdening, giving, blessing—gone!

THE CISTERCIAN

AT THE SOURCE OF THE CULM.

THE origin, object, and subsequent history of the old castles and abbeys of our land have ever proved fruitful subjects of interest and regard to antiquaries and historians, both in a general and, subordinately, in a local sense. They held conspicuous positions in the annals of civilization at the peculiar epoch in which we find their appearance—in the one case as being centres of local social power, and in the other as seats of learning and religious feeling, doubtless exercising most important influences in the districts where they were seated, as also in the aggregate upon the nation's history. Society, then only in an incipient stage of civilized progress, was duly sensitive of the power and position conferred by the acquisition of wealth and learning; and it is easy even now, with our advanced knowledge and enlarged education, to estimate the influence they exercised, although it is probable in those days of lesser light, as compared with ours of the present, that importance was proportionately exaggerated.

Our pilgrimage to-day is to the site (for we are told there is little else visible) of one of those antient abbeys founded by piously-inclined hearts in the gloom of the thirteenth century, at a lonely spot, far from the bustling haunts of men, in a green combe overlooking the uttermost branch of the Culm; and so we give the rein and a sympathetic cue to our thoughts, as we ascend the long hill leading toward it, anent these olden foundations and the occupation of the holy and devoted men who lived for many an age within them and then passed away as "a tale that is told." Assuredly they had their use and exercised their meed of good, as a very little reflection will convince us.

The humble, quiet Monk, hidden within the solitude of his little cell, mainly worked away the live-long day, alternately employed in conning thoughtfully over and copying with patient industry the priceless story of Holy Writ or well-reasoned writings of the venerable fathers of the Faith; or, anon, with compass and rule creating and tracing the lofty proportions and beautiful adaptations of that system of architecture whose fame is now wedded with the deathless name of his faith; or with brush and pigment slowly and cunningly elaborating those glorious illuminations that remain an equally imperishable monument of his appreciation of the beautiful in art to this day.

When he emerged from his devout and tasteful studies, he came forth to celebrate the grand and ornate worship of his Creator within the noble precincts of the adjoining sanctuary, which he had possibly designed and carefully erected to His service, amid the wondering and awe-smitten peasantry, or in privacy and loneliness to speak ghostly comfort to some sin-stricken sinner, or carry the basket of charity to the famishing cottager, or mid the ghastly horrors of the stealthy pestilence to sit by the bedside of the plague-smitten victim and direct the glazing eyes of the shriven soul to the comforts of the Cross.

Amid the dense ignorance that then existed, to deny that these men had not or did not exercise the influence for good they unquestionably possessed, and are not deserving of our present thanks and gratitude for their pious and zealous labours as custodians and transmitters of the immortal, the truthful, and the beautiful, through the long centuries of darkness and apathy in which they lived, now that their generation and office have passed away and are no more needed, would alike be disreputable to the feelings and destructive of the finest traditions of the human heart.

Thus far, then, for the peaceful and humanizing influence of the Monk, whose olden labours so many of us now-a-day are apt to challenge, and have learnt so glibly and with unappreciative indiscrimination to decry. Ignorant of his true history, some of us, as a consequence, would bury him in an odium of useless idleness, bigotry, and intolerant usurpation, forgetful that when he lived the world had no other preservers of her learning, nor recognised nor knew of a differing creed.

True, the shadows of human frailty crossed his path (as whose do they not)—a path beset with dangers and thick with difficulties, when the thirsty ambition of unchecked earthly aspirations ran like wild fire over the land. Among distracting scenes and influences the Monk had only a mortal heart to rely on to guide him safely through them. Yet he often acted his important part amid the turmoil with great dignity, unselfishness, and conscious integrity, that shewed he was deeply imbued with the true spirit of the religion he professed.

Of the particular vocation or daily round of the Cistercian monk (for Dunkeswell was a Cistercian foundation) in the twelfth century, "it must have required no small confidence," says Mr. Brooking Rowe,

"in his powers of endurance when the novice took the vows binding him for life to the austerities of the order. The monasteries were situated in secluded spots, as to render any intercourse with the outside world difficult. The food

of the inmates was of the plainest kind, silence was rigidly enforced, communication within the walls was carried on mainly by signs, the fratry or day room had no fire place, and was exposed to the rigour of the weather, one end being left open to the air; and when the poor monk, after, perchance, his supper of fruit and herbs, sought his dormitory, the cold night air played about his hard couch, admitted by the slits in the long wall, unglazed and unshuttered, which served as windows. The stranger or wayfarer was hospitably treated, but not allowed to enter the refectory or cloister. Luxury, ease, and the ordinary comforts of life, were frowned upon and for a long time banished. Labour and prayer, prayer and labour, alone occupied the thoughts of the Cistercian.

They were the farmers proper of the monastic orders. While other communities had their mills and granges mainly for their own use about them, the Cistercian made agriculture his business, and sent the product of his land forth for the use of the outer world." In large abbeys this was conducted on considerable scale. "In every Cistercian house were two classes—the monks proper and the conversi—the masters and servants. Both classes took the vows; but the lives of the conversi were spent mainly in labour upon the farms and other menial work, performing such religious duties only as might reasonably be expected from lay folk, who had to obtain their livelihood by the sweat of their brow. They were the poorest of the poor, and often the vilest, and many sought the convent when no other door was open to them and death stared them in the face. Taken in hand by the monks, compelled to earn their bread, they soon became useful, and the outcast of society found in the church a shelter denied them by the world."

So much for the useful and beneficent life of the Cistercian, whose early austerities were afterward considerably relaxed; and Dunkeswell affords an excellent example of the rule of choice that guided him in the selection of his home. "His habitation was far from the haunts of men, in a valley, and as far as possible in the narrowest part of it, and close to a river the settlement was made; and in such a situation in many a fertile spot throughout England the farmer-monk made his home; and the situation of this abbey (Dunkeswell) is very secluded, but very beautiful, and very characteristic of a Cistercian selection. In five of such localities in our fair county, members of the order, at varying intervals, took up their abode. The earliest house was founded in 1137, only nine years after the first—that of Waverley, in Surrey—was planted in England, and the remaining four were established at different times—one in the twelfth, and the other three in the thirteenth century." * These places where the white monk settled in Devon were Buckfast, Buckland, Newenham, Ford, and Dunkeswell.

And so let us remember the Monk for his virtues, now that his mission has passed away; and however different and more widely expanded our present experience suggests to us the necessity of spiritual freedom and activity in our holy religion by all who profess to regard it, let us not forget there is ever this also to recommend him to our gratitude, that, amid the darkest and most troublous period of our nation's history, the Monk was the link that handed down to us the comprehensive principles of our common faith, and its wondrous history, the Bible, and then in the fulness of time disappeared from our land, leaving it to gather strength, and dignity, and freedom, and repose in that Bible's light—a faith embodying every high aspiration

* "*The Cistercian Houses of Devon*," page 6.

of the Monk, but leaving the unpractical seclusion of the cloister and its inevitable unrealities and dreamy torpor, to carry its principles into the natural and healthy activities of the round of ordinary daily life, and be the reflex of

A SIMPLE CREED.

Calm in the patient bliss of doing good,
The love of heavenly things,
The peace that broods o'er every passing mood,
The strength of Faith's bright wings,
The trust unfaltering, though the way be dim,
My feet are on the path that leads to Him.

To join those I have loved, and be with those
Who, for my little worth,
Have loved me true, there live in blest repose
The truth begun on earth,
Through endless days, o'er-brightened by the smile
Of His all-perfect love, its bond the while.

For this I gather up Life's golden threads
That clue its devious gloom,
As year by year my failing body treads
Its pathway to the tomb;
Thankful for each bright gift stored on its way,
My pilgrim soul spreads wings and bears away.

As we wend our way up the long hill that leads from Honiton to Dunkeswell this fine late September day, we do not find much in the floral world remaining to engage our attention, for the chastening presage of coming autumn has already insensibly passed over the landscape, slightly bronzing the leaves and paling the remaining flowers. Still a few are left to attest that the engaging hand of summer has not as yet quite lost its magic.

Here and there a stray convolvulus upturns her ephemeral silver bell, or a tall snap-dragon leans over the hedge-crest, stretching out his golden sceptre; while some members of the umbelliferous tribe occasionally congregate themselves in great force, displaying their large silvery sprent discs; and a profusion of the strong-scented wild mint fills the ditches by the road side, exhibiting numerous pale purple flower dossils, on a tall bunch of which, as we slowly pass, a pair of magnificent insects, the scarlet admiral butterfly and his wife, glance out over the hedge and settle themselves with great boldness just before us, proceeding busily to search the flowers for food.

The gloriously-tinted wings of the male, as he alternately opens and shuts them to balance himself in his transit over the flower, are something wondrous to behold; his sleek jet-black body and branching antennæ, his ebon and intense scarlet wings, edged with bright blue and dotted with the purest white, are superlatively beautiful.

The handsome creature is, however, on business bent, and pays little attention to his admirers, and we silently wonder what kind of constituted mind it can be that would capture this lustrous insect, despoil his fairy wings of their glowing tints in the fray, and then immolate the wreck as a trophy for future admiration.

He looks a very king among others of his kind that hover near, the sober-coloured, delicately-pencilled fritillary, and pale sheeny sulphur,

> "The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
> The silken down with which his back is dight,
> His broad outstretchèd horns, his hayrie thies,
> His glorious colours, and his glittering eies."

But if the russet tinges of autumn are slowly stealing the rich colour out of the foliage, she on her part is busily shewing the trophies of her fruity store at intervals; for anon we crook down a stray cluster (or "clapper," as it is termed in the vernacular) of well-ripened nuts that have escaped the foraging hands and acute eyes of the school boy, or moisten our lips with a large deep-purpled blackberry, for they hang in inviting profusion, or glance at the oaks studded thick with acorns, stop to admire sundry well-laden apple trees in the orchards that abut the road, as they droop beneath their golden and ruddy burthens, or linger at intervals to look through some gap-way and note the number of amber-hued neatly-thatched stacks that cluster in the rear of the numerous farm-houses seated about the underlying valleys. At intervals before us quiver down a few

FALLING LEAVES.

Sweet dreams of life, like leaves ye lie,
  Strewing its devious way,
Erstwhile on heaven-reaching branch borne high,
  Basking in hope's warm ray;
Ye drop when touched by fate's breath cold,
Still glistened o'er with fancy's gold.

For, all unseen, thought deftly weaves
  The foliage of the heart,
And clothes the soul in garb of leaves,
  That wither and depart
In all we lose, desire, regret,
Joys that delude, or fears that fret.

Silent, forgotten, one by one,
  The first few eddy down
Yet, 'mid the crowd, one leaf alone
  That falls, all seared and brown,
Tells the full story of a life—
Its brightening prospects, cankering strife.

There are some good views of true Devonian landscape to be seen as we quietly mount the lengthened acclivity, After crossing the sparkling Otter, the broad fertile vale of Honiton stretches away, with the antient borough in its midst, from whose aggregation of slate roofs, shining with subdued glow in the warm sunlight, rises its high pinnacled tower, while just behind, on a knoll, the shorter substantial campanile of the old church seems to stand and keep watch over the town below.

On our right rises the ever-beautiful tree-crested hill of Dumpdon, behind which is piled a massive rampart of hills, along the mid-

distance of which a thin train of smoke flits along and is presently lost, while on the top a tall belvidere uprises, of strange oriental appearance, like a minaret from Jaffa or Stamboul transplanted to one of our English hills, glancing queringly on the Christian towers underneath.

We pass Woodbine Hill, and, proceeding onward, loiter a few moments as we reach Wolford Lodge, to look down its luxuriantly-wooded valley, and to admire some fine beeches near the lodge gates. Thence over the plateau of the hill, a good mile and a half, we turn suddenly down a lane to the left, and the village of Dunkeswell stretches itself down the little valley.

"Dunkeswell," says Polwhele, "signifies *the hill with the clear well*"; and there is a remarkable well in the village called after St. Patrick, to whom the parish church is said to be dedicated, as the revel is kept on his day. This well we observe, together with numerous other clear wells or runnels of water, at one of which, that pours itself out from a spout in the hedge near the centre of the village, a lamed rustic is seated, allowing the healing freshness to trickle over the fevered limb, while two or three children are standing by, looking on with envious admiration and evidently wishing it were their privilege instead.

We look in at the little church, which is now (as usual everywhere) being rebuilt, and are agreeably surprised to find a very fine old

circular Norman font, with a roll of cable twist, above which, round the bowl, is an arcade with figures, one of which is a Bishop in the attitude of benediction. There is another fine square Norman font in the adjoining parish of Luppit, now somewhat age-worn and ruinated. On it are some characteristic carved heads, and apparently the representation of a hunting scene, with the long ears of the hare surmounting the foremost animal.

The road leading from Dunkeswell village to the Abbey consists of a narrow veritable old English lane, some two miles in length, running along the side of the hill a considerable distance and then it rapidly descends to a rich vale, where two or three fertile valleys meet. There we loiter awhile, detained by one of those characteristic incidents so indicative of a Devonshire lane—an almost interminable string of red dairy cows defiling slowly out of an adjoining pasture, for it is now

MILKING TIME.

With careful step and slow,
Along the lane
Comes, with murmuring low,
The ruddy train,
Each after each; and hark!
At their rear the cow-dog loud,
But his familiar bark
Frets not the docile crowd.

Eyes full as Juno's, soft,
Lustrous, and clear;
Horns bright, and borne aloft
O'er the lithe ear;
Breath sweet as summer zephyr,
Perfume-laden from the flowers,
Passes on each stately heifer
In the sunny evening hours.

On through the homestead gate,
With gentle grace,
Patiently there all await,
Each in her place,
Calmly, in blissful mood,
Ranged 'neath the shadowing trees,
Chewing contentment's cud,
Dreaming of summer leas.

Grateful their dozing glance
Speaks a mute thanks,
As the milkmaid's advance
Steals through their ranks.
Grudgeless flows the balmy gift,
Blessing and still blest, the while
Busy hands with movement swift
Rifle all the snowy spoil.

Having reached the bottom of the descent, we pass a cottage or two, and catch sight over the trees of the spire-shaped bell turret of the modern chapel, erected on the site of the antient Abbey church, A short turn to the left and the ruins of the gatehouse are before us.

The Abbey of Dunkeswell, a visit to the ruins of which has been the object of to-day's wandering, received its origin from that unparalleled founder of religious establishments in Devon, William de Briwere, or Brewer, Baron of that name, in 1201.

This great nobleman, who possessed vast property, and consequently exercised much influence in the county, is said to have been

uncle on the mother's side to King John, and that he was an important councillor of state to that monarch and his predecessor, King Richard the First. William Briwere, who was consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1224, is also said to have been his grandson. To the munificence of Lord Brewer three of the numerous large religious foundations in the county owe their beginning—the Premonstratensian abbey of Torre, the Benedictine nunnery of Polsloe, together with this the Cistercian abbey of the Blessed Virgin at Dunkeswell, where he ordered his body to be buried at his decease.

A few words here as to its earliest days, and of him who founded it. A year or so before the foundation, Briwere purchased the manor of Dunkeswell either of Henry de la Pomeroy or of William Fitz-William, who "was compelled by his necessities" to borrow some money on it of a Jew, Amadio by name, by way of mortgage, and which purchase was confirmed by King John, who afterwards, in the seventh year of his reign, further confirmed its transfer, with other lands, as Briwere's gift to the newly-founded Abbey; but this is somewhat conjectural.

The Abbey received its first colonization of monks from its elder sister of Ford, about twelve miles distant, who took up their home here in 1201.

Nor must it be forgotten, in describing the religious zeal of Lord Brewer, that his daughter Alice, who was wedded to Reginald de Mohun, her father's ward, founded Newenham abbey, as we have already intimated in our visit to its precincts, and that her supposed effigial semblance is found in Axminster church, of which parish her father's chaplain, Gervase de Prestaller by name, was the vicar; and that the mutilated figure of the priest in the same church, lying opposite the Lady de Mohun, is considered to represent him, who, according to the Newenham chartulary, died about 1215. Besides this Lady Alice, Lord Brewer left four other daughters—Grace, Isabella, Margery, and Jane—and two sons—Richard, who died during his father's lifetime, and William, who survived him.

Of the history of the Abbey during the three centuries and half of its existence, little can now be recovered; but Dr. Oliver recounts a list of the sixteen abbots that successively presided over the confraternity, the last of whom, John Ley, was apportioned a pension of £50 at the dissolution in 1540, and the Abbey itself and its estates, valued at the time in £300 per annum, was granted by King Henry VIII. to John, Lord Russell, and formed an important portion of the large ecclesiastical spoil that fell to the share of this fortunate nobleman in the county. With the usual promptitude common to these greedy, mercenary men, Russell immediately stripped the church of its lead, the tower of its bells, and the fabric generally of all that he could turn into money, and left it to perish and decay. The abbot had, in accordance with the usual custom of monastic dignitaries, a town residence in Exeter, somewhere in St. Paul's parish. The arms of the Abbey were those of its Founder—*Gules, two bends undy or;* and the fabric itself was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Its fine common seal, of which only one imperfect impression exists, was upwards of three inches long, and represents the Blessed Virgin with saints on

either side under canopies. Below the saint on the sinister side of the central figure are the arms of De Briwere.

Proceed we now to explore such traces of the Abbey as are left. Calling at the door of the cottage built close to the ruined gate-house, we find, as we had surmised, that the sexton and *locum tenens* of the Abbey precincts resides there, who, with much willingness and considerable intelligence, acts as our cicerone.

The grand entrance to the Abbey was close to the corner of the cottage, and appears to have been a broad Perpendicular arch; the gate-house, with its windows and winding stone staircase, was also of the same date. Inside this gateway is what is now a fine productive

GATEWAY, DUNKESWELL ABBEY.

garden; this was probably a large outer court originally. Through this garden you walk by a path down to the site of the antient conventual church, on which is now built the modern chapel-of-ease. This was on the north side of the Abbey, and the shape of the church may be tolerably well traced.

Outside the wall of the church (on what is now a meadow) were the Abbey buildings, stretching away in a straight line southward, some two hundred feet or nearly, forming apparently one side of a square that size, that embodied probably the Abbey precinct, at the extreme

edges of which occur a few pieces of broken wall. The chatty sexton informs us that during the dry summer months the plan of the Abbey buildings in the meadow are easily traceable, from the grass withering over the old foundations. Further, that, apparently, a long passage stretched away from the transept of the church, with chambers at each side, other divisions occurred inside, and at the end of this long series of chambers was one very large one.

In digging graves near the new church (the present yard being the site of the previous church belonging to the Abbey), a number of skeletons have been found of the religious formerly residing here, the antient mode of sepulture being very apparent, the bodies being buried without coffins, and a row of stones set roof-shaped along, just above, to prevent the earth falling immediately on them. A quantity of encaustic tiles and portions of pillars and carved stone-work have been dug up. Many of these antient tiles are reset in the pavement of the new church. On some of them is a shield *checquy*, others display *an elephant towered*, and a *lion rampant between crosslets*.

In the corner of the present enclosed churchyard is a large stone coffin, one of two discovered in a singular way. We have remarked that in the meadow adjoining, during dry weather, the traces of the foundations of the old conventual buildings are clearly traceable. At the further extremity of them, in the apparently large room at the end, a small square spot, a short distance off the wall, was observed to give up and get dry much quicker than any of the rest, and became quite noticeable.

Suspecting something peculiar was beneath, the ground was opened, and at about a foot below the surface two large stone coffins, side by side, were discovered. These coffins were six feet six inches long, and of the usual shape, with a circular opening for the head, and a smaller furrow at the base to receive the heels. The covers were of Purbeck marble, and had been polished, but there was no ornament except the antient cavetto moulding round the edge. On raising the lids, two very perfect skeletons were seen, not a bone displaced; and they were pronounced by a neighbouring surgeon to be male and female. The bones were carefully gathered into the most ruinous of the two coffins, and buried within the Abbey church; the other coffin being left above ground for the inspection of the wandering antiquary.

Who were the tenants of these old sarcophagi, and how came they buried so far from the conventual church? We think there is little doubt these coffins contained the remains of the Founder, Lord Brewer, and his lady, and that this large enclosed site where they were discovered was the more antient chapel of the Abbey, in use before the larger conventual church was finished; that their burial-place was probably never afterwards disturbed, but the chapel was set aside as a mortuary one, where a daily mass was said for the repose of their souls. An antient chapel, similar to this presumed one, holds a relative situation to the abbey buildings in the adjoining foundation of Newenham.

As we looked into the gloomy receptacle and thought of the former glories that once upreared themselves around, our imagination sought

to depict the noble pair—he, the uncle and councillor of kings, in his close-fitting hauberk and coif of sparkling ring mail, silk-enfolded surcoat of cunning embroidery, with his huge sword, and kite-shaped shield, bearing the broad, wavy, golden bands of Brewer stretched athwart a vermilion field, on his arm—she, in snowy wimple and robes of costly stuff by her lord's side,

But these courtly splendours are all gone; the emblazoned noble and richly-draped ecclesiastic have long been hidden in the shadowy region of the past, and their semblance only exists in the eye of fancy. The lark and the linnet now chant the orisons and vespers that have long ceased and been silent in this their antient wonted abode; the bee and the butterfly are the only pilgrims that visit and linger around these deserted shrines, and the dew-laden daisy the only mourner that droops and weeps over these unmarked sepulchres, when

> "At night the pale moon cometh
> And looketh down alone."

Of the external form of the structure no record or tradition exists; but the style of architecture of the church may be safely assigned to the Early English or lancet period (being attested by some capitals of columns and fragments of polished Purbeck marble shafts continually discovered in the soil beneath), and its dimensions were evidently of considerable size, as were also the conventual buildings attached.

These few crumbling foundations, then, are all the scant evidences left to attest the former being of the spacious buildings that once upreared themselves on the greensward before us, to conceive the semblance of which is now left to the subtle and ingenious creation of fancy. "Its ruins now lie low in the dust," wrote Risdon two centuries ago. No truer description can be given now; and again we are standing on one of those hallowed spots, whose holy precincts so often consecrate the green valleys and plains of our land, and are invested with imperishable associations, though scarcely one stone is left upon another to point out their locality. In the words of the gifted and unfortunate L. E. L.—

> "Where stood the tower, there grows the weed,
> Where stood the weed, the tower;
> No present hour its likeness leaves
> To any future hour."

Like its ruined sister foundation, Newenham, the kindly flower-bespangled lap of Nature on its site alone treasures within its gracious sanctuary hundreds of quiet, pulseless forms, now hushed in the arms of death within these hidden chambers of the grave—even the Founder, the sixteen Abbots, and all the religious Confraternity, through the three centuries of their abode in this sylvan solitude.

Having surveyed to the full, and with as much precision as may be, the few ruinous fragments that are now left to attest the size and importance of the olden Abbey of Dunkeswell, our steps lead us out into the underlying plot of rich pasture on the north side, still called "Churchyard Meadow" (having been, perhaps, originally the ordinary

burial ground of the community), and mounting on a friendly stile, beside which babbles along the invariable attendant on a monastic institution, a bright clear rill, one of the outermost progenitors of the Culm, we give ourselves up for a few minutes to contemplation and rest.

RESURGAM.

Creator of our spirits, bright—
Our eyes search through this life's short night
For closer glimpses of Thy light.

Thy quickening light, whose glances play
Irradiant o'er thoughts' subtle way.
Or blossom paints with viewless ray.

And if Thyself we may not see,
Yet Thine is ours perpetually,
Where eye may roam or thought may flee.

The germ immortal Thy love did
First in the soul cause to be hid,
Doth for fruition ever bid.

Time's trackway, dim to mortal eye,
Seems but to lead where all must die,
Yet 'neath Thy glance no death is nigh.

Our cold-soled feet rest on this clay,
Our eager glances bend away
Toward the realm of endless day.

Not ever thus our sight will be,
But merged and mingled soon shall see
The finite in infinity.

Through that dark arch all edged with fire,
Where human yearnings swift expire,
Lost in the thoughts for Thee that tire.

When eyelids close from this world's pride,
One short sharp mortal pang—then wide
The doors of glory swift divide,

Then for the spirit's ærial form
And blazing wings to flee the storm,
Where sins allure and doubts deform;

And reach the rest, contented, pure,
Filled with the peace that must endure,
In Thee full satisfied, secure.

The new district church and school-house are before us, raised there to perpetuate the memory and purpose of the dismantled foundation. But where is that olden stately church with its heaven-directed pinnacles, and the ample pile of buildings that adjoined it? Gone—all gone, the temple and its priests, the house and its occupiers—even the very coffin of its Founder lies untenanted and uncared for; while the wondering rustic of to-day looks into its massive depths with vague curiosity, and scans the huge adamantine foundations around as the

traces of some former mystic age, whose history and use are alike to him incomprehensible, so completely have humanising merciful laws—a differing education, however imperfect, and the wondrous liberty of an open Bible everywhere—left these antient appliances of religion in oblivion.

The dust of the old fraternity slumbers beneath the green sward; there, undisturbed, it has remained for over three hundred years, desolate and unregarded. Now another temple, dedicated to the same Great Being, but with a simpler faith, has again arisen on the old foundation, through the munificence of pious hearts, perpetuating the holy mission of its predecessor; and though no gorgeous-robed ecclesiastics sweep through the polished aisles, nor keep solemn vigil at shrine and tomb, yet the clear views of unfettered truth are constantly proclaimed within its antient precincts, unaided by useless ceremonial, to win their sure majestic entrance into the human soul. Once more, too, when this mortal coil is shuffled off, the dust of the present generation is brought to mingle with that of the Monks of old.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

But we must bring our reverie to a close, for the deepening gloom of evening has stolen an imperceptible march upon us, and to our fancy's eye the turreted gable, roof-line, and adjoining trees, have assumed the proportions of a great conventual church, and the old hoary gnarled gate-post in the hedge below, with its encircling chain and padlock, seems to gaze at us through the shadows with the semblance of some white-cloaked and cowled Cistercian friar, with his rosary at his girdle.

So we move off from our resting place, and rapidly thread our way up the long steep lane leading back to Dunkeswell. The tall hedges and overhanging trees make our path more than usually gloomy, but afford as a recompense a good view of the spangled canopy above, whose golden points are shining with a strange brilliancy for the time of the year, suggesting congenial thoughts on that never-tiring theme,

THE CHANGELESS STARS.

Ye quenchless lamps, o'er the far hill-top hung,
Your flames caught at the pyre of dying day,
I watch your glittering presence fitful flung
Through the dark hedgerow's crest of quivering spray;
And as I gaze, star-visions glance and play
Soft on the inner sight with gathering throng,
Of happy hours on time's tide borne away,
By memory's torch reflected clear and strong:
So, constant stars, in beauty's birthright fair
As when your ray on mortal sight first shone,
Time may not pale, nor clouding age impair,
Life's transient joys when fired by love alone;
Like ye they rise undimmed in its past night,
And glow with radiance, changeless as your light.

We have a "good step" yet ere the antient borough be reached, but the clime and the hour are alike most pleasant. We pass a cottager's wife or two hurrying homeward from the town with basket of errands, but otherwise find no company, save the occasional hum of a beetle driving heedlessly by, once or twice in unpleasant proximity to our auditory organs.

Thou hast wings, too, thou ebon-mailed elf of the twilight, we cogitate, as we remember the beautiful apparition of the morning's butterfly, and "improve the occasion and circumstances" mentally as we pursue our solitary walk down over the hill. Here is the result:—

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEETLE.

O, slender form and wings of diaper,
Banded with tesseræ of richest tint,
Whose deep soft glow, shewn in the sunshine clear,
Would almost shame the flashing gem's fierce glint—
Why are thy wings so lustrous and so large,
With beauty all besprent from marge to marge?

Why hast thou thus a form of life and joy,
Careering ever—clad in angel guise—
Sipping ambrosia with untiring cloy,
As if earth's common lot thou didst despise,
And had no resting for thy dainty feet
Save on those odorous petals blooming sweet?

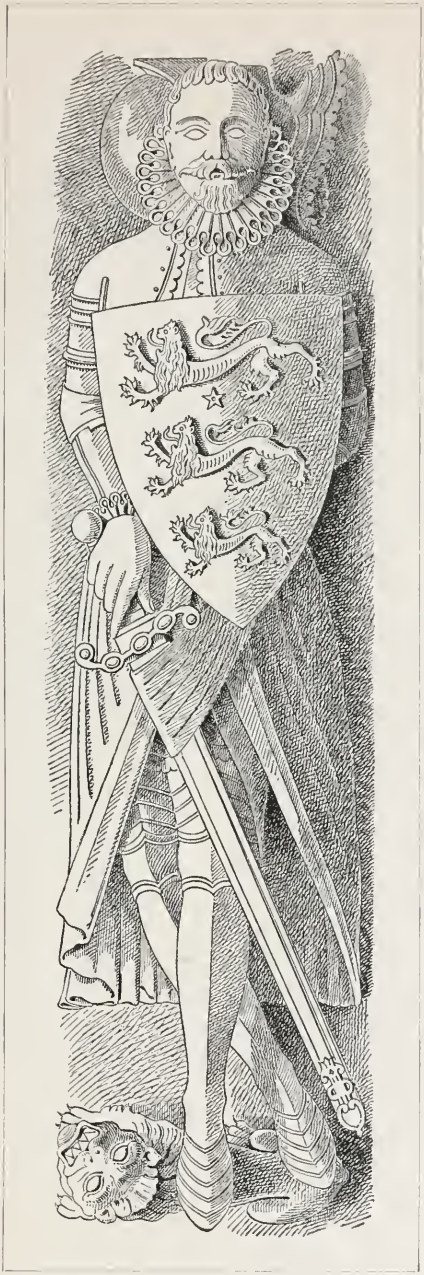
The armoured beetle, clad with darkening sheen,
Creeps slowly on his earth-road all the day,
Nor cares to mount the luscious flower between
The barren stages of his dreary way;
Wings hath he too, as thee, but the bright day
Ne'er tempts him to upmount and soar away,

Yet when the shadows of the evening come
And clustering dewdrops weep from leaf and spray,
He speeds him upward from his weed-built home,
Winging his heedless and uncertain way
Through miry glade, o'er fen and rush-grown waste,
Then, in the gloom, unnoticed, drops in haste.

There is an earth and heaven, ye say to me—
One tearful, dark! the other, sunny, bright:
Creatures ye are of both, and this to thee
Unseals our pictured lessons to thy sight;
To-day (thy night) the beetle's path ye wend,
To-morrow with a seraph's wings ascend.

SIR GAWEN AND LADY CAREW.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.



SIR PETER CAREW, Kn.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

R. G., DEL.

THE NEST OF CAREW.

OTTERY-MOHUN.

A RIDE in the early train on the South-Western Railway, and a fine May morning. Fine, we say—that is, bright and sunny to be sure, but with a chastened freshness in the air, and a bluish keen tint in the sky just over the distant hill-line, that tells us the rime-powed ambassador of winter, John Frost, Esquire, of that ilk, has not received his final passport from the warm hand of summer as yet. Never mind, it is wise to make the best of all things, and though the morning air be a little unseasonable, it braces the muscles and exhilarates the feelings, especially to one bound on a tramping excursion. In a large roomy "third-class," of course; for your pedestrian antiquary has a careful eye to expense, and moreover rather likes the bustle and social fussy amenities of the people's Parliamentary coach, to the straightened state of a first-class (even if he could afford it), or the too often would-be gentility of the second-rated vehicle.

On Gateway, Ottery-Mohun.

Carefully stowing away the striped "market return," and settling in a corner, we take stock of our companions—cheerful farmers, burly cattle dealers, and grey-clad, wise-browed millers, form the majority of the male portion, and their talk is alternately of oxen, of corn, of butter, of the hay prospect, with wise nods and knowing glances, enlivened now and then with a robust laugh.

Two or three of the softer sex are interspersed—farmers' wives or daughters, evidently, with sober business faces and fine well-flowered bonnets. On their knees capacious baskets, in whose vast depths the freshest butter and newest eggs are carefully freighted, while from one of the wickered receptacles the violent flutter of wings and scratching

of feet betray the fear of the frightened prisoners within—fat pullet or capon, as the case may be; yet the fierce struggles for liberty in no wise disturb the story of the sturdy dame who holds them—she is deep in butter-lore; its probable price, and how much she shall make this coming season,

One, a younger damsel, sits silent and alone in the carriage corner, and from behind the convenient cobwebbed mazes of a thick veil is coyly ogling a rather good-looking youth nearly opposite, whose semi-military air, moustache, and spruce garb, joined to the good-terms-with-himself he is evidently on, completely deaden the influence of the furtive glances that dart from the bright-eyed battery opposite.

Thus conning the apparent characters of our fellow passengers, we pass two or three little trim stations, each of which contributes its quota to the living load, when suddenly we emerge from a deep cutting, and the broad fertile vale of Honiton stretches away before us; and no more fair or fertile valley is to be found in the county, stretching for sixteen miles down to the ever-faithful city and metropolis of the west.

Facing the eye, the dense beetling woods of Tracey spread down the slope. To the right, the grand pyramidal hill of Dumpdon sits like a monarch in the valley, his mighty brow crowned with trees, while the green fields that mantle his sides seem fastened together by the white building, which looks like a clasp on his capacious breast. Below, the antient borough lengthens along a line of slate roofs and chimneys, over which a haze of ghost-like smoke is passing. A glance out of the opposite window shows us the old church of St. Michael, whose massive tower seems to look with disdain on the slender Norman apology that shoots up amid the houses below.

How we hug ourselves often on these imitations and restorations—save the mark! destructions too often, we should have said. Compare the attenuated nineteenth-century example at Honiton with the towers of Warlewast at Exeter. How *real* was their work: the reflex of their thoughts of Him for whom they built, because

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who *thus* could build."

"Ticket, sir," exclaimed a voice at our side as we were unconsciously marching out of the station door with the crowd, forgetful of delivering up the half of our necessary passport. "Right," said we, recalling ourselves back to the present, for our thoughts had been busily traversing the past in relationship to the places we anticipated visiting, joined with a running commentary of fancy on the probable appearance of the *terra incognita* we were about to explore.

Outside the official precincts, the old tower of St. Michael stood on the hill before us, like a finger of old Time beckoning us to visit. Although not set down in the programme of our day's peregrinations, we could not resist the appeal, and in less time than it takes to describe it, we were vigorously wending our way up the church hill, past the wicket-gate of the yard, and up to the great door, which we fancied was the merest trifle ajar, and to our intense delight moved open with a slow creak as we gave it a stealthy shove.

We have noticed that we are often lucky, as we term it, in our visits to old churches—that is, someone is generally within the building, or near at hand: either the village-clerk's wife, busily dusting the seats, creeps out like a ghost from some out-of-the-way corner, and, after requiring, with a curtsey (sometimes), your business, makes you welcome, and follows your footsteps with a copious running fire of wordy information on church and parish affairs; a small silver gratuity, and curtsey number two (sometimes), terminating the interview; or else a dull and measured click salutes the ear from some distant part of the yard, sounding with strange evidence of lusty vitality amid the silent realms of the dead. Instinctively our eyes have followed the direction of the sound, and amid the surging hillocks, close by a heap of new-raised earth, we see a pair of sturdy arms and a frost-fringed head, surmounted by a poor crooked mattock, arise out of and descending into the ground at regular intervals, and an involuntary sigh seems to escape us as we watch the preparation for the last resting of some wearied soul, who has laid down for ever by the dusty roadside of this troublous life. The man starts as we walk over quietly and accost him with the usual query, if he has the key of the church with him. Eyeing us with a complacently-inquisitive glance, he answers in the affirmative—"Eez, sure, zur; you'll find en there, jist beside my other tools;" where, sure enough, it appears, as large as an old-fashioned dragoon's pistol. Strange suggestive company, we think—the great church key and the grave digger's tools; and we often reflect as we open the ponderous door and hear the great hinges grate, how far distant is the time when they will turn on us lastly and for ever!

We enter and sit down in the cool calm to recover ourselves a minute; but our eyes are all astare at the site of the gorgeous screen that stretches across the chancel. Ah! here again is no modern sham, but real sturdy oak, carved into patterns of bewildering intricacy and richness—foliage, fruit, and flowers, groinwork, cusps, and bosses. The cunning workman had no "contract" here, no "trades-union" threat to cramp his fingers or damp his ardour. He *saw* in his mental eye the pattern his hands gave an enduring and tangible evidence of; he *felt* the mysterious influence of the Great Master for whose honour he laboured. Aye, these old workmen, the spirit of the Cross stamped alike the dignity of their labour in the sanctuary as truly as its hallowed symbol was impressed upon their silver wage. Railroads, steam-engines, and telegraphs, seem to make us forget such things now-a-day, instead of helping us to expand and enrich them, as leading us to remember Him who is the fountain of all power and knowledge; while the worship of Mammon rules almost absolutely instead; the *greatness* of acquiring money for money's sake, and the *littleness* of spending it for squandering's sake, with all the poor surroundings of the flashy, the cheap, and the unreal, is the devotion of the hour.

Over this elaborate band of carving, in place of the "Holye Roode Tree," with a semblance of Him who was crucified for, all once displayed thereon, there was, until recently, perched the gilded puffy diapasons of a modern organ—a nineteenth-century embellishment, of course; but a better taste has of late intervened, the "kist of whistles"

has disappeared, and this splendid legacy of the Tudor craftsman carefully repaired. Sings the venerable poet of North Cornwall—

"Firm was their faith, the antient bands,
The wise of heart in wood and stone,
Who reared with stern and trusting hands
These dark grey towers of days unknown;
They filled these aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth reveal;
The pillared arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall.
Still points the tower and pleads the bell,
The solemn arches breathe in stone;
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown."

Through the screen door—what is the legend on the chancel pillars?—

Pray for ye soule of Joh'n Takell
and Jone hys wyffe.

Good old John and Joan Takell!—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," we answer to your appeal, "for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

The almost unconscious benediction had scarcely parted from our lips, when an old gravestone in the north aisle caught our eye, whose nearly-obliterated ledger line, after some careful search, revealed the last resting place of the godly old Joan, then a widow:—

Hic jacet Joh'na Takell vidua que obiit xiiio die Julii
anno d'ni mocccccxxix cui's a'ie pr'iciet' deus amen.

Taken altogether, however, there is much in the old church for the eye to dwell on with pleasure. It has not been tampered with as yet, and its old features thoroughly effaced by recent renovations.

On Chancel Capitals.

We have a great horror of these modern restorations, where zeal, set on fire with a little money, usually energetically destroys everything within its reach, and some venerable old pile, perchance, comes out as from a band-box, spick and span new from the topmost pinnacle of the tower to the freshly-added nose and moustache of the grim knight, who sleeps stony sound in the chancel, and whose mutilated limbs have been patched up to keep pace with the garish display of illumination blazing around. It won't do, believe us: your modern stone-mason's chisel destroys all charm of the past like the wand of a magician. A church should be a sort of kalendar of the past, where each succeeding century should be represented from its foundation quite as much as a rallying point for the present. To break one link destroys the whole chain.

In order, therefore, to preserve and perpetuate this sequence of regard with a reverent and cautious spirit, the elaborate Elizabethan and Jacobean monuments, with their be-ruffed figures, beard-a-peak, or mob-cap, array of heraldry, and ornate epitaphs, should be scrupulously cared for. The *orate pro anima* of the old Catholic vicar of the fifteenth century in the chancel floor, and the equally interesting one to the *reverend and pious* Puritan minister of the Commonwealth, whose heretical dust is covered by the adjoining stone, all have alike their interest and claim to our common respect.

A costly marble monument in the south aisle of the chancel detains us a moment.

H. I.
Jacobus Shepperd de Lawell
Eques Auratus et Serviens ad Legem
Dmi Regis Georgii
In Expectationem Diei Supremi
Qualis erat
Dies iste indicabit.
Ob: Ætat 49. 1730.

The learned Sergeant, who was "parliament man" for Honiton from 1710 to 1727, here sleeps unreplevined from the warrant of death; and the lawyer's epitaph, which tells us that he rests, "*waiting for the last day, and what he was, that day will show*," supplies to the wayfarer a theme for thoughtful reflection as to the great assize hereafter. He gave from the garden of his residence at Honiton the eight yew trees that are on the sides of the walk leading to the vestry; nature's enduring perennial memorial.

We make our exit by the chancel door. But, stay, what have we here? A brass plate, covered with extraordinary orthography, tells us :—

Here lyeth ye body of James Rodge of Honinton,
in ye covnty of Devonshire (Bonelace-siller,
hath given vnto the poore of Honinton p'ishe
the benyfitt of 100*l* for ever)
who deceased ye 27 of Jvly A'o Di 1617. Ætate svæ 50.
Remember the poore.

He was probably one of the early introducers of the manufacture of this elegant material from Holland, which gives such busy employ to the nimble-fingered maidens of the district. Very little lace, however, is now made at Honiton; its fabrication has migrated towards the sea-coast, where the fishermen's wives and daughters, living in the villages that skirt the shore between Axmouth and Exmouth, produce it in abundance.

We saunter down the yard, catching a glance at the names on the head-stones as we pass. Ah! what name is that? Edwin Flood, the most gifted scion of a gifted family; a genuine musician among whose numerous beautiful productions, vocal and instrumental, not one bar of meaningless or careless music can be found. Only 24—even so—

"Whom the gods love, die young."

The minor wail of the new church chime is tinkling in the valley below; but another echo is ringing its sweet change on our inward ear at the sight of that name—the melody of the *Sabbath Bells*. Alas for earthly sabbaths, and those who sing of their hallowed associations. Would they could have soothed the dull cold ear of death, at least, for a time, and this rare evanescence of genius been spared for many a year to delight and charm us! Yet who would keep those fairy fingers here, that now make eloquent the seraph's golden harp, in the endless sabbath of the blessed.

"When the heart is sad and lonely,
When the brow 's o'ercast with care,
Then their tones are welcome to me,
For they bid me not despair;
When at last they cease their pealing,
Still their sounds methinks I hear,
Like soft music gently stealing
Most divinely through the air."

Alas, too, for Robert Courtenay Gidley, the author of these delightful lines, and a fellow-townsman of Edwin Flood: he, too, has passed into the silent land.

Once more the thought of the old church door and its hinges recurs, and recalls the words of the American poet, as we hurry away from the sacred enclosure:—

"Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me, the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed; and beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait."

Down over the hill at a canter, through New Street to the broad main thoroughfare of the town. All is astir. Here a blue-smocked butcher is toiling along beneath the heavy burthen of a well-fed porker; here a "cheap Jack" is getting ready his splendid bargains; market gardeners display their vegetable stores; fishmongers, hollow-turners, basket-makers, agricultural craftsmen of all descriptions are getting ready their stock of wares; for Honiton is *par excellence* a genuine specimen of a market town, for all "stand in the market," situate in High Street, to dispose of their commodities.

On the pavement a crowd of busy folks are hurrying along; in the street a herd of red-coated Devons are slowly edging on their way, to the reiterated shout of the drover, the long white horns of the bullocks glancing up and down in the sunshine. Behind them a patient convoy of heavy-fleeced sheep are labouring along, to the incessant clatter of an aged sheep-dog, which barks like a machine behind the portly presence of an old ewe in the rear, who, evidently from long acquaintanceship, is supremely contemptuous of his presence and prowess. Following these, at a short interval, comes a troop of divers-coloured swine, with erect ears, quick eyes, and snouts pointed to the

ground, ever ready for contraries and mischief; anon halting and grunting, till the sharp snap of a powerful whip sends them on at a gallop.

Then, amid the whirling eddies of dust, ere we reach the turnpike on the Upottery road, smart traps rattle along, knots of well-to-do farmers amble leisurely by, with here and there the inevitable useful ass and low-wheeled cart, pattering steadily on, and drawing his cottage mistress to market, who sits in state upon a great maund of cabbages, that fills up the body of the little vehicle, while a bundle of neatly-made besoms are lashed to the tail-board.

At last we gain the turnpike, thankful to leave the bustle and dust of the crowded street behind. The sun has now broken out in full blaze, and we saunter steadily on, vaguely surmising the direction we have to take, for our present stock of information ceases at a half mile *plus* the toll-bar.

While we are thus cogitating, an eddy of dust at a turn of the road anticipates the approach of something living, which soon resolves itself into the semblance of a stalwart farmer's lad, leading a heifer and calf to the market. The careful mother walks restlessly around, with soft loving low, her large eye anxiously glancing beneath her handsome creamy horns, as we stop the rustic leading her progeny, for further directions as to our future path:—

"Which is the nearest way to Mohuns-Ottery, my lad?"

"Moons-Awtrey, you do mean, zur?"

"Yes."

"Doo'e know where Munkkun Pown is, zur?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you comes there, turn down to the left, and vollee straight up auver the hill till you comes to a dree crossway, turn to the right, and that'll lead'ee right auver to Moons-Awtrey."

"Thank you, my lad. Good morning."

A few hundred yards of steady pace brought us to the unmistakeable little walled enclosure, with wooden entrance-hatch referred to by our trusty informant, and we struck at once down the narrow lane leading off to the left.

Right pleasant is it to leave the hot broad dusty turnpike road and find ourselves in the shadows and quietness of a true Devonshire lane, as this turn in our track proved itself. Over head the "Corinthian" elm spread her leafy skirts far and wide, or feathery-foliaged ash, or strong-limbed oak, giving a welcome shade. Below, in the hedge-sides, the wild flowers grew by myriads. Here a cluster of carmine-starred wake-robins started up, there a sweet honeysuckle trailed along, or fierce-armed dog-rose displayed his pale-pink blooms. Interspersed were luscious buttercups and pale silver-starred strawberry blossoms, while every now and then, at intervals, the glorious foxglove—that lover of "the west countrie"—shot up his spire of bells.

At the base of the hedge a bright rill sparkled along, fringed here and there with tufts of what, in our ignorance of botanical nomenclature, we have ever known as *water* forget-me-nots, whose tiny quatrefoils of matchless turquoise hue, make it the gem of English wild flowers.

Hovering over these, with dainty restlessness, was a troop of the smaller dragon flies, their gorgeous blue wings flashing like burnished armour in the sunlight. Great humble-bees bustled about on their busy errand; the birds were singing blythely, and crowds of gnats at intervals threaded their mazy dance under the shadow of some drooping branch.

A WILD ROSE.

The bloom of Spring is in thy blushing cup,
Tender unfolding rose,
And in its pearly depth, bright sheening up,
The gold of Autumn glows.

Coy promise thou, youth's warm flush lingers still,
Thy glowing petals rage,
Till thy strong love the sunbeam drinks his fill,
And leaves thee silver age.

Bootless thy guard of hookèd, piercing thorn,
Or ærie glancing high,
Elate, the brigand bee sounds shrill his horn
And drinks thy sweetness dry.

And roving zephyrs brush with careless wing,
And gleaming rain-drops smite
Thy trembling chalice, and all ruthless fling
Adown thy petals white.

So beauty's fate hangs hovering o'er thy charms,
The spoiler's artless prey;
Nurtured with smiles and cradled in alarms,
Thy brief hours pass away.

But when the full-orbed moon of Autumn beams
Across the shadowed dell,
Transformed to ruddy fruitage, gleams
The vision of thy bell.

Passed not from thee are beauty's perils, then,
The gentle dark-eyed thrush,
On noiseless wing, comes sweeping down the glen
At early morning hush:

And as sweet sacrifice to tuneful throat
Embalms thee in his breast,
And then thy spirit walks in trancèd note
When suns die in the west.

So ends thy life—the fate of all things bright—
In shadows pass away,
But the glad memory of their delight
Shall suffer no decay.

At the foot of the descent lay a stone bridge, spanning one of those rivulets which are almost constantly found flashing rapidly along the bottom of the narrow green Devonshire combes. Erected apparently about a century since, with a tall arch which rendered the roadway over as steep as the roof of a house, its builders little dreamt of the unborn time of iron-girders and their level approaches.

P'bideant cuncti sic transit gl'ria mu'di.

Hic jace't Thomas de Mohun ac Joh'es pater eius filius et heres Reginaldi de Mohun Militis et Elizabeth' ux'is sue filie et heredis Joh's Fitz William Militis Qui e—— S'c'd's frater Joh'is ultimi dn'i de Mohun et predictus Thomas obijt —— die mens' —— Anno domini Mill'mo CCCC° —— quorum animabus p'picietur deus Amen.

BRASS OF THOMAS DE MOHUN. Lanteglos-by-Fowey, Cornwall.

Hic jacent tumulata corpora Joh'is Mohun Armig'i et Anne vxoris ei' filie Ric'i Code armig'i et qui q'dem Joh'es fuit fili' et heres Will'i Mohun armig'i ac Florencie ux'is ei' uni' Soror' Edwardi Courtney Comit' Devonie et qui q'dem Joh'es ac Anna obier'nt mense Septembr' infra biginti quatuor horas ex infirmitate borat' Sud're A' d'i Mbo uiij qu'r' a'ib's p'piciet' de'.

A rest for a few minutes on the parapet, and a look down the valley, could not be resisted. Below, the stream bounded through the narrow archway with a sparkling run, or "stickle," as it is locally defined, which, a few yards further on, became spent, and amplified itself into a tolerably sized pool, skirted with tall reeds, over which drooped the darkling alder, where

> "The dark shades quiver
> And the tree-tops bend
> Over the river,
> To whose depths they lend
> Their leafy beauty, which reflected lies
> Within the wave, like love that never dies."

Here the still surface was from time to time broken by those well-known circles which betokened the wakeful presence of the dappled trout, stealthily catering for his dinner from the quivering rout of flies that swarmed above him. Spirit of glorious old Isaak! come forth and furnish us with our accustomed slender watery store of pliant rod and yellow dun, that we may trap the quick-eyed rascal in his craftiness; for the blood of Zebedee hath possessed us utterly! Alas, for impossible wishes and impulsive intentions, they will not be gratified to-day.

An old-fashioned farm-house, surmounted by a Tudor chimney, and a lane that stretches away up a steep hill, are before us. We mount leisurely, noting the beautiful ferns that clothe the hedge banks. Now glancing at the tiny serrated fronds of the maidenhair nestling at the foot of a huge stump, or the large, long, leathery leaves of the hart's tongue drooping from its summit, or stopping an instant to admire a grand tuft of the common fern, with its beautiful fringes, until at last we reach the "three-cross-way" described to us by our informant driving the cow.

Following on the lane to the right, as directed, for a short distance, some fine old trees made their appearance at a sweep in the road, the advanced post, as it were, of the manorial precincts. These trees, from their large size, dwarfed the surrounding representatives of their kind in the neighbouring hedges, and were evidently of great age; while their ample foliage almost completely hid a small farm-house from sight.

Not far from this, still pursuing our way, a large gate stretching across the lane, and the remains apparently of an avenue, tokened the near approach to Mohuns-Ottery, which a slight turn at a few paces further distance revealed at once.

Mohun! a strange eventful history is attached to that name—a cradlehood of glory, an exit of shame. The Norman sire of the race lived in his "right goodly and stronge castelle of Dunestorre," on the southern fringe of the Bristol Channel, and from thence his knightly lineage descended and dwelled in the land by divers strains, settled in Somerset, Dorset, Cornwall, and Devon.

The parent stem located at Dunster braved the conflict with Time about three centuries—its final representative, John, a Baron and Knight of the Garter, died in 1376, leaving three daughters, one of whom, Philippa, the last surviving, married thrice, her third husband

being Edward Plantagenet, Duke of York, son of Edmund, of Langley, fifth son of Edward III. She died in 1431, and her effigy in widow's "weeds" is in the chapel of St. Nicholas in Westminster Abbey.

The original name of Ottery-Mohun, was Ottery-Fleming, so called from a family of that name, who possessed it before the Mohuns, together with considerable other property in Devonshire, to which their patronymic still exists attached. The Mohuns inherited it by marriage, one of the two Sir Reginalds, of the main descent, probably the younger, and the Founder of Newenham Abbey, having wedded the heiress of Fleming, and the place was thereafter known as Ottery-Mohun.

Three other descents of Mohun continued the family, two in Dorset, one of minor character at Ham-Mohun, near Blandford, merged finally by a distaff with Trenchard, and on the old mansion at Wolveton, built by Sir Thomas Trenchard, who died in 1505, the armorial insignia of this alliance is largely displayed.

The other branch continued at Fleet, near Weymouth, until late in the eighteenth century, when the name here also became extinct. Brasses and monuments to these antient gentlemen, rejoicing for many generations in the resounding apellative of Maximilian—*vir dignissimus*, as they are thereon styled—themselves, their wives and children still remain in effigy in the parish church, now a memory only,

The most important descent was in Cornwall. Reginald, a younger son of Baron John, of Dunster, who died in 1330, married a daughter of John Fitz-Williams, and settled at Hall in Lanteglos-by-Fowey, where, in that interesting old church, with its massive open-timbered roof, at the end of the south aisle, on a canopied high tomb, is the brass effigies of his grandson, Thomas de Mohun, armed *cap-à-pie*, with the warning aphorism beneath his feet, as it is equally below ours of the present hour,

"Per videant cuncti sic transit gloria mundi."

And near are the effigies of his descendant, John Mohun and Ann Code his wife, who both perished of the dreadful disease known as the *sweating sickness* that decimated England in 1508. And here, *pari-passu*, be it notified to the reader, if he seeks a pleasant change for a day or two, let him hie to the quaint town of Fowey, with its picturesque old-world maze of streets, and beautiful harbour, and be ferried across to the village church of Lanteglos. From Hall the family of Mohun removed to Boconnoc, and a Baronetcy was bestowed on Reginald, the then head of the house, by James I. in 1612

John, the son of Sir Reginald, was a venal adherent of the unfortunate King Charles I., and owed his elevation to the peerage mainly through the clamorous importunities of a still more venal placeman with whom he was associated in Cornwall, Sir James Bagg. Writing to Nicholas, secretary to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and also to the Duke himself on the same day, this pertinacious and unscrupulous Knight observes to the Secretary,

"What I write to my Lord (the Duke) you will have sight of. Advance my desires! Mohun, who is now his servant, will be more able if his grace

give him honour, which he will deserve. He desires to be a baron by the title of John, Lord Mohun—baron either of Polrode, Launceston, Bodmin, Lostwithiel, or Boconnocke, one of these five. Let it be your part to mind his grace. It shall be mine to make *him* thankful."

And to his Grace—

"I have here enclosed to my most gracious lord a paper of Mohun, his thoughts and mine. Mr. Mohun is so your servant, as in life and fortune will be my second. Enable him by honour to be fit for you! So, in the upper house, or in the country, will he be the more advantageous to your grace. He is honest, and I am his pawn for constancy. He desires to retain the name of Mohun, and to be baron either of Polrode, &c., &c. Did I not more desire this for your grace his service than for any other respect I would be silent, as I will in all things which concern myself, but the bold declaring me to be your excellency's most bounden servant *and slave*." "Let me not," he resumes, two days later, "take up the precious time of my most excellent lord! only let me mind and pray you to take care of Mohun." *

Mohun *was* duly taken care of, and a week or two later, on the 15th April, 1628, his patent of peerage was made out; but the title chosen was, *of Okehampton, in the County of Devon*, not being either of the places named by his friend and petitioner Bagg. Why he chose this title, the antient honour of the illustrious family of Courtenay, may not be difficult to guess. His ancestor, William Mohun, the father of John, who died of the sweating sickness in 1508, had married Isabel, one of the daughters and eventual co-heirs of Sir Hugh Courtenay, of Boconnoc, who died in 1471, and sister to Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, who died in 1509, which branch of the family had become extinct. If the venerable title of the Barony of Okehampton had been restored at all, it should rightfully have been given to Sir William Courtenay, as direct representative of the family, and the then head of the Powderham descent. But this inveterate peerage-seeker, although he had the splendid traditions of his own name to rest on, apparently sought to add to the dignity of the new creation by assuming this distinction, which was just then in abeyance.

Lord Mohun had held the office of Vice-Warden of the Stannaries, in the administration of which serious allegations had been made against him, and his public position, both as commoner and peer, does not appear to have been a very enviable one. He chose *two silver lions rampant-guardant* as supporters to his arms, and crowned them with Earl's coronets, this uncommon addition evidently having relation also to his descent from Courtenay, and adopted as his motto "GENERIS REVOCAMUS HONORES," allusive to the extinct barony in his own family being restored to him.

But honours so procured did not "goody" with the Mohuns, as an idiom among the Devonshire peasantry expressively puts it.

John, Lord Mohun, was succeeded by his two sons—John, who died without issue; and Warwick, who deceased in 1655. Warwick was succeeded by his son Charles, who married Philippa, daughter of

* From "*Sir John Eliot, a Biography*," by John Foster—wherein is a full account of the proceedings of this notable pair.

Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesea, and to him Charles, his only son, the fifth and last Lord Mohun.

A very sinister fame surrounds the memory of this notorious man, to whom tradition has attached the appellative of "the wicked." A violently passionate and revengeful temper led him into many excesses; twice he was publicly arraigned for murder, but acquitted, and, at last, killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

Lord Mohun appears to have lost his father when quite young; his mother married again, and the young nobleman's education was greatly neglected. His paternal fortune was not large, and he was early led into the associations of bad company. When he had scarcely attained the age of twenty he was mixed up in the murder of Mountford, the famous comedian; his associate, Captain Richard Hill, who actually committed the crime, having fled. He was tried before his peers for this crime on 13 January, 1692, the Marquis of Carmarthen being High Steward, and, after a long trial, was acquitted; fourteen found him guilty, and sixty-nine not guilty. Referring to this murder, Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, narrates:—

"An anecdote relating to this infamous transaction was communicated to me by the late Horace, Earl of Orford, of Strawberry Hill. Mr. Shorter, father of Sir Robert Walpole's first wife, was walking down Norfolk Street just before Mountfort was stabbed; Lord Mohun, mistaking him for that unfortunate man, came up, and, embracing him, said, "Dear Mountfort!" Mr. Shorter undeceived him, and walked home. He was scarcely got to his own house (which was in Norfolk Street), when he heard the noise and scuffle in the street, which was occasioned by Mountfort's murder. Lord Mohun's exclamation was supposed to have been the signal for the assassins to attack their prey, and it was fortunate for Mr. Shorter that the mistake was so soon discovered.

As an accomplice in this murder, Mohun was scarcely less than guilty, and he does not appear to have been much sobered by his escape at this trial, but "still continued the same rakish courses." Seven years afterward, on 29 August, 1699, he was again tried for his life in Westminster Hall—this time in company with another nobleman, the Earl of Warwick and Holland—for the murder of Captain Coote, in Leicester fields. Warwick was found guilty of manslaughter, but Mohun was now unanimously acquitted, the opinion being that, if anything, he had rather tried to prevent than assist in the barbarous proceeding. On this occasion he made a speech to the Court, and thus expressed himself:—

"My Lords, I do not know which way to express my great Thankfulness and Acknowledgment of your Lordships' great Honour and Justice to me; but I crave leave to assure your Lordships that I will endeavour to make it the business of the future part of my life, so to behave my self in my Conversation in the World, as to avoid all things that may bring me under any such Circumstances as may expose me to the giving your Lordships any Trouble of this Nature in the future."

This second escape appears to have sobered him, and caused him to try and fulfil this wise resolve, and he was selected by his wife's uncle, the Earl of Macclesfield, in 1701, to accompany him to Hanover, to announce to the Electress her succession to the English crown; and

there he seems to have behaved so well, and ingratiated himself so pleasantly with the Electoral Court, that on the occasion of Prince George (afterward King George I.), in 1703, being elected a Knight of the Garter, that Prince was pleased to nominate him as his proxy on the occasion. He also interested himself in the politics of the time, and "was conspicuous for his parts and affection to the Protestant succession," and a "strenuous opposer of Dr. Sacheverell and his doctrine, as supposing the Revolution to be entirely struck at, and, consequently, the whole fabric built on it."

An ominous presage of the method of his own death befell Lord Mohun in the May of the year that he perished in the November of 1712.

From a knowledge of his fighting proclivities, probably, Lord Mohun was selected as the "friend" chosen by the celebrated Duke of Marlborough to carry his noted challenge to Earl Poulett. The circumstances are worth a passing narration, the more especially as all three actors in it were closely connected with this neighbourhood by extraction, and were almost neighbours in the West of England. The Duke of Ormond had been sent out by Marlborough's enemies, the Tories, to supersede him in the command in the Netherlands, and Ormond, by his indecision, if not pusillanimous conduct, was busily undoing all the fruits of Marlborough's brilliant successes. Lord Halifax called attention to Ormond's conduct in the House of Lords, and moved a resolution that he be recalled. Marlborough naturally spoke in favour of the motion, and in the fierce debate that followed, every possible opportunity was taken of directly and indirectly blaming the great Captain's past conduct. At last matters reached a climax by Lord Poulett's saying—"That nobody could doubt the Duke (of Ormond's) bravery, but that he was not like a certain General who led troops to the slaughter to cause a certain number of officers to be knocked on the head in a battle, or against stone walls in order to fill his pockets by disposing of their commissions."

Marlborough, always master of himself, and whose undoubted courage had been proved on a score of battlefields, at the instant passed the insult in silence, and sat out the debate. Lord Halifax's motion was lost, and then himself and twenty-seven other peers signed a severe protest against the decision.

This being over, the man of war from his youth at once despatched Lord Mohun to the Earl, asking him "to take the air in the country," the customary way of challenging a man for a duel. However much this method of settling a quarrel may be justly deprecated, yet it was impossible under the circumstances, and considering Marlborough's profession and reputation, that any other course could be thought of. The encounter, if it had come off, would have been between two of the giants of the day. Marlborough, as its greatest soldier; and Poulett, who had received his Earldom from Queen Anne, was one of its first citizens—a K.G., Lord-Steward of the Household, and first Commissioner of the Treasury—a position which lent double force to the sting of the accusation, and shows how incautiously the heat of political rancour could in those days move the lips even of a responsible

Minister of the Crown, followed, of course, with the usual humiliating consequence.

The tongue is a valiant member, but it will not always stand the test of the sword. On receiving the challenge Poulett was greatly alarmed, and could not conceal his agitation from his wife on his return home. When Lady Poulett discovered the cause, she at once informed Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, the Secretary of State. He placed sentries at Poulett's door, and orders were sent from the Queen to Marlborough to go no further in the matter, and the duel was avoided.

Money, the root of all evil, or its worth, was, of course, at the bottom of the quarrel through which both Mohun and Hamilton lost their lives, neither of whom appears to have borne the most estimable character in the eyes of their fellow men. Mohun, whose unhappy predilections have doubtless been greatly exaggerated, has been described as a man "whose fierce passions fell little short of madness." The Duke of Hamilton, "a shuffling Jacobite," was unscrupulous, but courageous. From a contemporary historian we read—*

"The occasion of the Animosity between them was briefly thus. The Duke had married to his second Wife, *Anne*, Daughter to the Lord *Digby Gerrard*, by *Elizabeth* his Wife, Sister to the late Earl of Macclesfield: The Lady *Gerrard*, upon the Death of her Husband, the Lord *Digby Gerrard*, was left Guardian to her Daughter, who having about 60,000*l.* to her Fortune, when the Duke courted her for his Wife, he offered to content himself with the same Portion, and to prevent all future Contests and Disputes in Law, promised to give the Lady *Gerrard* a general Release of the Guardianship two Days after Marriage, For the Performance of which Promise he bound himself in a Bond of 10,000*l.* The Lady *Gerrard*, after the Consummation of the Marriage, calling upon her Son-in-Law to give her the Release above mentioned, he not only declin'd it, but sought Relief in *Chancery*, against his 10,000*l.* Bond; which the Lady *Gerrard* so highly resented, that 'twas the general opinion it shortened her Days, and inclined her by her Will to bequeath all she had to her Brother *Charles*, Earl of *Macclesfield*, leaving only a Legacy of five Shillings to her Daughter, and a Diamond Necklace, in case her Husband should consent to give the said Release. The Duke's Non-Performance of his Promise lost him, in all probability, the entire Estate of the *Macclesfield* family, and induced the Earl of *Macclesfield* to make the Lord *Mohun*, who had Married a Niece of his by his eldest Sister, after his brother *Fitton*, his sole Heir.

The Duke thinking himself injured by the Will of the Lady *Gerrard*, and Earl of *Macclesfield*, chose rather to forfeit his bond of 10,000*l.* than not to vindicate his Claim to so considerable an Estate; in pursuance of which he exhibited a Bill in *Chancery*, against my Lord *Mohun*, to oblige him as remote Executor of the Lady *Gerrard*, to give an Account of his Guardianship.

The Law Suit which had been depending for eleven Years, created naturally much ill Blood between their Lordships; their Animosity was undoubtedly increased on the one Side by the Lord *Mohun's* obtaining a Decree in *Chancery*, whereby he was put in possession of an Estate of 3,000*l.* value belonging to the Duke, on the account of a Debt of 1,500*l.* with Interest for a long term of Years; on the other by the Lord *Mohun's* apprehension, either that the Duke would remove the Cause into the House of Peers, where he was like to have more Friends in that Juncture; or that on his Return from *France*, he would beg and obtain of the Crown the late

* "*The Lives and Characters of the most Illustrious Persons that died in 1712.*' London, 1714.

Earl of *Macclesfield's* Estate upon pretence that an Outlawry against that Peer had not been reversed in due Form.

But the Cause being near Determination, their lordships on the 11th of November had a meeting at Mr. *Orlebar's* Chamber, a Master in *Chancery* at the Rolls, when everything passed very civilly and quietly, but on the 13th upon Examination of Mr. *Whitworth* who for many Years had been Steward to the Lady *Gerrard* of the *Macclesfield* family, a man of unblemished Reputation, the Duke having said, *He hath nether Truth nor Justice in him;* Lord *Mohun* thought himself obliged to vindicate Mr. *Whitworth's* Character by saying *He had as much Truth as his Grace.* However, every thing seemed to end amicably, and the Council having agreed upon another Meeting with their Lordships the Saturday following, the fatal Day wherein the Tragedy was acted; at Parting, the Duke going out first, made a low Bow to the Lord *Mohun*, who in like manner answered his Grace's civility, so that the rest of the Company, to the number of eleven Persons, did not suspect any ill Consequence from what had passed between the two Peers."

But eleven years' nursing of wrath between two such choleric persons had at last found opportunity to try conclusions to the bitter end. Which it was, however, who really gave the challenge to try the deadly conclusion has never been satisfactorily cleared up. According to Colonel Macartney, Lord Mohun's second's account, he was despatched by Mohun to the Duke "in the civillest manner to ask the Duke when they next appeared before the Master to leave the scolding to the lawyers, or both by consent to absent themselves from the meetings." Macartney could not see the Duke until the next day, and then found him intent on meeting Lord Mohun "when and where he pleased." On the other side, Colonel Hamilton afterwards deposed that, among other things, the Duke said to Macartney before the duel, "Sir, you are the cause of this, let the event be what it will." Upon which Macartney replied, "My lord, I had a commission for it." On Mohun's side, this was denied; but the question still remains, Why was Macartney sent to the Duke at all?

If Mohun had a sanguinary reputation, Hamilton had also received his "baptism of blood" as well, and was evidently an accomplished swordsman and a dangerous antagonist. When a comparatively young man, as Earl of Arran, he fought a determined duel with Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

"The Duel which then ensued was much talk'd of in those Days, they fought in *Greenwich Park,* their weapons were Sword and Pistol a Foot, the Earl firing first, very narrowly missed Lord *Mordaunt,* upon which the other having the Earl's Life in his Hands, generously fired his Pistol in the Air, and upon the Importunity of the Lord *Mordaunt* they came to their Swords. This last received a wound in the Groin, but running the Earl into the Thigh, his Sword broke, so that his Life, in his turn, came into the Earl's power, who as honourably gave it him, and they parted good Friends."

From combatants imbued with such fierce passions, the result of the duel would scarcely create surprise. They met in Hyde Park on Saturday morning, 15 November, 1712, and swords were the weapons used; Colonel Hamilton was the Duke's second; Colonel Macartney Mohun's. A furious encounter ensued, the combatants fighting to the death with the savagery of demons; so that when the keepers of the Park, hearing the clashing of swords, came running to the spot, they found both the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun weltering in their

blood and dying, and the two seconds also engaged in mortal combat, whom the keepers ran between and separated. This is Macartney's statement, who continues, "then they (the seconds) and the keepers stept up to the lords, as I think not above four yards from us," and there they found Lord Mohun between lying and sitting, and the Duke of Hamilton on his knees, grasping each other's swords. Hamilton, with one keeper, lifted up the Duke; Macartney, with the other keeper, endeavoured to do the same by Lord Mohun, who, however, expired, and his body was sent home in the coach that brought him. The

THE LAST LORD MOHUN.

Duke, supported by Colonel Hamilton, walked off, staggering from a great gash in the leg. But this statement must be received with caution, as also Colonel Hamilton's version of the affair, which went to shew that Macartney had killed the Duke after Mohun was disabled, a very improbable circumstance. Swift, writing to Stella at the time, says, "while the Duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword and stabbed him in the shoulder to the heart"; and Sir Walter Scott, commenting on it, says, "both the report of the coroner's inquest and the surgeon's examination tend to prove that the Duke died of the wound received by Lord Mohun. And although Colonel Hamilton deposed that as he went to raise the Duke from the ground, he saw

Macartney make a thrust at him, yet, as he neither mentioned this at the time, nor endeavoured to detain Macartney, his testimony did not receive general credit."

The evidence of the surgeons who examined the bodies of these unfortunate men shewed the determined nature of the fight, and their report is altogether too ghastly for detail. Each had received four frightful wounds, Lord Mohun's being of the two the more dreadful; and both appear to have given each other the mortal thrust at the same instant. The Duke, continues the account, "was ambidexter, and used his sword with equal dexterity with both hands, so that having received the wound in his right arm, 'tis probable he shifted his sword to the left, and pushed at the Lord Mohun's left groin, where he gave his Lordship the mortal wound, and stooping opened and presented his left breast to his adversary." The surgeon, Buissière, who examined the Duke's body, also gave evidence to the same effect, "and put himself in the posture he supposed the Duke to have been in, *to the great satisfaction of the Court and the spectators.*" From this testimony it would appear the Duke had no unfair treatment at the hands of Mohun's second.

What led to much of this odium being attached to Macartney was that he fled, while Hamilton remained. Five hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension, and he was outlawed. But he was a very prudent man in so fleeing, "for had he remained or returned, rightly or wrongly he would have been sacrificed to the rancour of party spirit. The cry at the time was that Marlborough was at the bottom of the so-called murder, and had incited Lord Mohun to kill the Duke, by fair means if he could, but anyhow to kill him." Macartney, however, *did* return when he could with safety, in 1715, when George I. called over the Dutch troops, and in June, 1716, he took his trial. The chief witness against him, Colonel Hamilton, practically broke down, and he was known to have had a grudge against Macartney. He was acquitted of the murder, but was sentenced for the manslaughter to the absurd legal ceremony of being *burned with the cold iron*, to prevent appeal. Hamilton died soon after, in 1716, and Macartney, who had attained the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, and Governor of Portsmouth, in 1730.

The interests of faction that raged so high at the time have clouded over the particulars of this sanguinary affair, and it is quite probable the ill feeling which led to it was considerably intensified by the same cause, and the quarrel partook both of a public and private character. Mohun's reputation had been so bad, it was easy to attach the belief in any atrocity to him, whether deserved or not, the which, coupled with political rancour, doubtless urged Macartney's immediate flight, which of course, would be at once set down to guilt, It is related, "the only sensation Lord Mohun's wife is said to have felt on the occasion was extreme displeasure that the bloody corpse of her husband should have been flung upon her best bed, to the great detriment of its splendid counterpane." *

* "*Notes and Queries*," sixth series, vol. xii.

Lord Mohun was twice married: first, to Charlotte Manwaring, niece to Brandon Gerrard, Earl of Macclesfield, by his sister, the Lady Charlotte; secondly, to Elizabeth, widow of Colonel Edward Griffith, who afterwards married John Mordaunt, Esq., and was buried at Fulham in 1725. Lord Mohun's mother also survived her unfortunate son, and died in 1714.

"Give a dog a bad name," says the proverb; and the same may be quoted as to a man, with the continuation, "that nothing is too despicable to be said of him." "It was a very current though false report," continues the narrative from which we quote, "that my Lord Mohun made his will in the bagnio in Long-Acre the night before he engaged in the duel." It was really made 23 March, 1710, "whereby he constituted his wife Elizabeth his sole heir and executrix, leaving only a legacy of 1,000*l.* to his reputed daughter by his first wife, whose conduct was none of the most exemplary."

Lysons adds, in a note extracted from the church Register of Totteridge, where Lord Mohun probably resided—

"Lord Mohun, who was killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon (who was also killed), 15 Nov. 1712, is supposed to have been buried in that part (of Totteridge church) called Sir Robert Atkyns' chapel. At Mr. Bannister's funeral in the same place, 1770, was discovered a large leaden coffin, but the wooden one entirely destroyed. Had Hill succeeded in his attempt on Mrs. Bracegirdle, the coachman had orders to drive to Totteridge,"

But *we* are here in the rural solitude of these Devonshire hills on this beautiful summer day, and far away from the tainted atmosphere of swords, masks, laced coats, full-bottomed wigs, intrigues, and murders. Yet the sight of that old crumbling archway before us has beguiled us into a long history at the mention of the suggestive name so indelibly attached to it.

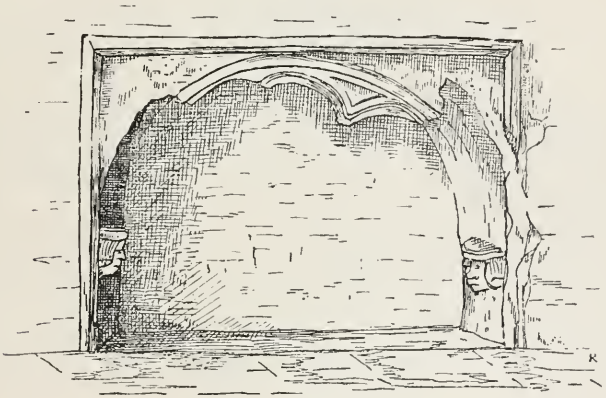
There, on a shield in the spandrel, is carved, amid elegant scroll work and foliage, the old coat-armour of the family—*an arm vested in an ermine maunch, the hand grasping a golden fleur-de-lys;* a bearing, which, for some reason unknown, John de Mohun, Baron of Dunster, who died in 1330, abandoned for the afterward well-known coat, adopted also by the Abbeys of Newenham and Bruton—*a cross engrailed sable, on a field or.* Although the second barony of Mohun ended so disastrously, the name still lingers on among the Devonshire yeomanry, derived, probably, through some stray branch from the main stirp, changed to the homely but celestial patronymic of *Moon.*

The *three lions passant in pale*, that seem to challenge the royal ensigns for distinction on the escutcheon in the other spandrel, point at once to whom the estate passed from the Mohuns, namely, the Carews, another noted Devonian race—"a right noble family," to use the words of Prince—the lustre of whose antient fame as soldiers and civilians stands out in marvellous relief, and is still bright and undimmed as ever. A short account of these worthies will be excusable, and, we trow, acceptable.

The first of the Carews bearing that surname appears to have been Odo Carrio, or Carew, of Pembrokeshire, in Wales, to whom King Richard I. gave Branton, in Devon, so that their connection with this

county seems coeval with the assumption of their name. To him succeeded his son William, to whom King John restored the Lordship of Moulsford, in Berkshire, and then came Nicholas, and to him William, Baron of Carew and Moulsford, who died 7 Edward I. 1279. Nicholas, his son, who died in 1297, married Avice, the daughter of Richard Tuitt, of Marston in Westmeath, Ireland, and it was through this match—as the best genealogists assign—that the Carews succeeded to the large possessions and title of Digon, Baron of Odrone, in Ireland, towards the end of our little history further referred to. Their son, Sir Nicholas, who died in 1311, was still further identified with Devon, having married Amicia, sister to Sir Hugh Peverel, of Ermington.

We now reach the first of the race settled here, John Carew, eldest son of the foregoing Lord of Carew and Moulsford, who married Eleanor, daughter of Sir William de Mohun, of Mohuns-Ottery, who was the son of Sir Reginald, the Founder of Newenham. He died in



TOMB IN LUPPIT CHURCH

1324, and there is a tomb in the chancel of Luppit Church, that perhaps marks the sepulchre of this knight. A portion of the cusped canopy remains, but the recess it forms is tenantless of its former effigy.

Sir John, his grandson, also matched with the Mohuns. He was a great soldier, and fought at Cressy, dying in 1363. He married Margaret, sister to John, the last Lord Mohun, of Dunster, K.G., who deceased in 1376, and whose widow, the Lady Joan, afterwards disposed of the great Castle and Barony of Dunster to Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, widow of Sir Andrew Luttrell, for five thousand marks; a rather important transaction between the two ladies, and characterized by great business shrewdness on both sides. Following him was Sir Leonard, who married Alice, daughter of Sir Edmund Fitz-Alan, of Arundell; he died in 1369, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who was a valiant knight, and was with the dauntless Henry V. at Agincourt.

He married Elizabeth, the daughter of his wealthy neighbour, Sir William Bonville, of Shute, and died in 1430. Then came Sir Nicholas, who wedded a maiden from the illustrious house of Courtenay, and deceased 1447—(Pole); and following him Sir Thomas, who sought a wife from far Cornwall, bearing the venerable name of Carminow, and died 1461—(Pole); his brother Nicholas was the Founder of the Haccombe descent, and his brass effigies, arrayed in the extravagant martial panoply of the period, is found in that church. Alexander, the fourth son, was of Anthony, Cornwall, and progenitor of the Cornish strain; he died in 1492. William, the fifth son, was of Bury St. Edmunds; he was created a Knight-Banneret by Henry VII. at the "batell of Stoke by Newarke," 1487; from him are descended the Carews of Crowcombe, Somerset. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Catworth, Lord Mayor of London. Weever says he was buried in St. Mary's Church in the Abbey yard, Bury St. Edmunds, and gives this fragment of inscription as then existing :—

Orate pro —— Willelmi Carew, militis,
et Margarete consortis sue,
ille obiit 26 Maii 1501, illa —— 1525.

John Carew, Armig. et Margareta —— 1425.

Thus from the parent nest of Ottery-Mohun, though the primal stem died out, migrated three other remarkable descents, and still existing, bearing with them the twin blood of the distinguished names of Carew and Courtenay.

To Sir Thomas of Mohuns-Ottery, and his wife, Joan Carminow, succeeded Sir Nicholas, his son, great at the Court of Edward IV.; he married a sister of the Lord Treasurer Dinham, statesman and seaman, another celebrated Devonian, and died in 1470. Sir Nicholas and his wife Margaret are sepulchred in the chapel of his namesake, within the royal precincts of Westminster Abbey, where there is a venerable grey marble tomb still remaining to their memory, which originally bore this inscription :—

Orate pro animabus Nicolai Baronis quondam de Carew,
et Dominæ Margaretæ uxoris ejus, filiæ Johannis Domini Dinham Militis,
qui quidem Nicholaus obiit sexto die Mensis Decembris Anno Dom. 1470;
et prædicti Domina Margareta obiit 13 die Mensis Decembris 1471.

Thus for many generations the knightly owners of Ottery-Mohun continued to add to the family escutcheon the quarterings of some of the most influential names in the west country.

Sir Nicholas had two sons, distinguished alike for their valour both in the land and sea services. John, the younger (Pole styles him "of Beere-Ferrers"), was a daring seaman under Henry VIII., and "while commanding the *Regent*, engaged a French carrick of great force, they entered her, which when her gunner saw he desperately sate fire to the powder, and blew them both up, when Sir Thomas Knevet and Sir John Carew, with seven hundred men, were all drowned or burnt." *

* Prince.

Armiger miligus iacet hic Carew Nicholaus
Dūdens exegnus de hinc mobile natus ?
Vitam septembris plenis claudit eundo :
Ab-tibi agenis die decimo rerto quindo ;
Eddwardi nono regni quarti Regis anno
Nacuon milleno CCCC'gi pleno
Cū lexageno nono dīn minato
Cui solamen aīe cito det deus Amen

NICHOLAS CAREW, HACCOMBE CHURCH

A.D. 1469.

This appears to have been in 1511, in the engagement of the fleet under the command of Sir Edward Howard. The *Regent* grappled with the *Cordelière*, and Primaguet, the French captain, finding he could not save his ship, fired his magazine and blew both up—a piece of desperate valour, rivalling in magnitude of loss of life the sinking of his great nephew's ship in Portsmouth harbour some thirty years afterwards.

His eldest son, Sir Edmond, of Ottery-Mohun, fought at Bosworth with Henry VII., and was knighted on the field; and met with a soldier's death at the siege of Téroueme, when Henry VIII. "sate down before it with a great army, and was in the fifth year of that king's reign (1513), as he sate in council there, unfortunately slain by a cannon ball that came from the town." *

Sir Edmond left numerous issue, who, with their descendants, multiplied into almost a galaxy of distinguished men that for chivalry and learning took front rank among those who added such brilliancy and renown to the remarkable reign of the virgin Queen and the early Stuart.

Thomas, his second son, was the founder of the Bickleigh descent. Imbued with his father's martial proclivities, he was the bold English knight who, at the field of Flodden, "begged the favour of the Admiral that he might be admitted to the honour" * of taking up the gage of the valorous Scottish knight, Andrew Barton, before the battle began, and vanquished him—a presage of the fate of the encounter that followed; but immediately after the battle was incautiously "entrapped and taken," yet "courteously" conducted to the great gloomy stronghold of the immortal Black Agnes, the Castle of Dunbar, where, after sundry perils and hardships, he was at last "redeemed," and returned to his manor of Bickleigh.

George, his third son, "addicted himself to the arts," and became a learned divine. Preferments were showered on him, being successively Archdeacon of Totnes, Dean of Bristol, Chantor of Salisbury, Chaplain and Dean of the Chapel to Queen Elizabeth, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, Dean of Exeter, and Dean of Windsor. It is scarcely conceivable that he could have held all these offices at once; but Prince pertinently continues, "from all which preferments growing rich, he purchased a good estate, and rebuilded his house at Upton-Hilion." He left two sons, both remarkable men—Peter, the eldest, who found his death in Ireland, and George, the younger, who reached the highest honours of the family: more of him bye-and-bye.

Sir Gawen, Sir Edmond's fourth son—described by Prince as "a great Courtier belonging to Queen Elizabeth"—held a front-rank position among the many remarkable Devonshire men of that era, and had his residence at Wood, the antient seat of the Whytings, and which he probably rented, at Kentisbeare, a village lying about seven miles off, on the western slope of the Black Down hills.

Like many military men of that time, Sir Gawen appears to have been partly sailor and partly soldier. We hear of him in 1545 in

* Prince, page 162.

company of his nephews, Sir Peter and Sir George, at Portsmouth, where each had the command of a ship at the setting out of the fleet designed to oppose the great naval preparations of the French king, Francis I. There they were in attendance on Henry VIII. when he dined in state, previous to their sailing, on board the Admiral's ship, the *Henri Grâce-à-Dieu*, and then there happened, immediately afterward, the unfortunate capsize of the *Mary Rose*, commanded by Sir George, who was also the Vice-Admiral, and he and all his crew were drowned.

Events now lead us to 1548, when the injunctions were issued for the suppression of Roman ceremonial in the parish churches, and, as may have been expected, considerable resistance was raised against the change by the poorer and more illiterate classes. Great commotions occurred in various counties, and notably among the Cornishmen—a race still well characterized by the warmth of their religious convictions—and so a large number of them, headed by Humphry Arundell, and reinforced by contingents from Sampford-Courtenay, in Devon, and elsewhere, were assembled in force at Crediton.

The Carews, whose attachment to the Reformed faith was well known, had great influence in the county, Sir Peter also being Sheriff at the time when the news of the rising reached the Court; and Sir Gawen and Sir Peter being in London, "they were sent down into the country for pacifying the same, and had commission under the King's hand and signet." Thereupon they repaired to Exeter, had conference with the "gentlemen and justices," and they were forthwith deputed to ride to Crediton and see what could be done;

"but when they came to the town's end, the highway was so intrenched, and the same as also the barns of both sides of the ways were so complenished with men, well appointed with bows and arrows and other weapons, that there was no passages or entry for them into the town, nor yet any conference of speeches to be had with them." *

And "one strong man of that company, unawares of the gentlemen," having set fire to one of the barns, a general stampede of the rebels was the result, leaving only women and aged people behind them. Thereon "the gentlemen went forthwith into the town, where they found nobody, and therefore leaving all things as they thought in some quietness they returned to Exeter."

They were soon undeceived. The insurgents, for the time scared, soon gathered themselves together again "like a lot of wasps," and intrenched themselves on the opposite side of Exeter at Clyst-St. Mary, and there they "placed trees and ordnance on the bridge, so that none should come upon them from the city." Another embassage was agreed on, and the "aforesaid two knights, being the two chief commissioners, together with Sir Thomas Denys and Sir Henry Pollard, should resort thither to pacify and persuade them to quietness."

Arrived at Clyst, they found the bridge "rampired," and Sir Peter Carew, alighting from his horse, "minded to have gone over a foot, he mistrusting no harm. But the people were so bent against him, and

* Hoker.

he so hard for his religion, that the gunner having his piece charged upon the bridge, did level the same to have a shot unto him, which he had verily done, if one standing by had not stayed him." They gave audience, however, to Denys and Pollard, but would yield nothing.

After this fruitless interview, Sir Peter appears to have set off for London to get reinforcements for John, Lord Russell, who was stationed near Honiton with a relieving force, but not of sufficient strength for the purpose. Arrived before the King and Council, Sir Peter had the annoyance, and to some extent danger, to be blamed both by the Protector Somerset and the Lord Chancellor Rich, who —

"perceiving that the alteration of religion was the cause of the storm and rebellion, and that great troubles were like to ensue thereof, they would have rejected the whole fault upon Sir Peter Carew; the one laying unto his charge the burning of the houses at Kyrton, which was more than his commission, and the other said, that although he had the King's letters for his doings, yet the same were no sufficient warrant for him unless he had the broad seal, and therefore he having done more than he had good warrant for his discharge, he well deserved to be rewarded as the author and cause of that rebellion." *

Verily the courtier's life is, or *was* in those days, a perilous one, when we see those who were the sole causes of the dispute thus unscrupulously turning the tables on their ambassador. But Sir Peter, "touched to the quick, asked pardon that he may have leave to answer thereunto, which, being granted, he did in such a pithy manner, and not without reasonable stoutness," * that he appears to have satisfied his inquisitors, and in the end was "well commended," and ordered back to the country, with the assurance that men and arms should be sent to Lord Russell at once.

Thus Sir Peter escaped a danger almost as hazardous as when he stood in front of the gunner with his piece of ordnance levelled at him on Clyst Bridge.

Meanwhile the religious malecontents laid siege to Exeter, but the ever-faithful citizens shut their gates and would have no communication with them. Fires were lit to burn the gates, only to be answered by fires blazing to oppose them within. When the insurgents attempted to scale the walls, they were vigorously repulsed by the besieged, and mines that were laid outside were met by counter-mines, through which water was flooded to prevent explosion. Thus for thirty-five days the citizens held out before they were relieved, the last eleven amid great privations. "They lived on horse-bread and horse-flesh, being miserably pinched with famine, yet remained they faithful to their liege Lord and Sovereign the King." †

Lord Russell was at Honiton, where he appears to have remained inactive, not deeming himself in possession of sufficient force to attempt to relieve the city, and was even "persuaded by some gentlemen of Dorsetshire to leave Honiton and go into Dorsetshire, and there to remain until he had some great force about him"; * but Sir Peter Carew having returned, rode after him to Black Down, and, having had some "speeches and conferences," persuaded him to return.

* Hoker. † Izacke.

At length Lord Russell, with such forces as he had, determined to try and relieve the beleagured city; but at Clyst-St. Mary the "rebellious commons had so intrenched themselves, thwarted the ways with great trees, and planted their ordnance that they had brought from Topsham," creating such obstruction that he could not approach, and having set fire to a village or two, Russell returned toward Honiton, but on reaching Fenny Bridges found his retreat had been cut off, a large body of the insurgents being there and in possession of the bridge. Russell attempted to force the bridge, but was unsuccessful. He then forded the river with a few horse, on seeing which, the rebels who were defending the bridge retreated to the main body, who were drawn up in a meadow adjoining.

The King's forces speedily charged the insurgents, and a fierce engagement ensued; but although the Royal contingent was so small, the rebels were completely defeated, and six hundred of them are said to have perished. In this encounter Sir Gawen, who probably commanded under Lord Russell, was wounded by a shot in the arm.

The traveller, who speeding along the railway looks down on Fenny Bridges just below him, and views the Otter rippling peacefully along through its green banks, would scarcely dream the Aceldama those pleasant meadows presented on a summer afternoon in 1549, when they were strewn with hundreds of the mangled bodies of the infuriated peasantry. Some years since an iron arrow-head was found imbedded in an old tree that grew near, a relic, doubtless, of the fight.

Lord Grey soon after arrived with reinforcements, hostilities were renewed, two or three obstinate and bloody engagements being the result, in which a further large number of rebels were slain, and the remainder finally routed and dispersed. On the 6th of August the famishing citizens were relieved.

As usual, deplorable cruelties followed the so-called victories; and Sir Anthony Kingston, the King's Provost Marshal, in his inhuman execution of large numbers of the vanquished Cornish miners and Devonshire husbandmen, rivalled the callous bloodthirstiness of the detestable Jeffreys, the hero of a similarly hideous massacre a century and a-half afterwards.

For his reward in helping to put down the "commotion" and procure these "victories," Sir Gawen had given him a portion of the forfeited estate of Humphry Arundell, a scion of that antient family, Governor of St. Michael's Mount and leader of the Cornish section of the revolt, who was taken prisoner and hanged soon after the insurrection was suppressed.

A serious episode in Sir Gawen's career was now at hand, and one equally so in that of his nephew, Sir Peter, a notice of whom, as perhaps the most prominent figure in our little narrative, will follow Sir Gawen, but at present very closely entwined with each other's destiny.

On the 6th July, 1553, the boy-king Edward passed, we hope, to a brighter crown, and his stern, relentless, unhappy half-sister, Mary, succeeded him on the throne. The change of religion which the Queen at once initiated was sure to be distasteful to the Carews, whose

Protestantism was well known. Nevertheless, Sir Peter, who appears at the time of her accession to have been residing in South Devon, "caused the Lady Mary to be proclaimed" both at Dartmouth and Newton-Bushell, although he "greatly misliked" the appearance of the future.

This "mislike" was soon confirmed. All the ceremonies of Romish ritual were again introduced, and the bishops and clergy turned out of their preferments wholesale. This was ominous enough, but a still more unpalatable event was at hand. In the late autumn of the same year it became known that negociations were proceeding for the marriage of the Queen with "the proud, the bigoted, the crafty, the cruel" Philip of Spain. The whole land was filled with alarm, if not consternation, for it was surmised that not only would the nation be coerced into re-union with the Roman faith, but also "it was reasonably suspected that the once free kingdom of England would be wholly enslaved and made dependent on Spain and the Emperor, Philip's father."

In view of such probabilities among the bulk of the adherents to the Reformed faith, a deeply hostile feeling was seething throughout the land, which was getting ripe for revolt. Preparations were being secretly made and leaders appointed, the movement now known as Wyatt's rebellion being the fruitless result. The Duke of Suffolk was to act in Warwickshire, where he resided, Sir Thomas Wyatt in Kent, and Sir Peter Carew in Devon; but the general rising was to be postponed until Philip's arrival. "Carew," says Rapin, "managed so ill, being too hasty in raising men and making other preparations, that one of his complices was arrested before he had completed his affairs. This sent him to France."

This "complice"—although Sir Peter had two others, Sir Arthur Champernowne, of Dartington, and Mr. William Gibbs, of Silverton—was, with little doubt, intended to mean his uncle, Sir Gawen.

How the Devonshire portion of the plot came to be discovered, who were the informers, and the account those suspected and apprehended gave of themselves, cannot be better told than out of their own mouths. Such a relation fortunately still exists among the treasures of the State Paper Office,* and although its relation may spin the tedium of our story out in some measure, its interest will, we think, afford an ample compensation, as we put one by one its actors in the witness box.

In this year of 1553, at Pynes, near Exeter, where, singularly, at present dwells the most distinguished of our county representatives, there then resided another knight of the Shire, called John Prideaux, by descent an offshoot of the antient family of that name, and by profession a Sergeant learned in the law. Pynes was a property he became possessed of probably in right of his marriage with Mary, widow of Tristram Larder, a descendant of the former possessors of Pynes of that name, and daughter of Sir Hugh Stukeley, of Affeton, North Devon. He was of the Inner Temple, admitted 1546; Lent

* Sir J. Maclean.

Reader, 1552; Autumn Reader, 1556; Sergeant-at-law, 1554; King's and Queen's Sergeant, 1557.

According to a "declaracion" made by the learned Sergeant, and sent to the Privy Council, "concernyng such rumours actes and things as he knoweth to be latelie bruted and done within the Quenes hignes Countie of Devon," upon the Monday evening preceding the Epiphany Sessions for the year 1553 he adjourned into Exeter, accompanied by his friend and neighbour, Sir Thomas Denys, of Holcombe-Burnell, having heard "dyuers Rumours that the Kinge of Spayne shulde lande in Deuon with a grete navy and a grete puyssans."

Sir Thomas was a most influential man in the county. He was then Sheriff; had served that high office six times before; was also well learned in the law, having been for thirty-one years Recorder of Exeter, and, according to Prince, was "one of the Privy Council to K. Hen. 8, Chancellor to Q Anne of Cleve, and custos rotulorum of Devon." He lived to a great age, "saw the days of seven Kings and Queens," married "two ladies, the widows of two Aldermen of London, by whom he attained unto great wealth,"† but finally succumbed to the great conqueror in 1560.

What the religious tenets of this learned and congenial pair of magnates were just at this juncture, in these days of easy shifts from faith to faith, is not recorded; but it may be fairly surmised they did not object to a reinstatement of the belief of their youthful days—who, in all charity it may be asked, thoroughly does?—and were at home again and greatly loyal under the new rule of the Catholic Mary. Twenty years before, Denys is credited with being zealous for that creed, in his rather obtrusively acting in his official capacity as Sheriff at the martyrdom of the unfortunate Thomas Bennet, M.A., a schoolmaster, of Great-Torrington, who was arrested for heresy in the Butcher-row, Exeter, and afterward, in "open consistory," condemned to be burnt by Veysey, Bishop of Exeter, in 1531.

The writ "*de Hæretico Comburendo*" was, as usual, handed to Denys, as Sheriff, for execution, and he is said to have ordered the stake to be set up in Southernhay—for the purpose of example, probably; but the Chamber of Exeter would not allow it, and the poor victim was taken to Livery-Dole, Heavitree, the usual place of execution without the city, and there the cruel sentence was carried out. Prince goes on to say, "after this, whether out of a principle of charity at large, or touched with the atrocity of the fact (he having been so nearly concerned in it), as is most probable, in this place founded and erected a fair almshouse for twelve aged men to inhabit."

Alas for this and many another pleasant and even desirable bit of sentiment, doomed to be wrecked on the rock of investigation. As a matter of fact, the almshouses were built by the Sheriff's two sons thirty years after his decease, the only real feature remaining being that they are erected near the place of execution, and any claim causing them to be regarded as the expiatory memento of a stricken conscience must be dismissed. But one abiding lesson ever remains,

† Hoker. Oliver.

and "may all that pass by," and view the present handsome home of the poor almsmen, call to mind the terrible scene once enacted near, and note its teaching—the preciousness of faith to him, who in olden time, close by, dared to the death the agonizing flame. Denys survived a couple of years into the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and whatever faith he may have professed under her sister Mary, if the old Sheriff's will be an evidence of his then religious belief, he appears to have died a devout Protestant. Therein, after sundry kind bequests to his servants, to "*Bedleane people*," and "*prisoners in the King's Geyle*," in Exeter, he charges his "*Oversears, that they see this same my will, with as many prayers and almsdeeds as may be conveniently done, without any funerall pompe or gevinge any blacke gownes but to themselues, and black cotes to my howshold servaunts, without makinge any great dinner or feast, as vaynlye without the proffit of the soul of the ded is used to be done, and shall not cause nor suffer any hearse or sumptuous lyghts to be erected or sett upp about my herse at no time, because I will avoyd all pompe used about my ded corpes.*" Probably in common with many others living in those days, his religious profession, like the renowned Vicar of Bray, veered with those assumed by the reigning Sovereign.

To return to our travellers. The Sheriff and Sergeant, by "appoynctment" with each other, that evening "did suppe with Master Holwell, one of the Chanons of Exeter, where dyd suppe also Mr. Doctor Moreman," and several other cathedral dignitaries, in all quite a select ecclesiastical party. Holwell is described as "an inveterate Papist," and Moreman was one also, but a learned man. He had passed almost the whole of the reign of Edward VI. in prison, but was released by Mary and made Dean of Exeter.

"At the myddes of Supper," continues the Sergeant, "came yn one of the vycars, and so passed the tyme at supper, and after supper endyd there was a declaracion made" to the assembled company, "that Sir Gawen Carewe shuld cause harnes to be made in the Crismas tyme, yn the Dean's house there, and that it was to be feared that yt was rather to prepare yt ayenst a tumulte rather than otherwise." Thereon the Sheriff corroborated this "brute," and "saied, I herd so mych spoken this daye where I dyned by the Mayres deputie and old Mr Hurste."

Notes having been thus compared by these loyal worthies, "yt was agreed that every man then presente, that they shulde learne by suche secret wayes and meanes as we could, as well whether any suche harnyes were made by the said Sr Gawen, as also for what intent that they were made in the Crismas rather than at another time."

Then it was resolved the city should be put on the alert, but "forasmyche as the Mayor of Exeter (although an inveterate Papist himself) yet his bretherne were of seuerall Religions," it was decided that "Mr Blackaller, the Mayor's Deputy, and Mr Hurste (who had been four times Mayor), being knowen to be of a good catheholike faythe, shuld have good respect to the keping of the said cytie," instead.

Finally, before this conclave separated, "yt was further then spoken that Sr Peter Carewe, Sr Gawen Carewe (and others) wolde lye in Exeter; for the which the matter was the more susspected"; and then "eurie man for that night departed to his lodging."

The next day (the Tuesday) the sessions assembled, and then Sir Gawen, Sir Peter, and others, shewed Denys and Prideaux "that there was a grete rumore in all parties of the Shire of the Countie of Deuon, that if the Kinge of Spayne shuld lande there, that it shuld be a great distraccon to the Countree." To this the obsequious Sheriff promptly "aunswered, that if the Quenes Maiesties pleasure were that. if the Kinge of Spayne and his power shulde lande there, yt were no subiectes parte to let yt ne defend (resist) yt, but to be therewith contentyd, like a subiect." But to this Sir Peter "sayed, yet let vs advertise the Quenes highnes of this Rumor, and we can no less do, considering that wee are put in trust here in this Countree for the keping of the Quenes hignes peas."

This was rather a suspicious reply, and not quite of the complexion the pair of loyal and Catholic functionaries required, but which they may not have been altogether surprised at; and an interesting bit of fencing was the result. The communication to the Queen being decided on, "Mr Dennys and I dyd penne a letter which nothing lyked them; but they said they wolde penne a letter, which letter, when Mr Dennys and I dyd see, wee vtterlie denyed yt, and thereapon Mr Ridgewaye was desyred to penne the letter to the Quenes highnes that Wednesdaye night." John Ridgeway, the scribe on this occasion, was one of the magistrates, and a busy Court partizan with Denys; and lived near Torre-Mohun, in which church he is buried.

The letter was duly "penned" and taken the next day to the "Chapytre house," where the Justices and others were assembled, and there signed by the Sergeant and presumably by the rest of the company; but the Sergeant did not stay for the meeting, having an eye to a little business with "my Lorde Bisshop of Exeter, with whom I dyned that daye, (who) required me to tarie withe hym, and to shewe hym myne aduyce in a matter."

The next day, the Wednesday, "knowledge came" that Philip was to land at Portsmouth, and then it was agreed "the letter should not go fourthe," but to advertise the Council instead "of these doyenges and the brutes that came in from the Countrie, whereunto my hand is, and I dyd first drawe it"; the other magistrates, &c., also subscribing.

The Court, however, must have had some suspicion of Sir Peter's disaffection, for on the second of January, the week previously, a letter of appearance was issued to him; but the Knight seems to have paid no attention to it; and, in consequence, on the sixteenth a second missive was sent by the Council, directing the Sheriff (Denys) to apprehend him and send him up, using all due diligence and wisdom therein.

In the meanwhile, accompanied by his uncle, Sir Gawen, Sir Peter had retired to his house at Mohuns-Ottery, and were cognizant of the order the Sheriff had received. So from their remote fastness on the eastern flank of the mighty Dumpdon, and with twenty good miles start of the Sheriff, on the nineteenth, the two Knights penned that functionary a characteristic epistle. In this they say—

"Being this morning enformed that you prepare yourself with power to apprehend and take vs, ffor what matter wee knowe not, we have thought

good to send unto you, and to advertise you that we ar as true and as faithful subiectes vnto the Quenes highnes as any whatsoever they be within the Realme, *and entende to observe and folowe her Religion as faithfully as they that most are affected vnto it.* Wherefore knowing ourselfes without offence towardes her Matie, we can not but wonder for what cause you should prepare, with force, to take vs. And if it be so that you have any such commission from her highnes, or her most honorable counsell, we hertely pray you so to advertise vs, and we shall, without rumor or sterring, immediately repaire vnto you wheres so ever you shall appoint vs. Whereas if yon do the contrary, you shall dryve vs to stand to the best of our powers for our libertie vntill such tyme as we may better vnderstand your authoritie." *

It is not worth the while to scrutinize too closely the impressions intended to be conveyed by this letter, or how nearly they harmonized with the truth of the situation. It was written, doubtless, under the pressure of apprehension of considerable peril and most distasteful circumstances, for they were in a trap, and a dangerous one. The expressed intention to "observe and follow"—they do not say *believe*—Mary's religion "as faithfully as they that most are affected unto it," is apparently couched in satire toward those who had so readily and ostentatiously accepted the change, while their real temper found relief in their affected surprise and the threat "to stand to the best of our powers for our liberty," should the Sheriff give them the chance.

The same day this letter was despatched from Mohuns-Ottery, our indefatigable Sergeant was busily employed ferreting out all he could further of the movement of the suspected persons, coming again into Exeter, where he "dyned" with his friend "Mr Doctor Moreman," the Dean, and after "promysyng" him and Blaxtone, the Sub-Dean,

"then present, that suche newes as I herd I wolde aduertise them from tyme to tyme, and so departed that night for Honyton, where Thomas Prediaux (evidently the Sergeant's son, and probably stationed there to collect intelligence) declared to Copleston, my seruante, that he said last Wednesday at dyner tyme my Lorde of Denon was come, with one servante, to Mounsoterye, Sr Peter Carewes house, and was brought by Sr Peter Carewe into his lodge, and conveyed thither meete unto hym."

This "my Lorde of Deuon" was none other than the unfortunate Edward Courtenay, only son of Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter (beheaded by his cousin, Henry VIII.), by his wife, Gertrude Blount, daughter of Lord Mountjoy. He had passed nearly all his life in the Tower, until the accession of Queen Mary, who liberated and restored him to the attainted Earldom. Being of royal blood, her near relative, and a handsome accomplished man, Mary is said to have had some design to marry him, but he rather leaned toward her sister, Elizabeth, which greatly compromised him in Mary's esteem, He was accused of participating in this movement, the wily Gardiner doing his utmost to incriminate, if possible, the Earl and the Princess Elizabeth, and they were both committed to the Tower. From the Tower he was sent to Fotheringay, and after a year's incarceration was set at liberty, together with the Princess Elizabeth, it is related, at the earnest

* *The Life of Sir Peter Carew*, by Sir John Maclean, F.S.A., with series of interesting original letters, from which we largely quote here and on the succeeding pages, and tender all obligations and thanks.

request of King Philip, and, if so, much to his honour. Then he obtained leave to travel, but died at Padua the year after, 4th October, 1556, and with him expired the last male representative of this the elder branch of the noble house of Courtenay. "Born," says Cleveland, "as it appeared, to be a prisoner, this Earl, from twelve years of age until almost thirty, at which age he died, had scarce two years of liberty, and obtained that quiet at his death which in life he never could have."

This discovery—the Earl in conclave with the Carews—was too much for the loyal Sergeant. He at once, "with all spede," despatched a note to Moreman, the Dean, desiring him to acquaint Denys, the Sheriff, and bid him "to come with all his power to the Citie and to garde yt sauelye whatsoeuer should happen."

Measures were promptly taken by the trusty "letunett" Blackaller, the Mayor's Deputy, and his officials, to make the city secure, as we learn from "Articles consernyng the causes of Shuttynge and stoppynge the gates, and watche and warde donne" in the ever-faithful city when "common brute spredd that certen gentlemen of Devonshere wold enter ynto the said Cytie and take the same ynto theyre handes, and put us the Cytyzens from the governance thereof."

As a matter of course, in such a crisis as this, a plentiful crop of informers was the inevitable result, and "laky" and "servante"—the too-often eavesdroppers and traitors to domestic and social peace—were well pressed into the degrading office, and otherwise tampered with.

First we learn that, on the 17th of January, "one More, of Cliste," servant to Sir Peter, and a man of Topsham with him, "brought ynto the West-gate of the said Cytye syxe horses laden with harnes and hande-gunnes, close-packed, which the same and his felloe brought from the Castell of Dartmouthe and caryed the same through the Cytye," as was testified "by twoo men of the said Cytie, whiche handled the same harnes."

Thus much for Sir Peter's preparations. Then follows evidence as to his uncle's movements, which tells us that,

"on the 19th of Januarye last, James Poore, servante to Sir Gawen Carewe, knyght, about x or xi of the clocke yn the nyght, came to the porter att the southe gate of the said Cytie, after that the Queenes Offycers had made a prevye sertche yn that parte of the Cytye the same nyght, and offred the said porter ijs yn money to lett hym owte att the same gate;—ffor, he saide that there was a shyppe that taryed for hym, and that he must neddes passe over the sea yn the same shippe; which was but fayned by hym, for the said Jamez was here, yn Exeter, the 22nd of January then next followynge."

And further, on the 22nd,

"a laky of Sir Gawen Carew's, yn the nyght of the same daye, declared vnto a man of our Cytie, ridyng betwene Honytonclyste & Rockbear, that on ffryday nyght last past (the 19th), after shuttynge of the cytye gattes, hys master, Sir Gawen Carew, went out over the walles of the said cytie yn his bowtes, and from thens vnto John Christophers house at Stoke, and for that his bowtes grieved hym he cutt them upon the waye, and the seid Sir Gawen rode from the seid Cristofers vnto Mr Gybbes ys house, and so from thens vnto Mouns Oterye, and this lakey sayde he followed hym all the waye. The same lakye

saidd then, also, that there vs like to be a besye worlde, for the saide my master hath sent me now to my ladye, my mastres, with letters that she must make spede to make redy hys harnes at Exeter, and that she shold cause hytt to be caryed out of the Cytye ynto the Subberbes there, yn hand baskettes, by parcells, and farther, he sayed, bycause no man shulde fynde the letter which I caryed, my master caused the sawle of my shooe to be ripped, and there putt yn the letter, and he delyuered me another letter also, which was putt yn the lappe of my coote, which bare no chardge."

Very circumstantial and characteristic treachery of the said "lakey"; and as to Sir Gawen scaling the city walls, that could not have been a very difficult feat, for it is further noted in the report "that the walles of the Castell of the said Citye ar very gretlye decayed."

We must now revert to Mohuns-Ottery, where we left the two knights, having just indited, on the 19th, their joint epistle of remonstrance to the Sheriff. Denys, on receipt of his orders to apprehend Sir Peter, had written him to surrender himself, which, it seems, Sir Peter had in his reply promised to do, as we learn from his letter to the Sheriff, dated the 23rd, from Mohuns-Ottery, in which he says—

"wheras I promised by your messenger to repayer this daye to Exeter unto you, and thinking you have some cause to allege vnto me for that I have byn sent for to the Courte and have not made such speede thyther as the counsell hathe looked for, and to avoid alle rumors that may ensue for my supposed disobediens, I have sithen the departure of your said messenger thought good to advertize you, that I am this day departed from hens toward London, with as moch speade as I possiblye can, not doubting but I shall be abull so to answer the cause as myne honestye shalbe nothing impayred, whatsoever myne enemyes shall allege agenst me. * * * * And knowing this shall suffice to such an assured frynde as you are I bid you ffarewell."

Alas for Sir Peter and this promise to his "assured frynde." Instead of going to the Court, he made the best of his way to Weymouth, and from thence to France. The Sheriff put off his guard for a time,—as soon as he got scent of the track of the fugitive, one "John ffursman" was despatched to get all the information he could thereon;

"his aunswere ys, that on Sondaye last (the 28th Jan.) he rid from Dorchester to Weymouth and by the way he did see ij little vesselles at seae, being ij Legges from the Shoure. At his coming to Weymouth he lodged at one Bucklers howse, and, setting at supper, one Edmond Knoplocke, partener of a shipp with Master Tregunnet and the said Buckler, being in his company, the said ffursman demanded what the barckes weire that past owt soo late of the haven. And Edmond Knoplock saide, one was a barcke of erringes, and in the other bote wasse passed iij gentilmen, one being a little manne, the other of a meane stature, and the third a more longer yong manne. And ferder the said Edmond Knoplocke declared that he stode by the bote when they shipped themselffes, and saw one of them haue a chayne of golde abowte his necke, and that he harde one of them say at departing—The King of Spayne wolde come shortely, he shalbe as well barkyd at as ever man was. And ferder, that there had iij gentilmen layne within a litle of Weymouth the thursday, friday, and saterday, and that they were veary liberall menne; and more he cannot say."

The foregoing is from a letter of Sir John Grenvil to Denys and others on the 3rd Feby., and Ffursman seems to have gleaned his information very completely.

In the meantime, and before the flight of Sir Peter, we get from the pen of the Sheriff to the Council, on 25 Jany., a description of the martial preparations contemplated by "Mr Seriaunt" and himself to lay siege to Mohuns-Ottery and make prisoners the recalcitrant knights;

"appon the receipt of the quenys maties letters for the apprehencon of Sir Peter Carewe, knight, considering his housse stronge for spere and shelde, thoff y shold assaute the same with power of the quenys subiectes who have nother harnys ne wepons sythens the last comosson. Mr Seriaunt (Prideaux) and I thoughe without Batry peces, which we do lacke, shuld nott availl to geve assaute. And thoff we hadde such ordynans the erthe is so depe and wete whereby they koude not be conveyed. Wherefore, for as muche as I hadde a letter from Sir Peter the day next before the recept of the quenys letters, whereby may apper unto your lordshippes by the same his letters, having knowlege that y hadde commandment to attache hym, he wold come to me at all tymes, thereuppon I signyfyed unto hym, the quenys pleasure and commondment, commondyng hym, in her graces name, to be with me at Exceter the day foloyng at teen of the clock before noune, who came nott accordyng, butt hath wryten unto me, that he is departed towardes the Cort with all spede."

But the bird had flown elsewhere; and we now bid farewell to Sir Peter for a while.

Sir Gawen, who appears to have left Mohuns-Ottery at the same time, rode across the county to the residence of his nephew, John Carew, of Bickleigh, not far from Tiverton. There, on the 23rd, he penned a long epistle to the Sheriff, in which, among other things, he observes—

"I do not a lytell marvell to hier of such preparacions as you prepare within the Citie of Exeter (being, as you are, a wise man), whereof it doth prosede, I cannot gesse. Yt sholde seeme by slanderous brutes you have sent and chayned the Gates, layed Ordynaunce upon the walles, kepe watch and warde, as it should be beseged by the Quenes highnes enemyes,—and not content with this, but also blowen abrode, not only to the utter ondoyng and clere defasying of the most parte of gentlemen within this shire toward the Quenes highnes, but also to the discrediting us among our neighbors, that the gentlemen shoulde practice to take the Quenes highnes Citie. Yt is more than strange to think what occasion shoulde lead you thus to do. I do assure you, by the faythe I beare to the lyvyng God, there was no such matter of gathering togither of any gentlemen, nor no repayre of any other, but only as heretofore yt hath bene accustomably used. And for myne own parte, I had no more with me than I do accustomably use to ryde withall, which was but vii persons, and Sir Peter Carewe, his housholde servantes. But the very occasion of my repayre to Sir Peter was, that you had gathered a power (as it was shewed us) to apprehend us both, and what comission or auctoritie you had so to do, we know not, and upon that consideration wrote unto you our former letter, for if you had sent, declaring that you had sent, declaring that you had such a comission from the Quenes highnesse, we wolde have come to you as humble and obedient subjectes, according to our bounden duties. And so I pray you to make report none otherwise of us."

Sir John St. Leger, who had come from London on the Saturday, finding the country in "verry good quyetnes," proceeded to his house at Annery, in North Devon; and the next day, Sunday, rode over to Sir Roger Bluett, at Holcombe, and a letter was sent requiring John Carew, of Bickleigh, to appear there the next "mornyng verry tymely."

Mr. Carew duly appeared, and offered to "delyver his said uncle into my hands." Then St. Leger, Bluett, and Carew, and a cavalcade of thirty persons, set off, first to Sir John More, in Collumpton, where they found William Gibbs, who "very gentilly and peacebley and without resystaunce, yelded hymself"; and from thence on to Bickleigh, "where Sir Gawen laye, who, of lyke, having intelligence of my comyng, mett me, with all humylitie, without the gate and submytted hymself"; and so on "to Exeter, where I have them in save kypyng."

Sir Gawen was lodged either in the Guildhall or Castle Gaol, where

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he appears to have remained until the beginning of March, when an order was sent from the Privy Council to the Lieutenant of the Tower to "receive and keep from conference with any person the bodies of Sir Gawen Carew and William Gybbes." About June following, his wife, the Lady Guyldford, had leave from the Council to receive all the profits and revenues of her husband's lands, for the relief of herself and her husband; but he does not appear to have been released until a twelvemonth afterwards, and then only on parole, the Council resolving, on 4 June, 1555, "with theire good leave and licence (he may) departe home into the countrey to set his things in order there"; to return again, however, before Ascension day next ensuing. But the

interdict was finally withdrawn, and Sir Gawen seems to have passed the remainder of his days in peace. The only special office he appears to have held at Court was that of a Gentleman Pensioner, now called Gentleman-at-Arms, the which, with his Knighthood, were comparatively small rewards for such long services, but perhaps after all as much as they deserved.

Sir Gawen was thrice married. First, to Anne, sister of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and widow of Sir John Shilston; secondly, to Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Wotton, K.G., Controller of the Household to Henry VIII., and of the Marches and Town of Calais, by his wife, Anne Belknap, and widow of Sir Henry Guyldford, K.G.,

LADY MARY GUYLDFORD-CAREW.

who died in May, 1532, aged about 44 years. Mary Wotton's brother, Dr. Nicholas Wotton, one of Henry VIII. executors, and some time Ambassador to France to Queen Mary, pleaded with her for Sir Gawen's release from the Tower in 1555. Her father's will was proved 7 June, 1524; he directed that he should be buried near his wife in the Church of the Carmelites at Calais, and bequeathed to his daughter Mary (afterwards Sir Gawen's second wife), but then unmarried, "*the cheyne of gold, with a crosse of gold, that was my wif's.*" She died 13 Sep. 1558. Thirdly, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Norwiche, and she proved her husband's will 30 June, 1585.

Lady Mary Guyldford, Sir Gawen's second wife, is buried in Whyting's aisle in Kentisbeare Church, There is a high tomb, over which is a brass bearing the following curious inscription :—

> Here lyeth buryed the Lady Mary Guyldford, daughter of Sir Robert Wotton of Kent, Knyght of the Garter, and Controler of Howsehold to the most nobull and mighty Prince Henry viij, Kyng of England France and Ireland, Defender of the feyth, and immediately bicar under God of the Churches of England and Ireland, supreme hede, and one of his most honerable Preby Counsell, and late the Wyffe of Sir Gawen Carew, Knight, who endyd this lyffe the xiij day of Sptember, ano mcccccxlviij.

The tomb stands on the north side of the antient altar in Whyting's chantry. On the opposite side is a similar memorial to the Founder, John Whyting, ob. 1529, whose seat at Wood Sir Gawen occupied. There is a plain slab of dark marble on the top; the sides are also unornamented, with the exception of four shields of brass, which were inlet on them. Of these now only two remain, and they are charged exactly alike. The engraving is somewhat rude, and the tinctures were originally painted in,—now almost entirely effaced. The following is as near their heraldic bearings as can be made out :—Quarterly of six—1, *A cross saltire engrailed* (Wotton ?) ; 2, *On a chief a lion passant guardant, crowned ? ;* 3, *Sable, on a bend cotized, three eagles displayed* (Belknap) ; 4, *Or, two bends gules* (Sudely) ; 5, *Per pale bendy of ten ;* 6, *Gules, a fess checquy between six crosslets patée fitchée* (Boteler).

She survived her husband's trouble two years only, and died probably at Wood in Kentisbeare, the antient seat of the Whytings, which, says Pole, Sir Gawen "held by lease from the heires of Whitinge, and likewise did the lady his wief, after whose death William Walrond, of Bradfield, Esq."

Fine half-length portraits in oil, by Holbein of this lady and her first husband are still in existence, both painted the same year. That of Sir Henry Guyldford is in the possession of Her Majesty, and dated "Anno D. mccccxxvij. Ætatis suæ xlix." Lady Guyldford's is in the collection of Edward Frewen, Esq., and is inscribed, "anno mdxxvii. ætatis suæ 27." Sir Gawen's portrait in chalk by the same inimitable artist is also among the royal treasures at Windsor.

Sir Gawen was buried in Exeter Cathedral, 22 April, 1584. His funeral sermon (text, 1 Thessalonians, *c.* iv., *vv.* 13–18) was preached by John Chardon, afterwards Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland.

The large tomb of two stories in the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, in the Cathedral, commemorates himself and wife, whose effigies are in the upper compartment, and the single cross-legged figure below, his nephew, Sir Peter, elder brother of the Earl of Totnes. The inscriptions record:—

WALTER DOWRICH OF DOWRICH, ESQ.,
MARIED THE ONLY SISTER OF THIS SR PETER CAREW UNDER-FIGURED,
ELDER BROTHER TO THE LORD CAREW, BARON OF CLOPTON,
WHICH SIR PETER CAREW, KNYGHT, WAS SLAYNE IN IRELAND.

To which was added on its restoration:—

THIS MONUMENT ERECTED A.D. 1589,
IN MEMORY OF SIR GAWEN CAREW AND MARY HIS WIFE,
AND OF HIS NEPHEW SIR PETER, ELDEST SON OF GEORGE CAREW, D.D.,
(SOME TIME DEAN OF THIS CATHEDRAL CHURCH,)
ONLY BROTHER OF GEORGE CAREW, BARON OF CLOPTON AND EARL OF TOTNES,
WAS RESTORED BY MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY A.D. 1857.

There is a very large array of armorial bearings of the Carews and their alliances.

Sir William Carew, of Mohuns-Ottery, the eldest son of Sir Edmond, matched with Joan, a daughter of the illustrious house of Powderham; he left three sons, George, Philip, and Peter, and one daughter, Cecily, and at their deaths the name and fame of the elder and parent house of Carew of Mohuns-Ottery finally ceased and determined.

Sir George, the eldest son of Sir William, inherited the courage of his race, being brave and accomplished in all knightly exercises. In 1516 he was one of the challengers at the great jousts held at Greenwich; also on other subsequent occasions; and like his uncle, Sir Gawen, and his brother, Sir Peter, he was alternately engaged in the land and sea services. He was in 1543, in company with his brother, Sir Peter, attached to Sir John Wallop's expedition, despatched by Henry VIII. against the French king, as Lieutenant-General of the Horse; and his commander reported of him as being "a very good man of war, and mete to do his highness service as any other that is comme at this time."

In the year following, when the army moved on to lay siege to Cambray, but found the French king had "raised his camp and departed away with as much speed as he could," Sir George's impetuosity landed him in a difficulty. "In the morning," says Hoker,

"the king's flight being discovered, great pursuits were made after him. In which chase Sir George Carew, being more forward than circumspect, was taken prisoner. Sir Peter, his brother, took a French gentleman, whom he carried with him unto Calais, minding to use him for the redeeming of his brother, Sir George. And when he was come to Calais, there he new aparalled this gentleman, his prisoner, and concluded with him that he should either send home Sir George, or to pay him certain hundreds of crowns for his ransom, at a certain day then between them prefixed, which the said gentleman, upon his faith, promised to perform, and was so set at liberty; but, as he little regarded his faith, so as slenderly did he perform his promise, to his reproach and shame, as it in the end fell out."

Thus much for our knowledge of Sir George as a soldier. Next comes his unfortunate career as a sailor; and we hear of him in 1545 as a "capitaigne" in the fleet, "being about the number of one hundred and five sails," gathered at Portsmouth under Dudley, Viscount Lisle, to resist the incursions of the French ships then hovering about and making descents on the south coast.

Sir George was made Vice-Admiral, "and had appointed unto him a ship named the *Mary Rose*, which was as fair a ship, as strong and as well appointed as none better in the realm."

Henry came down to Portsmouth on the eve of their sailing, and dined on board the *Henri Grâce-à-Dieu*, with the Admiral, the three

SIR GEORGE CAREW, Knt.

Carews (Gawen, Peter, and George), and other captains of the fleet. While they were at dinner, the French fleet hove in sight, and the King at once despatched the captains to their ships, and sent for a long boat to come to take his sacred person on shore for safety. But first he had some "secret talk" with the Admiral, and then with Sir George, "and at his departure from him, took his chain from his neck with a great whistle of gold pendant to the same, and put it about the neck of the said Sir George Carew, giving him also therewith many good and comfortable words."

Alas for these good and comfortable words and the royal decoration. Sir George, as soon as he came on board,

"ordered every man to take his place and the sails to be hoisted; but the same was no sooner done, but that the *Mary Rose* began to heel, that is to

say, lean on one side. Sir Gawen being then in his own ship, and seeing the same, called for the master of his ship, and told him thereof, and asked him what it meant, who answered, that if she did heel she was liked to be cast away. Then Sir Gawen passing by the *Mary Rose*, called out to Sir George asking him how he did, who answered that he had a sort of knaves he could not rule. And it was not long after, but that the said *Mary Rose* thus heeling more and more, was drowned with seven hundred men which were in her, whereof very few escaped. He had in his ship a hundred marines, the worst of them being able to be a master in the best ship within the realm, and

GEORGE CAREW,

Baron of Clopton and Earl of Totnes.

these so maligned and disdained one the other, that refusing to do that which they should do, were careless to do that which was most needful and necessary, and so contending in envy, perished in frowardness."

A sharp and sudden doom for the headstrong mutinous knaves.

The King, who had just arrived on shore, witnessed this dreadful event, as did also Sir George's wife, who swooned at the sight, and Henry, "oppressed with sorrow of every side," appears to have done his best to comfort the almost heart-broken lady.

Attempts were made immediately afterward to raise the ill-fated vessel, but without success, while her previous existence and the

locality of her ocean bed was almost forgotten, until about fifty years ago, when the fishermen trawling over the spot complained that their nets were being continually hitched and broken. Divers were sent down, and there they found a portion of the hull of the *Mary Rose* still remaining embedded in the sand, together with numerous cannon, some of great beauty of workmanship and others of most primitive construction. These were raised to the surface, and are now preserved among the collection in the Tower.

Thus, unfortunately, perished, on the 20th July, 1545, Sir George Carew, in an appalling catastrophe, almost rivalling, for magnitude in loss of life, the capsize of the *Royal George* in the same locality, two centuries and a-half afterward, when the brave Admiral Kempenfeldt and his crew of eight hundred experienced a similar fate—

"All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore."

Sir George married twice: his first wife was Thomazine, daughter of Sir Lewis Pollard; the second, Mary, daughter of Henry Norris, and sister of Henry, Lord Norreys, but left no issue by either. His portrait is among the Holbein drawings at Windsor Castle.

Of Sir Philip Carew, the second son of Sir William, we hear nothing beyond his being a Knight of Malta, and said to have been drowned or slain by the Turks before 1545.

Before, however, we reach the last male representative of Mohuns-Ottery, Sir Peter, we must revert to his cousin, George, of Upton-Hellions, son of the Dean of Exeter, a most successful courtier, and who reached the highest honours accorded to any member of this remarkable family. After leaving Oxford, he sought that unhappy hunting ground where so many others of that age essayed to distinguish themselves, and where two of his nearest kinsmen found their graves—Ireland, then distracted with petty warfare. There he "diligently pursued against that noted rebel the Earl of Desmond, a subdolous man." * Returning to England in 1589, he was knighted, and soon after crossed again to Ireland, being "made Lord President for Munster for three years," and was actively employed with the Earl of Thomond, subduing the internecine strife, "bringing at last the titular Earl of Desmond to his tryal."

His "carriage and conduct" in this matter greatly pleased Queen Elizabeth, who, with her own hand, in 1601, penned him the following epistle:—†

"My faithful George,—

If ever more services of worth were performed in shorter space than you have done, we are deceived among many witnesses: we have received the fruit thereof: and bid you faithfully credit, that whatso wit, courage, or care may do, we truly find, they have all been thorowly acted in all your charge. And for the same, believe, that it shall neither be unremembered, nor unrewarded: and, in the mean while believe, my help, nor prayers, shall never fail you.

Your sovraign, that best regards you

E. R."

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* † Prince.

Although Elizabeth promised her subject thus in this gracious letter, she appears to have contented her royal mind therein, and did not reward his merit beyond by conferring on him any further honour. But when James, of "blessed memory," came to the throne, Sir George was recalled from Ireland and made Governor of the Island of Guernsey and "Castle-Cornet," and in the third year of his reign, 4 June, 1605, raised him to the peerage by the title of Baron Carew of Clopton, in the county of Warwick, Sir George having married Joice, daughter of William Clopton, Esq., of Clopton. Afterwards he became Master of the Ordnance, and of the Privy Council, to that monarch, and Vice-Chamberlain and Treasurer to Anne, his "Consort-Royal." Charles I., on 5th Feb. 1625, further advanced him to the dignity of Earl of Totnes, of which place his father, among his many preferments, had held the office of Archdeacon. He appears to have been a soldier, student, and antiquary, and author of the well-known "*Pacata Hibernia: Ireland Appeased and Reduced, or a Historie of the late Warres in Ireland*" (a problem still busily employing our senators), first published in 1633, descriptive of the events occurring during his employment and administration there. It was not printed until after his death, when the manuscript "came into the hands of his faithful and trusty servant, if not natural son, Thomas Stafford," who, having first submitted it "to the view and censure of divers learned and judicious persons," at length gave it to the world. The Earl also formed a collection of "chronologies, charters, letters, muniments, and other choice rarities," which are "reserved in the Bodleian Library."

He died at "the Savoy in the Strand *near* London," 27 March, 1629, and is with his Countess buried beneath a splendid monument, on which are their effigies "in their robes and coronets," under the same roof that enshrines the dust of the peerless Shakespeare, with whom he must have lived contemporary.

The figures of the Earl and Countess lie side by side on a high tomb in the centre of the Clopton Chantry at the east end of the north aisle of the church of Stratford-on-Avon. The features of the Earl are sculptured with great force and power, evidently a portrait, and in excellent preservation. The memorial is covered with emblems and imagery, martial and heraldic, and bears a long epitaph. At the Earl's death the title became extinct.

We now reach Sir Peter Carew, the last and most conspicuous member of this family, and who, owing to the decease of his two brothers, George and Philip, before him, was the last male owner also of this antient seat of his name and blood—Mohuns-Ottery, the which, from his initials, P. C., sculptured in the spandrels of the main doorway, he probably re-built or greatly re-edified.

Of this knight a very circumstantial memoir exists, written by John Vowell, otherwise Hoker, or Hooker, a distinguished citizen of Exeter, who became Sir Peter's confidential adviser and agent, and subsequently his biographer. Of him a few words.

Hooker's family were of considerable civic standing in Exeter, his father and grandfather having been Mayors of that antient city.

Studious from a boy, he received a careful groundwork of education under the learned and Catholic vicar of Menheniot in Cornwall, Dr. Moreman, subsequently advanced by Queen Mary to be Dean of Exeter; an early and zealous pioneer in the great work of teaching. Thence he removed to one of the Universities and studied civil law, and afterwards travelled "beyond the seas into Germany," where, at Strasburg, he "sojourned with Peter Martyr, and gave himself to the study of divinity." Subsequently he was "minded to have travelled into Italy and Spain"; but the disturbed and warlike condition of the continent made him "shift himself homewards again."

Stored thus with learning ecclesiastical as well as civil, soon after his return to England he was "driven to take a wife," and ultimately a second; in both cases the daughters of substantial citizens of Exeter, and by whom he had four sons—Robert, Thomas, Toby, and Zachary. Concerning which change of state, Prince somewhat maliciously, and presumably not very correctly, continues that "then all his desires to learning and knowledge therewith abated, notwithstanding he gave himself to the reading of histories, and seeking of antiquities, and somewhat to armory."

In truth he was a very diligent and accomplished historian and antiquary, and but little abatement in his after life is discernible with regard to his love of the pursuit of learning, as the list of treatises and compilations, legal, historical, and antiquarian, he left behind amply testifies, and written, probably, during the intervals of important duties, public and private; and it is from one of these interesting sources, which he named "*The dyscourse and dyscoverye of the lyffe of Sir Peter Carewe, of Mohoneseotrey yn ye Countie of Devon, Knighte*,"* that we are indebted mainly for the particulars of our little biographical gossip anent his earthly career.

Hooker's learned reputation, joined with a good social position, doubtless caused him to be chosen by the citizens as their first Chamberlain in 1555, and afterwards returned to Parliament as one of their representatives in 1561.

One circumstance relating to his acumen and goodness of heart requires special record. His nephew was the afterwards illustrious, learned, and "judicious" Richard Hooker; and the Chamberlain, doubtless perceiving the youth's aptness, took an especial interest in his education. First, in Exeter, helping to do for him what it is probable his parents were not, in their worldly circumstances, able to accomplish. Then, when he had reached his fifteenth year, taking the lad and his schoolmaster, he adjourned with them to Salisbury. There he introduced him to his friend, another celebrated Devonian, the learned and pious Bishop Jewel, who, well pleased with young Hooker's "learning and gravity, promised to take care of the youth's preferment." His uncle generously provided the other assistance necessary, and with the distinguished prelate's introduction as a student at Corpus Christi, Oxford, he continued his studies. Of his

* Ably edited and incorporated in "*The Life of Sir Peter Carew*," by Sir J. Maclean. It has also been published by the *Society of Antiquaries*.

subsequent career nothing further need be said; is it not written among the chronicles of the kings of intellect, and shall not his works endure until "the last great fire shall consume all learning?"

John Hooker's portrait is in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall at Exeter. The learned historian of the City is attired "in a black doublet, buttoned down in front, and a high black straight-crowned beaver hat, the neck encircled by a close lace-edged ruff. The intelligent, sagacious face is turned slightly toward the left, and is adorned with silvery-white drooping moustache and closely-cut beard; the left hand holds a paper scroll." The date of the picture is 1601; aged 76.

Sir Peter was born at Mohuns-Ottery about 1512. As a boy he was "pert and forward," which his father, Sir William, observing, appeared desirous of making him the scholar of the family, so in his twelfth year sent him to Exeter, boarding him with one of its principal citizens for the purpose of his son attending the grammar school there.

The master, "one Freer," appears to have been a harsh and cruel man, and of course the natural result was that young Peter disliked excessively to go to school, and continually played the truant instead. This conduct considerably exercised the pedagogue, and also Master Thomas Hunt, alderman and linen-draper of the ever-faithful city, with whom he resided, who had continually to seek his young charge; and one day while thus employed, "he found him about the walls of the said city, and he running to take him, the boy climbed up upon the top of one of the highest garrets of a turret of the said wall, and would not for any request come down, saying, moreover, to his host, that if he did press too fast upon him, he would surely cast himself down headlong over the wall, and then, saith he, I shall break my neck, and thou shalt be hanged, because thou makest me to leap down." This Mr. Hunt wisely declined, and placed an attendant to watch him down, and restore the boy to his house.

This adventure brought matters to a crisis. Mr. Hunt advertised Sir William of his son's unruliness, and doubtless not very well pleased, the knight came to Exeter, and "calling his son before him, tied him with a line, and delivered him to one of his servants to be carried about the town as one of his hounds, and they led him home to Mohuns-Ottery like a dog. And after that, he being come to Mohuns-Ottery, he coupled him to one of his hounds, and so continued him for a time."

Not a very sensible way, we trow, Sir William, of reclaiming the young scape-grace, if he was one, nor of cultivating any desire within him to pursue his studies; and so it afterwards turned out.

Thus early began Sir Peter's roving and eventful life, and the romance that haunted his ways even to the grave.

Notwithstanding this degrading treatment, his father was desirous of giving his son another chance to complete his education. This time he took the boy to London, and placed him in St. Paul's School, then recently founded by good Dean Colet. A settled aversion, however, not to learn anything seems to have possessed the lad, "and do what the schoolmaster could, he in no wise could frame this young

Peter to smell to a book, or to like of any schooling" ; and soon after, Sir William coming to London, he advised him to "employ his son in some other thing, for that he neither loved the school, nor cared for learning."

Not a very promising beginning for the youth, but a scholarship of another and more congenial description was apparently at hand for him, and the introduction came in a curious way. Sir William and his son were "walking in Paul's"—without doubt the well-known St. Paul's Walk—in the nave of the fine old Cathedral, thus strangely made a house of merchandise, where the citizens, merchants, and strangers in London took their daily promenade, and met each other for business and other social purposes. There the knight "met with a gentleman of his old acquaintance who then served in the French Court," and greetings having been renewed, the Frenchman enquired who the smart lad was in their company, and "understanding he was the son of Sir William, and perceiving him to be very forward and of a pregnant wit, asked Sir William whether he would put his son unto him to be brought up in the Court of France, promising that if he would do so, he would bring him up and use him like a gentleman, and do as much for him as if he were his own son."

Here appeared an immediate solution as to his son's future employment, and Sir William, reflecting that he altogether declined to become a student, accepted the offer ;

"and furnishing his son with apparel and all things necessary for a gentleman's page, he delivered him unto the said gentleman, who for a time was very dainty and made much of him; but as the young gentleman's apparel was soon worn and spent, so the master's hot love soon waxed cold and faint, and of a page he was made a lackey, being turned out of the chamber to serve in the stable ; there as a mulett to attend his master's mule. And so, in the order of a mulett, did attend and serve his master, howbeit the young boy, having by these means some liberty, and trained up in the company of such as he liked well, he was contented with his estate."

Poor boy, he had fallen into evil hands, and the treacherous Frenchman cared little as to what became of his young charge, this gentleman's son, and far away from his home, degraded by him to be his lackey, and the associate of grooms and stable-boys. One can easily understand how this youthful free-lance was in a sort "contented with his estate," and the rough liberty it afforded him; but the French courtier's shameless conduct is not so easily estimated. However, fortunately for the forsaken lad, that "Providence that shapes our ends," however much we ourselves, or others for us, "rough-hew them," came to his rescue most singularly and opportunely.

There was a younger strain of the Carews settled at Haccombe (although now the principal descendants of the family), and the then representative, John Carew, being Sir William's (of Mohuns-Ottery) "cousin-german of the fifth degree, a gentleman of great courage and valour, and desirous to serve and see countries," had letters of introduction given him by Henry VIII. to the French king, by whom "he was received and had entertainment, having the charge of a hundred horsemen. This gentleman, as he was riding to the Court, and being

come before the Court gate, there were sundry lackeys and horse-boys playing together, and among them this Peter Carew being one, a boy called out to him, '*Carew Anglois! Carew Anglois!*'"

It can be well imagined that Mr. Carew pricked up his ears at this homely exclamation, but would probably as soon have expected to find an angel from heaven as to recognize the son of his distinguished kinsman among the motley company. So he looked about, and asked who this "English Carew" was, and

"then perceiving that it was one of the muleteer boys called him, who was then all too ragged and simply apparelled; and he examined what he was, and whose son, and what was his name,—who answered him, that he was an English boy, the son of Sir William Carew of Devon, Knight, and that his name was Peter; and did serve first as a page, but now as the muleteer of a certain French gentleman in the Court, who brought him out of England."

Doubtless with equal surprise and indignation Mr. Carew listened to the lad's story, and,

"having good natural affections to this his kinsman, commanded one of his men to take the charge of the mule, which this Peter before kept, and taking this Peter with him, went throughout the Court, and sought the gentleman, whom, when he had found, he so tasked him, and reproved him for the hard handling of this young Peter, that he was contented to forgo his page, and so seek a new lackey."

And thereupon Mr. Carew newly apparelled young Peter, "and for a space trained him up in the Court of France like a gentleman, and in riding and other such exercises as most meet for one of service."

Thus, after sundry mishaps, the becoming path of the boy's future was found. Mr. Carew took him to Italy with the army of Francis I., in the war with the Emperor in 1525, where his kind protector unfortunately died at Pavia, and the French army suffered considerable reverse. Young Peter Carew appears now to have adopted definitely his future profession, a very common one at that era—that of a soldier of fortune and courtier at large—a vocation his sprightliness and love of adventure made him eminently fitted for.

So, perceiving "Fortune to frown on the French side, and their army being dispersed," he crossed over to the Emperor's camp, where he was well received, and speedily ingratiated himself with Henry of Nassau, Prince of Orange, with whom he continued until his death, and afterwards with the Princess Claudia, his widow.

At length young Carew, now grown to man's estate, felt home-sick, and, having got the Princess Claudia's consent, prepared to return to England. She was, however, very loth to part with him, for "so honest was his conditions, and so courteous was his behaviour, and so forward in all honest exercises, and especially in all prowess and virtue, that he had stolen the hearts and gained the love of all persons unto him, and especially the Princess."

Therefore at his departure she gave him letters of recommendation to Henry VIII., and also to his father, appointed two gentlemen to attend him home, and at her farewell placed "a chain of gold about his neck, and store of money in his purse," at the same time promising

him, "if he should return again unto her, he should have such a gentleman's entertainment."

Here was a change, and how different was Peter's coming to his going from the continent. In a sort of semi-disgrace, and by an unscrupulous guardian relegated to the companionship of lackeys and grooms to wait on him as a servant—so he came; but now he was leaving its shores in high favour with one of its sovereign Princes, and two gentlemen to attend him, bearing also letters of recommendation from the ruler of its Court to the King of his own native land.

And verily so it is, notwithstanding the prophecies of pedagogues and the vulgar unappreciative estimate of the sordid money-getting world in general, the divinity of *breed* will, unheeding all obstacles, sooner or later assert itself, claim its proper influence, and elicit the admiration it is heir to. And the conventional descent of six generations, said to be necessary before the advent of the gentle-man is reached, is abundantly evidenced every day among those who, without the qualification, hopelessly pretend to the distinction. Nor will all the art of the education-crammers, backed by the potency of a long purse, accomplish it, for, like genius, it is heaven-born.

Arrived in England, his first care was to repair to Greenwich and place the Princess's letters in Henry's hand,

"which when the King had perused and read, he very thankfully accepted them, examined him, and finding him to be answerable to the Princess's report and commendations, taketh good liking and joy of him, and receiveth him into his service, and maketh him one of his henchmen. And the Princess's men he commandeth to be entertained, and at their departure gave them five hundred crowns and also his letters of recommendation and thanks to the Princess."

Thus passed these Courtly civilities, and young Peter had a substantial introduction to his dread sovereign lord Henry VIII.

But the great surprise was to come—his return to his parents, home, and birth place, at Mohuns-Ottery. At his last appearance there he was coupled with a chain to a hound, in ill-considered punishment; now he was about to reappear on its precincts with a chain of gold about his neck, there placed in honour by the fair hands of a reigning Princess, and with two gentlemen to attend him, instead of his father's servant as a gaoler.

So, setting off with his companions, he rode down to Mohuns-Ottery, where his father dwelt, who for six long years had heard nothing of his truant absent son. No messenger preceded the travellers to give him intimation of their approach, and so enable him with joy to meet his son "a great way off," or kill the fatted calf in honour of his return.

The interview cannot be better described than in Hooker's own homely words:—

"Being come to the house, and understanding his father and mother to be within, went into the house without further delay, and finding them sitting together in a parlour, forthwith without any words, in most humble manner, kneeled down before them, and asked their blessing, and therewith presented unto him the Princess of Orange's letters. The said Sir William and his lady at this sudden sight were astonished, much musing what it should mean that a young gentleman so well apparelled, and so well accompanied, should thus

prostrate himself before them, for they thought nothing less than of their son Peter, who having been away from them about six years, and never heard of, did think verily he had been dead and forlorn. But Sir William having read the Princess's letters, and so persuaded that he was his son Peter, were not a little joyful, but he received him with all gladness, and also welcomed the gentlemen, whom he and his wife entertained in the best manner they could."

No incident, we trow, in the history of these old walls more touching than this, or day more memorable.

Having spent a few days in the quietude of Mohuns-Ottery, he "prayed his father's leave to return to the Court," where he appears to have become a great favourite with Henry at once. He spoke French fluently, and his vivacity, wit, and love of all "such honest exercises as do appertain to a gentleman, and especially riding," seems to have made a very favourable impression on that capricious monarch, who made him one of the Privy Chamber, employed him in several courtly ambassages, and appointed him one of the "lusty gentlemen" sent to Calais to conduct his future bride Anne of Cleves to England.

Soon afterwards followed a characteristic adventure. The fame of Solyman the Magnificent, the really Grand Turk, "the royalty of his Court, what a mighty prince he was," and his victory over the Hungarians at Buda, appears to have been the talk of the Courts of Europe, in common with the English, and the glamour thereof to have "pierced" the curiosity and spurred the desire of many a young gallant to go out and see the same. Young Peter Carew was one of the most eager for this congenial enterprise, and with him went as companion his cousin, John Champernowne. The King's permission was solicited, but Henry was not at first disposed to give his consent, in view of the hazard of the enterprise, but he afterwards complied, and furnished them with some funds and also letters of introduction for use on their way.

So in the spring of 1540-1 they set off, passing the whole of the summer leisurely and pleasantly, travelling through France and Italy to Venice, where they stayed the winter; and having got a "safe conduct" from the Turkish Ambassador, proceeded on in the following spring to Ragusa and Constantinople. Here they described themselves as merchants seeking for alum, being careful to hide their real position as gentlemen, which would have exposed them to considerable danger; but they stayed there some time, "visited the Turk's Court, and saw him twice or thrice in his greatest royalty and glory." Here Carew, "by reason that his French tongue was so perfect, and also his behaviour tasting of the French manner," made the acquaintanceship of the French Ambassador, who seeing they "could not well dissemble their own estate," and the peril such a discovery would involve, helped them to get back again safely to Venice. From thence, by way of Milan, "they went straight to Buda," where they remained until the Turks ceased the siege, and then they returned to Vienna.

Here our travellers both nearly ended, not only this romantic trip, but their earthly pilgrimage also. At Vienna they found "one Mr. Wingfield, their old friend and acquaintance"; but after a few days' stay all three were seized with dysentery, and Wingfield and Champer-

nowne both died. Peter Carew, although still suffering, "took his horse and travelled back to Venice," no mean journey for an exhausted invalid, when, having recruited his strength, he made the best of his way back to England.

Henry was greatly interested in listening to Carew's recital of their travels and adventures at the various places they visited, and a description of the Court of the Grand Turk, and grieved to hear of his cousin Champernowne's death.

The year following his return, in company with his brother George, he joined the army commanded by Sir John Wallop, operating with the Emperor against the French king. There he was made "captain over 100 footmen, and these he clothed and apparelled at his own charges all in black, and they were named the black band." Here, on the march to Landrecy, he, with his brother and four other gentlemen, fought a challenge against six gentlemen from the town, with "sharp staffs on horseback, forty courses a man," in which encounter "this Peter, in the first course which he rode, had almost overthrown his adversary." Some difference this from the modern wager of battle, with telescopic sights on "arms of precision," fought at a thousand yards' range; more homely warfare it may be, and eke more manly.

Sea or land alike, for it made no difference to this pattern cavalier, provided some adventure was attached to it. So his next service was on the salt water as "Capitaign of one very tall ship and well appointed," probably called the *Mistress*, serving under Admiral Viscount L'Isle in the fleet sent by Henry to look after the French squadron, who, after a brush or two in the Channel, gave the English vessels the slip and made descent on Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. And again he served in the larger fleet afterwards assembled at Portsmouth, with his uncle, Sir Gawen, and where his elder brother, Sir George, commanded as Vice-Admiral, and was drowned in the capsize of the *Mary Rose*, all three being on board the *Henri Grâce-à-Dieu*, in attendance on Henry dining with the Admiral, just before the unfortunate ship foundered.

Both Gawen and Peter sailed in the flotilla, and were at the attack on Tréport, where, after the action, the Lord Admiral, Viscount L'Isle, "considering the great valour and prowess" the Carews exhibited, with "the sword he dubbed them, and with the girdle of chivalry he honoured them with the Order of the Knighthood."

By the death of Sir George, his elder brother, drowned in the *Mary Rose*, Sir Peter succeeded to the family inheritance, and "many a man would have given over the service and gone home to enter into the possession of those great livelihoods." Not so Sir Peter, we trow; the love of adventure was too deeply seated in his heart, and the attractions of a Court life much more congenial to his taste than the sober uneventful existence as a country gentleman in the rural out-of-the-world quietude of Mohuns-Ottery.

Sir Peter was selected by the Admiral to carry the "manner and success of the voyage" to the King, who was so well pleased with the despatches and his story, that Henry "called for his sword, minding to have dubbed him a Knight," but found that honour had already been

conferred on him. For some time after this, Carew remained at the Court, and appears to have been an especial favourite with Henry, not only for his proficiency in all "courtly exercises," but also in his accomplishment in music, "for the King himself, being much delighted to sing, and Sir Peter Carew having a pleasant voice, the King would very often use him to sing with him certain songs then called *fremen* songs, as namely, '*By the bank as I lay*,' and '*As I walked in the wood so wild;*'" and it is quite within the bounds of the probable that the very book from which the Monarch and his courtier thus sang together is now preserved in the British Museum.

The Lord Admiral L'Isle being sent to France in 1546 to conclude peace between the French king and Henry, Sir Peter was appointed as one of his retinue. There at the Court he came to the rescue of the young Earl of Worcester, who, being "very coarsely handled and ill-treated" by some Frenchmen, Carew, to protect the noble youth, "picked such a quarell" with the offender, "that he gave him a box or blow under the ear, even in the chamber of the presence." A similar story, and perhaps not quite so apocryphal, as Prince relates of the Drakes. The French king appears to have seen his courtier was in the error, as he afterwards invited Sir Peter to "hunt the hart" with him, when the Knight offered his French majesty some chivalric civilities; and at his departure for England he was given "many good and rich gifts," which Carew liberally reciprocated.

Then happened a most important event—even "his being wrapped in Venus bands and stricken with Cupid's darts," the fair disturber of our wandering Knight's heart being "the widow of a baron deceased," Margaret, daughter of Sir William Skipwith, and relict of George, second and last Lord Tailboys de Kyme, in Lincolnshire, who died in 1540.

Although daring and courageous in his combats with men, Carew seems to have been somewhat diffident and not over confident in his encounters with the softer sex; and, fearing his suit might not be accepted by the lady, "he did most humbly beseech his highness" to help him therein. Henry did not altogether like this office, for sufficient reasons perhaps, as rather tender relations had existed between the lady's deceased husband's mother and himself, for by her he had a son, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond and Somerset, who died, to Henry's great grief, in his sixteenth year. But the King seems to have yielded, and "wrote most earnest letters unto the lady in his behalf, and promised also to give with that marriage a hundred pound land to them and to the heirs of their bodies."

Thus besieged by love on one side and royalty on the other, the lady "yielded and was contented, but before any marriage could be solemnized, the King died. Nevertheless, a day was concluded when the marriage should be, which, as it fell out, was on the coronation of King Edward VI." Rejoicing as a bridegroom to run his race, at the sports after the regal and nuptial ceremony, he, with five others, challenged all comers at tilt and tourney, and there this modern "Ulysses, in honour of his Penelope, wore her glove on his head piece," and overthrew his antagonist, both horse and man.

After his marriage, Sir Peter, with his bride, retired into Lincolnshire, where his wife's property was situate, and it was from there, three years afterwards, in 1549, "he was sent for to come to the Court, and then by the King and Council," with his uncle, Sir Gawen, despatched into Devonshire to suppress the insurrection, which proceeding we have given in detail in the notice of Sir Gawen.

Then followed the death of King Edward and accession of Queen Mary, and the suspicions connected with the conduct of the two Knights consequent thereon in Wyatt's unsuccessful movement. This also has been sufficiently noticed in our gossip over his uncle, where we left Sir Peter giving the Sheriff the slip and taking ship at Weymouth.

Before Sir Peter decided on this hasty flight, he seems to have made careful enquiry as to the future chance of things, and these appear to have been in no wise promising. So "apparelled like unto a serving man," he rode to Weymouth. There other dangers beset him, for "as he was going out of the boat to enter the bark, his foot slided or slipped, and he therewith fell into the seas, and had been drowned if one standing by had not taken hold of him." But his perils were not over. Having set sail, and got some way on their voyage, a great storm arose, and they were driven back again to Weymouth, where Carew had some difficulty in preventing the crew landing, which would have been almost sure to have led to his apprehension. But they put to sea once more, and got safely to Rouen.

Arrived in France, he "rode straight to the Court," but would accept no employment there, averring with good policy "that he was no traitor to his prince or country," and he would never serve against either of them. From thence he went on to Venice, where he was immediately placed under the suspicions of Peter Vannes, Dean of Sarum, ambassador to the Duke there, a zealous Papist and partizan of Queen Mary's, "who sought all the ways he could how he might have him taken and apprehended; petitioning the high court and estate, and advertising that a traitor to the Queen of England, his mistress, was fled out of England, and was come hither for refuge."

Now Venice was a noble, famous, and *free* city, "and a sanctuary for all such as were distressed," but no refuge for such as were "traitors to their princes, and false to their countries."

To rebut the accusation of this vindictive ecclesiastic, Sir Peter got "the Attorney-General for the whole State of Venice," one, Francisco Foscarinus, whom he had known at the English Court in the time of King Edward VI., to appear for him, which he did, and so effectually, that Vannes' charge against him was rejected. But Foscarinus having some important suspicions of another sort, advised him to "take heed and go not abroad, unless you have good company with you, and he also well armed and appointed."

Foiled in his resort to the law, yet still determined to wreak vengeance on his victim, the iniquitous Vannes hired "certain ruffians which should watch Sir Peter, and then taking him at an advantage, should despatch and murder him."

One evening Sir Peter was returning to his lodgings with his companions, and by a

"certain corner in a street, which Vannes knowing, did beset that place with such ruffians as he had hired, who watched there with their guns and weapons for him. Sir Peter being come near to the place, perceiving the same, prepared himself, and appointed his company to go two and two, and he, with one going with him, kept in the midst, and so passed by that corner. The companions which waited for him, and not knowing which he was of them he would have (for their pieces were charged to have shot only at him), and the evening being somewhat dim, they asked one the other of themselves 'le quelle'—'which is he?' but Sir Peter being then passed the corner, the hindermost of his company, having also their pistols charged, turned back and asked what they would, who, when they perceived that he was passed whom they would have, they returned, and so he escaped."

A narrow escape, too, from this dastardly attempt at assassination; and Sir Peter wisely determined to get away as soon as possible from such dangerous quarters, and being befriended with some money by his friend Foscarinus, departed for Strasburg.

Here he sojourned with Dr. John Poynet, late Bishop of Winchester, who, with others, had taken refuge there to escape the religious persecution going on in England. Here a fresh adventure befell him. One day the house of his host "fell to be on fire, and such money and treasure" as his friend Poynet possessed was "in a cupboard in the wall, and the fire so increased that no man durst to adventure into the house to fetch it." Poynet was in great distress at this, as the loss of his funds in a foreign land was a serious matter, and so Sir Peter,

"hearing him to make some moan for his money, ran with all his force and might to the cupboard, and with his foot gave such a stroke that immediately he broke open the cupboard, took out the money, and ran away. But he was no sooner come out of the door but the house fell down, and so it was by a miracle he escaped."

We must now return to Devonshire, and here to Mohuns-Ottery, from whose ancestral hearthstone Sir Peter had made hasty flight to France, leaving his uncle, Sir Gawen, a prisoner in Exeter Gaol.

The Sheriff, Sir Thomas Denys, being foiled of apprehending the "proclaymed Traytor," Sir Peter, did the next severest thing in his power, and immediately sent out to Mohuns-Ottery and seized it, and confiscated all within the mansion and on the estate.

Writing to the Lord Chancellor Rich on the 5 Feb., the zealous functionary says he has sent "a Inventory of every man's goodes now remaynyng in theyre howses, wyth a byll also to whom parte of Sir Peter Carewe's goodes ys bestowed"; and in acknowledging the Queen's "gracyous letters of comforte" to him, and his desire to "truyle serve her duryng my Lyffe accordynglie," is careful to add, "I thynk a nombre of men kane reporte yf I had not byn the Cytye of Exeter had byn lately in greate Jobertye of takyng by her graces enemyes." How prone men are to sound the trumpet of their own virtues, standing on the ruins of their neighbour's fame.

The "*Inventory of all the goodes and Cattelles of Sr Petre Carewe, Knyght, takyn at Moneshotrey the xxx^th^ of Januarij, the fyrst yere of*

the Raigne of our soueraigne Lady Quene Mary," which accompanied this letter of the Sheriff, is an interesting document, and gives a characteristic idea of the furniture, vessels, equipage, and estate, of a country gentleman of that era; it also contains necessarily a list of the rooms and chambers in the house, which is valuable and will be subsequently referred to.

But while Sir Peter was thus in exile, his trusty and faithful wife, the Lady Margaret, was not idle at home. In June of the same year, 1554, a letter from the Council was sent to the Sheriff "to pernytt the Ladie Taileboys, wiefe to Peter Carew, to have the goodes of the said Carew, *payeng for the same as they are prysed*." Very kind, certainly, and which she did, and preserved her husband's home intact until he was restored to her. The same time, permission was given "the Lady Guilforde, wiefe to Sir Gawen Carewe, to receyve all the proffite and revenues of hir husbandes landes to employe the same for the relieving of hirself and her husbande," who was then in the Tower.

The Lady Margaret could hold, however, no written communication with the proclaimed and expatriated traitor, her husband, and so in the September following an entry in the Council Register recites that this lady, having "made reight humble and ernest suite unto the King and Quenes Mates as well for leave to write unto her husbonde fromme time to time, as, also, to have licence to send him, presentlie, sum relief, notwithstanding the gretenes of her husbands offence, upon her importunitie, nevertheless, and considering that she hath doone herein for her parte noles thenne becamme a good and loving wief," their Majesties, being "inclined to compassion and clemency," were disposed to accede to her request, and that "she meight whenne she woulde write over the Sea unto her said husbande, *and for this one tyme only* relieve him with her goodes," and this "without incurring their heighnes indignation or displeasure;" and this resolution, at her "humble request," was entered in the Register and herself furnished with a copy—a careful provision in these times of suspicion and danger.

But, not content with writing and sending to her husband, this "goode and loving wief" could not be content until she got him home again to her true side. She therefore appears to have been "a continual suitor and travailer" both to the Queen and King Philip for the pardon and release of Sir Peter; but all her endeavours proved but "cold suits" in England. This was doubtless owing to the enemies Carew had about the Court, as the manner in which he finally arrived in England amply shews.

So she appears to have obtained permission from the Queen to leave England for a time, which she employed in going over to Brussels and sue King Philip in person apart from the influences of the English Court. Much to his honour and kindness, Philip appears to have at once interested himself for Sir Peter's release, which, coming from such a powerful suitor, Mary almost immediately granted. The original letter from King Philip to Mary is still preserved; it contains generous pleadings couched in endearing terms, and goes far to redeem

the gloomy cruel character handed down of that monarch. It was written on 16 March, 1555-6, and in it the King says—

"Inasmuch as his wife is now proceeding to your kingdom to obtain the execution and fulfilment of that grace and mercy which your Highness has shewn her husband, I affectionately entreat of you to give orders that her desire may be fully complied with, and that the said lady may not receive any detriment for having remained in this country some days longer than the time prescribed by your Highness, since the delay has been owing to her having waited until I could write to you, about her affairs and her husband, which I have been unable to do until now." *

On receipt of the pleasant intelligence, Sir Peter came from Strasburg to Antwerp, accompanied by his learned friend, Sir John Cheke, who, for his Protestant belief, also had found a refuge on the continent in those troublous perilous times. Antwerp was the principal town of the Low Countries of which King Philip was Lord. Just at that juncture Lord Paget, who held high office under Queen Mary, had "come over to Brussels in a message from the Queen to the King," and the two friends adjourned on to that city to pay their respects to the envoy, which Lord Paget "seemed to accept in very good part, and gave them very good entertainment," and at their departure back again to Antwerp, he brought them going with much apparent sincerity, and, "taking them very courteously by the hands, bid them both farewell; they little suspecting that under the fair green grass was hidden the venomous serpent, or under so many fair words was couched any poison."

This Lord Paget was a treacherous, evil-disposed man, and has been described as "being of low extraction and questionable character, who had been fined for defrauding the King's revenue, and degraded from the Garter, but on the accession of Queen Mary restored." He was her Lord Privy Seal at the time of this outrage.

Sir Peter and his companion had not proceeded far on their return to Antwerp, when they were suddenly seized and made prisoners, "for the Lord Paget had so practised the matter with the Knight-Marshall, or with the Sheriff of the country, that these two gentlemen should be entrapped by the way, and as traitors be carried, perforce, into England"; and so the "hired butcherly" officials took them, and "as sheep appointed to the slaughter, blindfolded them, and carried them to the sea-side, where there was a Scallard fisher-boat provided" to transport them across the channel.

This high-handed proceeding attracted the attention of the Flemish gentlemen, who expressed their indignation thereon; but Paget, to "cover his corruption, alledged he had received a commandment from the King for the apprehending of them, because they had practised some new trouble against the King and Queen," thus trying the usual cloke of falsehood to cover injury, whereas, when Philip heard of it, he was offended, and would have released them. But Paget had been too quick for his Majesty; and the captives, "blindfolded and put into the boat, the one at the one end, and the other at the other end, of the boat, fast chained, not knowing where they were, or whither they should, nor what should become of them."

* Sir J. Maclean's "*Life of Sir Peter Carew.*"

So they crossed over the seas; Sir Peter, as their lips were free, comforting Sir John Cheke, who, "although very well learned, but not acquainted with the cross of troubles, was still in great despair, great anguish and heaviness," and arrived in the Thames, "and being come near unto the Tower, they heard the bell of the Tower, and then Sir Peter knowing where they were, they were both glad that they were come to such safety, for they verily suspected that they should have been cast into the seas, and never more heard of."

Arrived in the Tower, the Constable, "according to a precept before sent unto him" (which looks as if this kidnapping had been premeditated), separated the prisoners, and Sir Peter was "shut up in a close prison and of small ease."

The faithful and diligent wife, who thought all her husband's and her own troubles were well-nigh over, now found herself in the "beginning of new sorrows." But nothing daunted, she again sought by petition to ameliorate his condition, if not his release, and finding Sir Peter "in very extreme duras, having neither bed to lye upon, nor any to repair unto him, she is a suitor for the redress of both, and did obtain it." Then her importunity to get him released, in which at first she had but little success; but at last he was brought "sundry and oftentimes before the Council," but it was found in the end that "they could not justly charge him, or justify any matter against him"; but then they suddenly recollected that "his grandfather, Sir Edmund Carew, the last Baron Carew, did owe to the Queen a certain piece of money, the payment whereof his land was liable, and that same being paid, he should be discharged and set at liberty."

"So then all his troubles being reduced to a money matter," continues his biographer, "he found means for the payment thereof." The sum he had to pay was eight hundred and twenty pounds, a large one for those days, and he was to pay it by instalments, and "put in sufficient sureties" to ensure the complete payment thereof.

Once within the net of human power, how difficult it is to get release, or even justice. The Council, although they could not "justly charge or justify any matter against him," were still very reluctant to let him go without some proof of their vengeance; so, going one step beyond the sins of the father, they mulcted him for the transgressions of his grandfather.

Thus terminated the adventure that commenced with his ride to Weymouth, "apparelled like unto a serving-man," about two years before.

Emerged from his durance in the Tower, Sir Peter, like a true courtier, "presented himself before Queen Mary," who professed to be sorry for his troubles, "promising him that she would stand his good lady and friend to do him any pleasure, and, accordingly, offers of preferment were made unto him if he would have accepted them."

But Sir Peter was doubtless well satiated with Courts and their perilous attractions, at least, for a time, and glad to withdraw in safety from the presence of its mistress's relentless, immobile countenance, and the glance of her cruel, passionless steel eye. So with his faithful wife he went down to Mohuns-Ottery, his old country home, which the

same true helpmate had during his exile redeemed from the confiscator's hand and kept intact, and there resided in peace and quietness during the remainder of Queen Mary's troubled reign, with her who had ever proved, amid all emergencies,

"A GOODE AND LOVING WIEF."

Her gentle heart is what I prize,
More than the witchery of her mien,
Her glossy curls, or sunny eyes,
Though none by me so fair were seen:
Her gentle heart,—the peerless charm
That beams through every look and word;
Whose stedfast faith forbodes no harm,
By no misgiving crossed nor stirred.

Her gentle heart, O portion rare,
O dowry sweet, of priceless worth,
What heiress boasts domains so fair?
What 'scutcheon'd scroll a nobler birth?
None,—cold as marble, stately pride,
Lures, with her selfish wiles displayed,
Ambition tempts, or wealth is plied,
While love is sold and hearts betrayed.

Not so thy fate, not so thy state,
O gentle heart, so pure and true;
With one absorbing thought elate,
One joy supreme and ever new;
Unquestioned all, and wedded sure
To the deep life-roots of the soul,
Love's single prize, treasured secure,
With but one word to form its whole.

Ah, gentle heart, so kind and leal,
Thou dwellest safely in thy bliss,
Truth on thy lip hath set her seal,
No poisoned honey taints thy kiss,
No lurking lightning fires thine eye,
To wither the rash gazer's breast;
No guileful phrase, that sweetened lie,
Curdling for aye the listener's rest.

Aye, gentle heart, lapped in the dreams,
Thy faithful spirit spelleth round,
Thine eye hath caught those forecast gleams,
Whose fulness with the bless'd is found;
Strange, soothing, undescribed, and blest,
No stranger meddleth with their joy,
No grief disturbs their high behest,
Nor bitterness their hopes destroy.

Why, gentle heart, so oft has man
Subtly essayed to trace thy worth,
Sought to unravel thy sweet plan,
Ever his better self on earth?
This,—gentle heart,—thy truth,—his trust,—
O wedlock rare, no change may sever,
When beauty hath returned to dust,
But soul is joined to soul for ever.

On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Peter again repaired to the Court, and was well received, and passed some time in London. While there he was sent as mediator between the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Grey, who were commanding an army sent by the Queen to Scotland, but had disagreed, "and did somewhat jar the one with the other," and appears to have executed his rather difficult mission with considerable skill. It being a delicate and private embassage, Carew, "albeit a bad scrivener, was his own secretary," and Elizabeth thanked him for his letters, and was "somewhat pleasant," probably joking

SIR PETER CAREW, Knt.

him on his caligraphy, "for, indeed, he wrote them with no more pain than she had labour to read them," a condition of things that would probably have been different had Sir Peter in his youthful days spent more of his time in Dean Colet's school, making pot-hooks and hangers, instead of acting as a mulett in the French courtier's stables.

Soon after Sir Peter and Lady Margaret returned to Devonshire, and he may now be said to have virtually retired from the atmosphere of the Court. He appeared there, however, once more, some years afterwards, officiating at a sad ceremony—the trial of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, the same nobleman he had aforetime visited in the capacity of a pacific negociator between the Duke and his brother commander, but now in an extremity, as it turned out, beyond the reach of any intercession.

On the morning of the 16 January, 1571-2, Sir Peter being constituted for the time being Constable of the Tower (another surprising change, for, presumably, his last appearance within its dreary walls was as a captive himself therein incarcerated) and to him, now, in association with Sir Owen Hopton, the Lieutenant, was entrusted the gaoler's responsibility of escorting the alleged suitor for Mary Stuart's hand from that fortress to appear before his accusers at Westminster; and when the distinguished prisoner was there brought to the bar, "on the one side of him was the Lieutenant of the Tower, on the other Sir Peter Carew, and next him stood the axe-bearer, with the edge turned from the Duke."

During these dread ceremonies doubtless the thought flashed across Sir Peter that he had been "proclaymed" once, and but for the "erringe barcke" that transported him to a safer place, he *might* have stood there in the same position as did his prisoner, the hapless Norfolk.

In the evening a still more dismal function awaited the two knights, as, "with the edge of the axe turned towards him," they again conducted their charge back to the gloomy stronghold, there to endure near six long months of dreadful suspense, while Elizabeth and her Secretary, in simulated procrastination, played like spiders with their noble victim, ere they finally sent him to his doom on Tower Hill, upon a summer's day in the following June.

A pertinent episode to conclude Sir Peter's courtier's life, which in every way was a charmed one, spent in those days of perilous intrigue, and consequent danger to all who put confidence in princes, or delight to bask

"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne."

It is probable that during these intervals from Court attendance he either re-built or greatly re-edified the old ancestral mansion at Mohuns-Ottery, as the attesting initials P. C. in the spandrels of the front door arch seem to confirm.

Tired, probably, of the inanition of country life, after so many years spent in stirring adventure, and taking into consideration also the possible bettering of his worldly estate, in 1564 "he bethought himself of such lands as he was persuaded he should have by inheritance within the realm of Ireland." This was the antient Barony of Odrone in the province of Leinster, and "great Seignories in the province of Munster and where his ancestors were sometimes Marquisses, together with other lordships, and particular pieces lying there about," inherited through the match of his forefather, Nicholas (who died in 1297), with the heiress of Digon, Baron of that name.

It was in the prosecution of this claim he first got introduced to Hoker. Sir Peter had "sundry writings and evidences for the same, yet they being old, and he unlearned, he could neither read them himself, nor was acquainted with any who could and would sufficiently instruct him." This brought him to the Chamberlain, then enjoying a good reputation as a learned man, historian, and genealogist. Carew placed before the Chamberlain all his "old writings of evidence con-

cerning the said his lands, and of which one was very old, and had been trodden under foot, and by that means the letters were almost worn out."

Hoker speedily deciphered them and compiled a "fair book" or digest of its contents (one copy, if not two, of which is still extant), also other evidences, and "made out his pedigree and descent." Sir Peter, being satisfied by this investigation that his claim promised to be a good one, repaired to Queen Elizabeth, and having set the matter before her Majesty and her Council, obtained leave to go over and prosecute his claim, and she also furnished him with letters to the Earl of Sussex, Lord-Deputy.

But before going himself, and in order to make as sure as possible that his claim was a valid one, he sent over Hoker to find out "whether any attainder, statute, or alienation, were made by his ancestors by which his rights were extinct." Hoker sailed from Ilfracombe, and searched "all such records as were within the Castle of Dublin, but found not any attainders, statutes of absences, alienations, or discontinuance," whatever. Sir Peter followed his agent and envoy, embarking also at Ilfracombe in August, 1568. Although Hoker seems to infer this was his first visit as to the prosecution of his claim, still he must have visited Ireland two years before, as Sir Peter is said to have been knighted by Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy, at Drogheda, in 1566.* This must have been a second creation, as he is also said by Hoker to have received that honour at the hand of the Lord Admiral Viscount L'Isle, off Tréport, in company with his uncle, Sir Gawen, in 1545; unless it was his *cousin*, Sir Peter.

It would be altogether beyond our limits to follow Hoker's narrative of Carew's prosecution of his claim, its seven years of adventure, fluctuating fortune, heart-burning, and inevitable anxiety. At the last, when he had "freighted a bark for the transporting of his household stuff into Munster, God, who is the disposer and worker of all things, was pleased to appoint him to another journey." Just as all his matters were shipped he was stricken with a painful and fatal malady. Carew bore his sufferings with fortitude, and earnestly desired to see Hoker once more, probably to impart his last wishes, but, owing to the difficulties of transit, Sir Peter had been dead two days before his faithful agent arrived. †

He died at Ross 27 November, 1575, and Hoker had his patron's body "embowelled, thoroughly seared, and then chested," and taken down by water to Waterford. There on the 15th December following he was buried with many magnificent obsequies—the Lord Deputy, Council, and a large number of gentlemen, full knightly insignia,

* Metcalfe's "*Book of Knights*," p. 206.

† In A.D. 1568 (Rot. Pat. Banc. 14° Eliz., Dublin) it appears "that Sir Peter Carew, Knight, was found as trewe and lawful heyre to the Baronye of Odrone als Hydrone." (Carew MSS.). Sir Peter bequeathed this Barony by will to his cousin, Sir Peter, with remainder to George Carew, who successively entered into possession, and George Carew, the last holder, sold it. The great extent of the Carew territories in Ireland was subject of disquietude to the State. (*Visitation of Cornwall, Har. Soc.*, p. 32).

and military display, He was interred in the church, the Dean reading the service, and

"as soon as the earth began to cast in, all the trumpeters, being six in number, sounded the whole time of his burial, being almost the space of a quarter of an hour. Then the drums struck up, and therewith all the soldiers discharged their pieces four or five times together, wherewith the church was so full of smoke that one could scarcely discern the other. Lastly a number of chambers which were in the church-yard, and all the great ordnance of the town, and in the ships in the river at the quay, were discharged."

The next day "his herse was set up" over his grave "after the manner of a field bed, garnished with escutcheons and yellow pynyons full of black lions." His character was pronounced by Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy, who,

"when he saw his corpse put in his grave, said, 'Here lieth now, in his last rest, a most worthy and noble gentle knight, whose faith to his prince was never yet stained, his truth to his country never spotted, and his valiantness in service never doubted—a better subject the Prince never had.'"

So passes from our review a remarkable man, who lived a roving adventurous life, which lasted up to the day when death finally broke its charm. Of his personal appearance, Hoker says, "he was of mean (ordinary) stature, but very well compact, and somewhat broad, big boned, and strongly sinewed, his face of a very good countenance, his complexion swarte or choloryke, his hair black, and his beard thick and great." Evidently strongly grown and of good constitution, hardy, and active—qualities that stood him good service in his numerous adventures.

Against the wall of the south tower of Exeter cathedral is his monument. Under a pediment supported by Corinthian columns kneels a small figure of Sir Peter, bare-headed, in ruff and half armour, with sword. His hands are raised in prayer, and before him is a desk with a book on it. Immediately above his head is a label; on it, "*Credo carnis resurrectionem et vitam æternum*"; on the frieze, "FELICE CHI PVO"; and within the pediment the following:—

VIRO NOBILISSIMO D. PETRO CAREWE, EQUITI AURATO,
EST HOC STRUCTUM MONUMENTUM;
QUI OBIIT ROSÆ IN LAGINIA HIBERNIA 27 NOVEMB:
SEPVLTVS AUTEM WATERFORDIÆ 15 DECEMB: 1575.

Fifteen shields (originally sixteen), shewing the descent of Carew and his alliances, surround the effigy, and above the pediment a large escutcheon of sixteen quarterings repeats the same armories. On the brackets that support the columns are the arms of Hoker, who doubtless erected the memorial to his friend and patron. This monument was originally placed in the north isle of the choir, and in its pristine condition finely painted and gilded, but now much faded and the sculpture mutilated.

Lady Margaret Carew survived her husband, and four years afterwards, on 20 July, 1579, espoused for her third venture Sir John Clifton, of Barrington Court, South-Petherton, the antient seat of the Daubeneys. She was at the time living at Colcombe Castle, Colyton,

the deserted mansion of the unfortunate Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, then in the possession of his descendants.

Another pertinent instance of the transitory nature of the times, and the peril of being mixed up with, or subject to, arbitrary, despotic, and consequently unprincipled princely wills. The bride left the desolate home of Courtenay to dwell with her new husband in the alienated tenantless dwelling of Daubeney—both noble names, and once prime favourites of Henry VIII.

EFFIGY OF SIR PETER CAREW. EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Again at Mohuns-Ottery, as at many other places of our desultory gossip, the inevitable distaff finished up the family tree. At the death of Sir Peter the house and estate passed to his only sister, Cecily, who had married, as his second wife, Thomas Kirkham, the eldest son of Sir John Kirkham, of Blagdon, South Devon. By him she had four sons and a daughter, Thomazine, and, singularly, the distaff again was left to carry on the possession of Mohuns-Ottery. She married Thomas Southcott, of Bovey Tracey; and one of her sons, "Thomas Southcott, Esquier," says the antiquary Sir W. Pole, "nowe dwelling at Mouns-Otery, maried Kateryn, my second daughter." About the middle of the seventeenth century, Thomas Southcott sold the old ancestral place to Sir Walter Yonge, of Great House, Colyton, as we have previously noted.

We need not pursue its possession further; all that is left of this remarkable place, whose every stone almost suggests a history, are these old sculptured arches and a few other suggestive fragments. In the first year of the reign of Queen Mary, when Denys, the Sheriff, made the inventory of the "goodes and cattelles" of the proscribed Sir Peter, the house then consisted of the "*Parler,—Stewardes Chambre, —Maydens Chambre,—Kinges Chambre,—Yollowe bed-chambre,— Chambre next the Garden,—Gallery,—Corner Chamber next to the*

MOHUNS-OTTERY.

Barne,—Chambre undre the Warderoppe,—the Warderoppe,—Chambre over the Gayte-house,—next over the Gayte-house,—next wythyn the Lodge,—the Lodge,—the Kechyn,—daye howsse,—brew howsse,—bake howsse,—buttrey,—and (on outside) the Bartyn."

So ends here the clue of our thoughts over the venerable names of Mohun and Carew, for centuries the lords of this place. Before us is the fine old arched gateway, ensigned still with the proud armorial insignia of its antient possessors. A short distance behind is another

such arch, while further again beyond appears the deeply-moulded and hooded arch of the front door, inside which is again another curved doorway, forming a strikingly-beautiful gradation of distances, and which, with a living figure or two, would form a glorious stereograph. Clusters of roses hang from the wall sides, interspersed with myrtles and jasmines, while tufts of great Whitsun gilliflowers and other old-fashioned sweet blooms rise in profusion from the border that lines the passage.

A knock at the door soon brings out the worthy occupant, with an invitation to rest, and the Devonshire farmer's welcome of a glass of sweet sparkling cider.

"A new house, my friend," said we, looking about; "have you lived here long?"

"More than fifty years," replied he; and to our other query, "it *is* a new house; the old one, a fine old place, with large stone windows, was burnt down about twenty years since, when nothing was left but the front porch and the old arches of the gateway."

Refreshed with our rest, we sally forth to scrutinize the few antient remains left.

At the rear of the building we find one of those immense fire-places yet left remaining in our antient baronial residences (notable similar examples of which also exist at old Shute House and Colcombe), whose enormous ingle corners stretch from one side of the room to the other, and are literally big enough to roast an ox in if required; a relic of the antient "kechyn," and, without doubt, were often well ablaze and filled with scent of savoury viands in the time of its best estate of olden hospitality.

Not far from the house is the site of what was probably once the fish-pond or reservoir, of large dimensions and great depth. On one side are the remains of a strong flint-masonried culvert for carrying off the superfluous water. The place is now all overgrown with trees and coppice wood.

Ere we returned, the loan of a chair and our sketch book gave a half-hour's pleasant occupation, to the intense curiosity of two plough-boys, who keenly watched our proceedings—one mounted on the topmost bar of a gate at our rear, and the other from the crest of the gateway before us, whither he had clambered and sat himself down, peeping out from the dense mass of ivy like Minerva's bird of wisdom. How little wot he of the story of the old place, or of those who had passed in and out under that old arch, or the interest its crumbling form could awaken in anybody; yet so to the majority of people sleeps the history of the world around them, not only at Mohuns-Ottery, but elsewhere.

A last look at the time-worn forsaken arches and a last thought of those who aforetime came from within them to stand before kings with acceptance, or with darker purpose sought to shake the thrones on which they sat. Their very name now is but an echo on the path of Time, and their habitation almost as extinct as their race in the direct line—a memory only on the face of the earth. A fine dairy of red Devons are assembling in these historic precincts, and more than one

are gazing placidly through the old gateway, ruminating leisurably with undisguised content, and waiting the appearance, not of armed knight or brocaded dame, but the welcome approach of the dairymaid.

Even so it is—Nature, changeless perennial mother, takes back unto herself again that which her children had received in trust from her hand. The herdsman called his kine, and the breath of flowers was redolent on this pleasant acclivity before the voice of Mohun or Carew was heard upon it, and who thenceforward through the lapsing centuries claimed its dominance and possession. One after another, their doings and wanderings over, they are all asleep in her lap—their name and fame become but a dream—and in their place is once more heard the low of the heifer mid the pageantry of summer bloom.

MOHUN.

When victor voices through the commonweal
  Of Anglia's freemen sounded a strange knell,
Came Mohun at the Conqueror's armèd heel—
  Spoil-dowered alien, claiming there to dwell
A puissant lord, inflamed with pious zeal,
  In a grand castled home. Three centuries sped;
Then on the main stem Time set Lethe's seal,
  Though its last blood was with Plantagenet wed.
One stray green branch bearing the Norman name
  Lingered in far Cornubia's vales retired,
There flickered up with all its olden fame,
  Then in a blood-stained halo swift expired.
Upon their tomb by Fowey's marge is writ,
"So passes this world's glory"—dirge most fit.

Hic jacet Margarita, vxor quondam castissima viri dignissimi, Roberti Mohvn al'z Mov'n de Bothen Hampton, in Comitatv Dorcestrensi, armigeri, quæ quidem Margarita, fvit filia et cohæres Stephani Hvde de Hvde in eodem etiam comitatv, armigeri. Hæc, 17 liberorv' fælicissimæ fvit parens. Vixit annos circiter 90 ac in Domino reqviescit. obijt primo die Decembris anno Regni serenissimi Jacobi, Anglorv' Regis ac Scotiæ 36. Salutis 1603.

Hic jacet Maximilianvs Mohvn armiger, filivs Roberti Mohvn al's Movn de Bothenhampton in Comitatv Dorcestrensi armigeri, qvi quidem Maximilianvs Mohvn vna cv' vxore castissima Anna filia et Cohærede Johannis Chvrchill de Corton generosi tredecim liberorv' fælicissimvs fvit parens. vixit annos circiter 48-to, Ac vita bene beate peracta in Domino reqviescit. Obiit xiiii-mo die Octobris regni serenissimi Jacobi Anglorvm Regis x-mo ac Scotiæ xlv. A'o Salvtis 1612.

Vir dignissimvs Franciscvs Mohvn armiger, filivs Maximiliani qvi fvit filivs Maximiliani Mohvn. Obiit 25 Feb'ij 1711–12 mo Anno Ætatis svæ 84-to.

Prisca Fides Cultusq' Dei Patriæq' rventis
Fidvs Amor primævum excoluere Virum.

TRADITIONS OF COLCOMBE.

COURTENAY AND POLE.

"OF what use is the study of antiquities," saith one—"poring over a musty manuscript, inspecting a crumbling ruin, tracing the history of those long since returned to their parent dust, rubbing an old coin, deciphering an antient deed, and such like?"

From Brass on Tomb of William Pole, 1587. Colyton Church.

The Present, argue these utilitarian mentors, is the sphere for active thought and speculation—to seize the passing moment as it speeds on its fleeting way—make the best of *it*, and, if you can, covet and pursue that rarer wisdom which lays hold of and draws from it a presage of future prospects, ever ready to be turned to your advantage and happiness; but as for the Past, there is little to be remembered with pleasure—the shadows of failure in that picture ever overpowered the brighter lights of success—therefore let the dead bury their dead.

So in general urges the thoughtless, restless world, The certainty of a Past some day surely swallowing our little life as a small paragraph in a page of its Lethean history, causes a revulsive chill to creep over our feelings as we accept without demur the seemingly far-off but

certain destiny, that in a few short years, a half century at farthest, no living representative of our acquaintanceship or kinship will be left who had seen, or known, or valued, or loved us; and that the time is fast hastening when the last living link of our chain of acquaintanceship will be snapped by the hand of death, and then our short undistinguished lives will subside unnoticed as a little passing wave in the great ocean of eternity. No one will seek to inquire further of us, or about us: the voice of Memory falters as she pronounces "dust to dust," while Time at her side inscribes the word *Fuimus* on our sepulchre.

It is one of the grateful provinces of the Antiquary, and not the least attractive, to fill, in some measure, this apparently cheerless, hopeless, aching void. With a scrupulous, reverend, unbiassed affection he examines the Past, its people and their works, and seeks with zealous, close-bent attention, if not affection, to give its seemingly "airy nothings" a "local habitation and a name," re-clothe their inanimate forms with garb of words, embalm their histories in the imperishable cerements of literature, and thus recall and re-display glimpses of that wondrous, vast, invisible world, whose margin is for ever stealthily and silently enlarging.

But the charm of this exploration can only be felt in its fulness by those who lovingly and carefully pursue it. And the interest awakened is ever indefinable and unsatisfied, as with a magician's wand the Antiquary raises the shadowy curtain, and scene after scene, and character after character, passes in endless review, and a mighty world, invisible to the ordinary eye, of unceasing activity and importance, continually reveals and expands itself.

Thus to such an enquirer the resources and advantages of two worlds are ever open, of which the Present, as compared with the Past, is but a cipher. It may be said, perhaps with some semblance of truth, that his explorations are cold and passionless, as being devoid of the charm of living reality, and shorn alike of the warmth and loveable interest of to-day's incidents. But to this it may be answered, that he addresses himself to these unravelments of old histories and investigations of persons and things with the unprejudiced and therefore ever beautiful and enduring attributes of truth, with no covert desire to serve or damage the subject under review; and though the glittering wings of Romance are forbidden him, as they justly should be, yet as human life is ever fuller of the wonderful than Fancy's most exuberant creations, so the episodes of former existences are fraught to the full with forgotten scenes of interest and wonder quite as startling and uncommon as those occurring in the present hour, and in nowise needing the unreal tinsel of fictitious exaggeration to commend themselves to our notice and interest.

To trace, elucidate, preserve, chronicle, and put on record all that has been thus interesting, as comprised within the work or sequence of human hearts, minds, or hands, is the peculiar province of the Antiquary; to walk round the crumbling citadel of Memory and point her walls with the ever-during cement of human interest; examine and keep sound the shadowy chain of Time—burnish and weld its

change-frayed, rust-eaten links; connect with quiet loving industry the continuous cycle of Existence, and preserve it ever fresh and green.

It is with thoughts such as these that we step out of the railway carriage at the junction of the little branch railway to Seaton, and set out on our walk down the meadows to Colcombe.

It is a broiling hot day in early July, and the beautiful pyramidal hill of Shute Park appears on our right, garnished with magnificent trees; and between us and it a subtle mirage is playing over the hot, dry, iron road, that seems to lead up like a path to its

> Breezy steeps,
> Cool glades, and shades umbrageous.

Before us, some mile and a-half down the panting valley, lies the little town of Colyton, nestling amid the elms, while further on beyond we catch the clear blue line of the eternal sea.

Out over the hedge—ah! 'tis haymaking time—how delightful the balmy fragrance! A plague on these "labour-saving" machines of our Yankee cousins—they invade everything—from old Aunt Grace's workbox and needle-craft—good, wholesome, home-sewn shirts and their slop rivals—to the poetry of the hayfield. This incessant burr of the turner and clank of the horse-rake is but a sorry apology for the old-fashioned rows of jovial hay-makers and their inevitable fun; neither is the hay so made much more than half as good. And these mowing machines, too, have put the musical whet of the scythe to flight in many a place; our Devonshire valleys, however, with their undulations and watering channels, are rather queer patients for the machinery doctors, and the machines often leave as much as they cut.

Through an open gateway, and our self-made path takes us along the course of the little Umborne brook that is hurrying away down the valley to meet her elder half-sister, the Coly; and the inviting shadow of a large elm prompts us to sit down a few minutes on the grass and rest awhile, to enjoy the beauty of the season and scene.

The little river is babbling away at our feet, and up its clear shining current a snowy white duck and her tribe of brown ducklings are busily working their way—now diving in the shallows for some luckless worm, now threading with great celerity the mazes of a thicket of reeds and *fleurs-de-lys*, whose tall spear-shaped leaves and golden flower finials tremble as the busy brood bustle in and around. At a short distance below, a large mass of alder grows out from the hedge, o'er-arching the river in grateful shade; and here, knee-deep in the water, five or six sleek Devons, with their noses thrust in under the boughs, have taken refuge from the heat and from worrying flies, which, nevertheless, are still contriving to keep up the assault, as the impetuous glint of the white horns and swirl of the angry tail, sending a shower of spray around, give us due notice of at intervals; and now, tired of the incessant infliction, they are off, tail on end, in mad gallop round the meadow, now back again, snorting and staring, to their place of refuge.

But the passing rush of a railway train warns us that time is fleeting, and walking along the skirt of a fine upland meadow called

the Lawn, we soon find ourselves standing before the picturesque ruin of Colcombe, whose last inhabitant was the celebrated Devonshire antiquary Sir Wm. Pole.

In very early times Colcombe belonged to the Crown, for King Stephen granted a yearly pension of seven pounds ten shillings issuing from it to the cathedral church of St. Peter at Exeter, as compensation for the damage he had occasioned to its property during the siege of Exeter in 1136. Subsequently it became the property of the Bassets, and from them to Sir William Courtenay (second son of Lord Robert Courtenay and Mary de Redvers), who married Joan, the daughter of Thomas Basset; and from him it descended to his nephew, Hugh Courtenay, Baron of Okehampton, who was born about the year 1250.

He was the first resident at Colcombe, and built the original house there. He is noted for having had a great quarrel with the Abbot and Monks of the neighbouring Abbey of Ford, of which Monastery he was the patron, relative to certain services they refused to render him.

This nobleman's father, Lord John, had been "unco guid" to the holy fraternity there, but his son, Hugh, was not so liberally inclined, and claimed what he considered his due of service from them.

"The Monks," says Cleveland, narrating from their Register, "do make heavy complaint of the troubles and hardships that this Sir Hugh Courtenay did bring upon them, and they say he was very injurious to the Abbey his ancestors had founded, and to which they gave in free-almoigne for ever many lands and possessions, reserving nothing to themselves but the prayers of the Monks, and that which they gave to pious uses he claimed for himself for the use of his horses and dogs, &c." This service the monks refused to accord him, whereupon the irate peer, taking the law into his own hands, with a large company of retainers, made a sudden raid upon the pastures of the Abbot, and drove away all his cattle. The beasts were duly replevined, and a great lawsuit raged awhile. Peace, however, such as it was, came at last; but Lord Hugh had not swallowed his revenge, and accordingly, says Cleveland, "on Sunday after the feast of St. Agatha the Virgin, A.D. 1290, as he was returning to his house at Colcombe, through the Grange of Westford, he again took away a bull and twelve cows, four oxen, and four heifers; and so he revived the lawsuit that had been made up between him and the Abbot Nicholas, which would have been at great charge and damage to Lord Courtenay if the Abbot had not, out of respect to his patron, withdrawn his suit. But the Lord Hugh Courtenay, being thus provoked, had the Abbey of Ford always in hatred, and never did the monks any kindness afterwards. He added Whitford and Colliton to the inheritance of his ancestors, and he built a house at Colcomb, in Colliton parish, and died there February 28th, 1291, and was buried at Cowick, near Exon."

His wife was Eleanor, daughter of Hugh de Spencer the elder, Earl of Winchester, one of the unfortunate favourites of the equally unfortunate Edward II. "She lived a widow above thirty years, and governed her house at Colcombe with great prudence, for she was a lady that did excel in wisdom, and much given to hospitality." She followed her lord to his grave at Cowick, October 1st, 1328.

People of strong powers of will were these founders of Colcombe, altogether a remarkable pair, of decidedly English proclivities.

But how futile is this little wrath of man when matched with Time. Of Cowick Priory, whither their bones, presumably in displeasure, were transported for sepulture, not one stone remains on another, nor can its site even be traced with certainty. Of Ford Abbey, its conventual buildings still survive in stately grandeur; but the Church of the Monks that contained the tombs of the Courtenays, has disappeared also as completely as at Cowick.

Succeeding this noble couple, their son Hugh was doubtless domiciled at Colcombe; and there is complete evidence that their grandson Hugh, a celebrated representative of this antient family, who married Margaret, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, Lord High Constable, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Edward I., lived there.

There is in the possession of the Chamber of Feoffees of Colyton a deed-poll relative to a conveyance of a burgage at Colyford from *Hugo de Courtenay, junior*, to *Johanni Wylemot de Cullifford et Juliana uxoris ejus*, dated *apud Colcombe*, in the year 1340. Attached to the deed is his heraldic seal, which displays the arms of Courtenay, with a label of three, while over the shield is the *golden mullet* of his mother, who was Agnes, the sister of Lord St. John of Basing, and a portion of the border inscription also remains.

It was this noble Earl Hugh and his Countess Margaret Bohun that converted the domestic chapel at Colcombe into a free chantry under an ordination from Bishop Grandison, dated 11 June, 1348, and they endowed it with seventy-eight acres of land lying near the castle. The Bishop highly commended the endowment:—

"*de bonis ejusdem Comitis temporalibus, juste adquisitionis titulo, ad eum pertinentibus, viz,—uno messuagio, novem acris gardini, quinquaginta septem acris terre arrabilis, tribus acris cum dimidiâ prati, tribus acris dimidiâ Alneti in manerio suo de Coliton, sicut in diversis campis jacent et bundantur, unâ cum duodecim annui redditûs denariatis percipiendis de Waltero Baret pro quinque acris terre, dimidia acra, et quartâ parte unius acre quas tenet de dicto Comite, ad terminum vite sue, una cum reversione post decessum dicti Walteri, quandocumque acciderit, prout hec predicta in cartis Domini Regis, et dicti Comitis, inde confectis, plenius continentur et describuntur.*"

It was to be a simple ecclesiastical benefice without the cure of souls, "*in antiquâ et precipuâ capellâ manerii de Colecumbe,*" and to endure for ever; the chantry was dedicated to St. John the Apostle and Evangelist, and the right of presentation was to be vested in the lords of the said manor; and it further states the Earl had provided church plate, vestments, cruets, books, and whatever was requisite for the celebration of divine service.*

* Dr. Oliver.

But a word by the way here "as to the twelve pence of yearly rendering from the above Walter Baret, in consideration of the five acres and three quarters of land which he holds from the said Earl until the end of his life, together with the reversion after the decease of the said Walter whenever it shall happen," to form a portion of the chantry endowment, as before recited.

This great Earl and his Countess lived in their grand home at Colcombe, and their humble neighbour, the villain Walter Baret, cultivated his little holding on the outskirts of the park; and let us see in a remarkable manner how no divinity doth hedge the claims of birth to ensure perpetuity of lineage, and that the peasant may probably possess and boast (if it be any cause of pride) in his cottage a pedigree gray with antiquity, where no herald other than the fostering renewal of a gracious and tender Providence appears to blazon his descent, such as an Earl may sigh for in vain.

Through many a dynastic severance and by a tortuous route bristling with misfortune, where, in addition to the ordinary mishaps of life, the red hand of war, the cruel reprisals of the victor, and the confiscator's hand, have been, as it were, combined with relentless purpose to destroy and efface, the illustrious name of Courtenay has struggled down by one favoured descent only to our present days; yet at the time we are writing of, the family tree of Courtenay seemed never so full of branches, for this good Earl Hugh and his Countess Margaret possessed the ample family sheaf of seventeen children, from the fifth son of whom Philip, the present noble possessor of Powderham, is happily descended—the only direct representative of this great name.

But what of the villain Walter Baret, who cultivated his little dependency close by his lord's domain? Of his descendants—

"The short and simple annals of the poor"—

history has not recorded one word: yet, strange the coincidence, there are now living within half a mile of Colcombe, three generations all bearing the same name as the villain mentioned in the deed six centuries ago, who then paid his twelve pence yearly to the Colcombe chantry, and the elder representative of the three generations now living and bearing the name of the antient villain, has a garner of children as large nearly as the Earl Hugh and his Countess were then in possession of.

This great Earl died in 1377, his Countess 1392, and both are sepulchred under the second arch from the choir of the south aisle in the nave of Exeter Cathedral, where their tomb originally stood, surrounded by a chantry of rich screen-work; but both tomb and recumbent effigies have recently been removed to the south tower, and, unfortunately, *renovated* in much that is evidently imaginary.

No further evidence reaches us of the sojourn of this noble family here till we arrive at the era of that beautiful little monument in Colyton church, where, comparatively, from its small size, it seemingly represents the form of a child, with coronet on her head, and an array of regally-quartered escutcheons over, speaks of her illustrious lineage.

Tradition speaks of her as having been Margaret, daughter of Earl

William and Katharine his wife, seventh daughter of Edward IV., choked by a fish-bone at Colcombe A.D. 1512; but she is known to have been living many years afterwards, and the correct history of this sepulchral figure, which has defied the efforts of antiquaries and historians for centuries, has quite recently been very nearly, if not actually, cleared up, and the place of the lady assigned in the family pedigree, if not her name.

It is now almost certain that the effigy represents Margaret Beaufort, wife of Thomas, first Earl of Devon of that name, or one of their three daughters, Anne, Matilda, or Eleanor, who died without issue; but with greater probability that of the mother, the Countess Margaret. She was the second daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (fourth son of King Edward III.) by his third wife, Katharine Roet. Her elder sister, Joan, married James I., King of Scotland, from whom our present Queen is descended.

A comparatively slight circumstance—but warning us how careful the scrutiny of the herald should be—kept the identification so long in abeyance. Over the figure are three shields:—1, Courtenay; 2, Courtenay, impaling France and England quarterly; 3, France and England quarterly alone. And as William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, who died in 1511 (and of whom we shall speak presently), had married the Princess Katharine, daughter of King Edward IV., that fact, conjoined with the legend of the child choked by a fish-bone, led to the effigy being uniformly assigned to be a child of theirs, and, still more unfortunately, to one who was known to have lived long after the presumed date of her death, 1512.

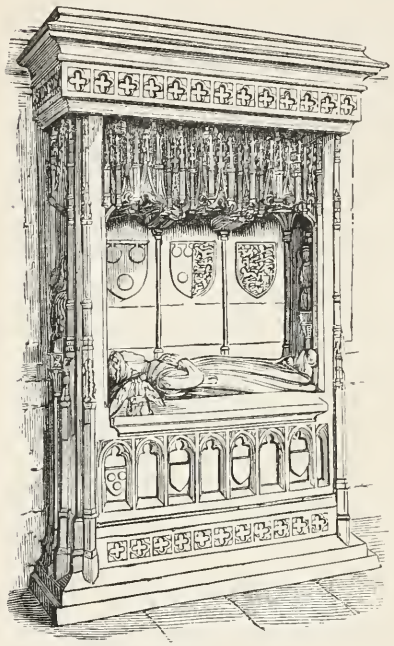
But the royal arms were within what is termed *a bordure*, and this distinction had remained altogether unnoticed until a late learned antiquary pointed it out. That *bordure* (although the colours were gone) sculptured on the shield was, without doubt, *compony* (alternate blue and white divisions)—the distinction by which the lordly Beauforts differenced the royal shield; and so the unravelment of the mystery easily followed.

This Thomas Courtenay, fifth Earl of Devon, was born in 1414, and at the age of six years became co-trustee of lands in the borough of Colyford, as appears from an old deed in the possession of the feoffees of Colyton, sold by *Will'elmus Uphome de Coliford* to *Thome Courteney filio et heredi domini Hugonis Courteney Comitis Devonie*, and others, dated at Colyford, 12 Nov. 1420.

The manner of the Earl's death is uncertain. He was in attendance on the spirited Margaret of Anjou, Henry VI.'s Queen, journeying from Coventry to London; "and when they were come as far as Abingdon, the Earl of Devonshire fell sick and died in the Abbey, poisoned as it is said; and it is not unlikely; for the Earl being a man of great power and interest in the West, some of the York faction, whose enmity to the Earl was very great, might hire someone about him to take away his life. He died on the Feast of St. Blaise, 3 Feb., 36 Henry VI., anno 1458";* while other accounts seem to infer he was

* Cleveland.

slain at the battle of Towton three years afterwards. Where the Countess died, or where she was buried, no record exists. They left three sons, who became successively Earls of Devon, and were "all three slain in the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster"; and five daughters, three of whom, Anne, Matilda, and Eleanor, died without issue.



TOMB IN COLYTON CHURCH

The monument originally stood under the window in the north transept of Colyton church, and was finally transferred to its present position in the chancel. The effigy wears a coronet, with angels at the cushion that supports her head, and a dog at her feet, and the complete array of heraldry above the figure gives strong warrant to suppose it represents the Countess, and not one of her daughters. From the small size of the figure, ripened by the tradition of her death, arose the presumption that a child is represented; but size is no criterion — many effigies are in existence smaller than this one known to have been erected to full-grown people.

This powerful Earl, when occasionally residing at Colcombe, had an equally influential neighbour, who also at times lived about a mile off, at his country residence of Shute—William, Lord Bonville—a name of absorbing historic interest in Devon. The Earl of Devon marrying a granddaughter of John of Gaunt, would be a zealous Lancastrian, while Lord Bonville was equally attached to the opposite faction, and a great Yorkist.

Cleveland narrates a noted quarrel said to have happened between these great nobles, and the sad fate that afterwards fell on their descendants through their so fiercely engaging in the Wars of the Roses.

"In that same year, 1455, there happened out a great quarrel between the Earl of Devonshire and the Lord Bonville about a dog, which, Mr. Westcott* says, by no mediation of friends could be qualified or appeased, until it was valiantly tried by duel on Clist-heath near Exeter, which was manfully performed by both parties, and after

* *View of Devon.*

they had well tried one another's strength and valour, they at last lovingly agreed and embraced each other, and ever after there was a great love and amity between them. But Hollingshed and others do say that several men on both sides were slain in the quarrel, and that the Lord Bonville prevailed and went to Exeter, and had the gates opened to him."

But the real foundation of this quarrel appears to have been the infatuated political discord of the age, in regard to which we read further, "but whoever had the better of it, both the Earl of Devonshire and the Lord Bonville were great sufferers in that bloody and unnatural war, for the Earl's three sons, successively Earls of Devon, lost their lives in that quarrel for the House of Lancaster; and it is said by some that the Earl himself came to an untimely end by it. And the Lord Bonville lost both his son and grandson in the battle of Wakefield, and the Lord himself was put to death after the second battle of St. Albans. The Earl's family became extinct as to the first branch of that illustrious house, and the Lord Bonvilles became wholly extinct."

It seems almost incredible the extent to which these internecine feuds were carried, and the wretched social disorganization that followed. Murder and rapine openly stalked through the west of England unchecked, specially in this distant county of Devon, a graphic glimpse of which we read in the Paston letters.

The romantic tradition clinging to the effigy on the tomb, that she was the little daughter of a Princess and found an unfortunate death, is at least two centuries old, and even now is not altogether disposed of, except as to identity of person. She is the granddaughter certainly of a Prince, if it be the mother that is represented, and only one descent further if one of her children. As to the cause of death, there is no further evidence than tradition, and its glamour has not as yet been destroyed by the "cold material laws" of fact.

QUIS?

Within a fretted niche a childlike form
Reclines with hands uplifted as in prayer.
A hundred years thrice told Time's surging storm
Hath passed, and still left thy memorial here.
Angels are watching o'er thee with fond care,
In semblance sweet thy tomb to guard and grace;
A coronet is on thy brow; but there
A bright unfading crown hath long had place,
Which no rude earthly hand may mar, nor yet efface.

The little children come and gaze on thee
With half-averted face, then turn away
With fearful furtive glance; hushed is their glee,
As through the grassy churchyard slow they stray;
Timid their steps, recounting on their way,
With infant voices weak, how thou didst die,
Young as themselves, as artless, and as gay:
The sad tale over, homeward all they hie,
Each with a sorrowing heart, each with a tearful eye.

Retrace we here the steps of our little memoir for a while to glance at an interesting domestic incident occurring within these walls during the residence of one of its most distinguished occupants, the Earl Hugh, and his consort, Margaret Bohun, who may be styled the central figures of the illustrious descent of Courtenay. Of their fine family of seventeen children, eight were daughters, and the eldest, Margaret, was wedded to John de Cobham, subsequently second and last Baron Cobham of that name, of Cobham, Kent.

"This marriage," says Mr. Waller, "must have taken place as early as 1332-3 if we can trust the correctness of a document by which his father concedes to him and Margaret Courtenay daughter of Hugh Earl of Devonshire, certain lands, doubtless by settlement. Ten years later a receipt was given to John de Cobham by his father-in-law for a year's maintenance of his wife. The sum paid was £15-6-8 'for the sojourn and other necessaries of Margaret de Cobham, our daughter his companion.' Perhaps John de Cobham was absent with the army in France, where Edward III., exasperated at the double dealing of Philip, had begun an active campaign."*

The original document† is in existence, and the interest culminates in the fact that it is dated from Colcombe 8 April, 1355, being the year before the battle of Poictiers. Written in Norman-French, and with the abbreviations extended, we give a transcript of this homely acquittance:—

Conue chose soict a totes gentz que nous hughe de Cortenay counte de Deuneschire auons receu de Johaun de Cobehaum chiualier filtz monsieur Johaun de Cobehaum de Kent chiualier quynze lyures sys southe & oyct deniers pur le soiourn et aultres necessaries Margarete de Cobehaum nostre fylle sa compaigne del'terme de Pasche darroyn passe come pleynement apiert par endentures entre nous feates. Des queaux quynze lyures sys southe & oyct deniers nous nous tenoms pleynement estre paietz et lauaunct dict Johaun quytes par icestes noz presentes lectres daquytaunce du nostre seal enscales. Done a Colecomb le viijme. jour de April Laan du regne nostre sognour le Roi Edward troys puis le conqueste vynct & neofysme.

Which may be thus translated:—

"Be it known to all people that we, Hugh de Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, have received of John de Cobham, Knight, son of Sire John de Cobham, of Kent, Knight, fifteen pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, for the lodging and other necessaries of Margaret de Cobham, our daughter, his companion, from the term of Easter last past, as fully appears from the indentures made between us. Of which fifteen pounds, six shillings, and eightpence, we hold ourselves to be fully paid and the aforesaid John released by these our present letters of acquittance with our seal attached. Given at Colecombe the 8th day of April, the 29th year of the reign of our Lord King Edward the third after the Conquest."

The seal attached to the deed bears the arms of Courtenay. It is quite probable that Margaret de Cobham and her only daughter, Joan, were resident at Colcombe with her father during her husband's absence in France on his military duties; and a curious feature in the document is that the Earl styles his daughter John de Cobham's "companion," though she had been his wife ten years. Lord Cobham was one of

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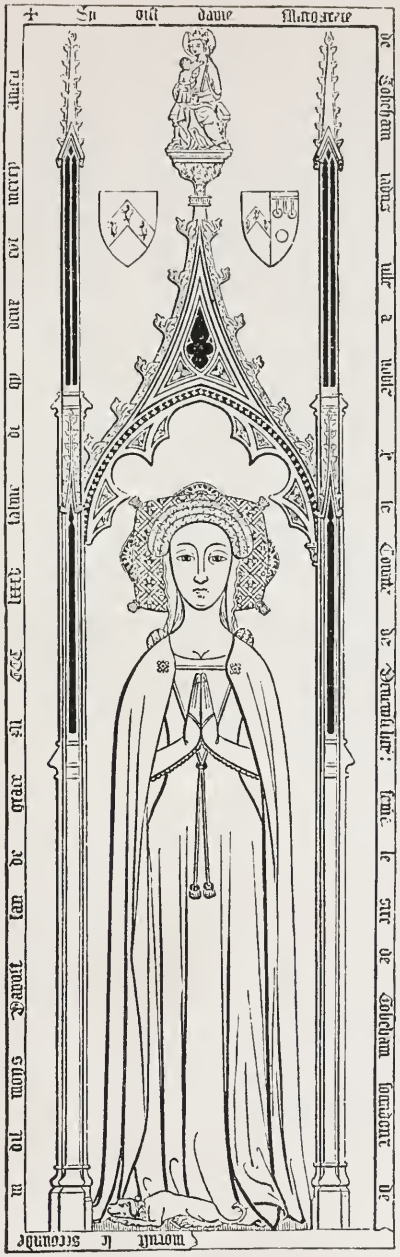
* *Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. xi.

† *Penes*, F. C. Brook, Esq., and produced here by the courtesy of Capt. John Cobham, their descendants.


† Sa vie dame Margarete
de Cobeham iadis file a noble & le Comte de Denmarkie femme le sire de Cobeham gardeine de
la dit mons Perrot lam de grace en cest lieu tarie de qi dieu eit mercy
morte le xxxiiie

BRASS OF LADY MARGARET DE COBHAM.
Cobham Church, Kent.

the most stirring and influential men, both military and political, of his era, and of remarkable simplicity and good faith. But he narrowly escaped a traitor's fate at the instance of the revengeful Richard II. in 1389.

"Lord Cobham was adjudged guilty, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. All his estates were confiscated. But for mere shame, as an historian has said, the King commuted this sentence on the venerable noble into banishment for life to Jersey, with the proviso, that if he escaped, the sentence was to have full effect. In this sentence there was a saving of entail, which is worthy of notice, as shewing the jealousy of Parliament over estates which may otherwise pass into the hands of the Crown. Not long afterwards, this sentence was made an article of accusation against the King himself. Henry of Bolingbroke was urged to return, and eventually landed at Ravenspurn in Yorkshire. The event is well known as one of great moment in our history. The exiled nobles returned, and Parliament called King Richard to account for the sentences passed on Lord Cobham and the other Lords Appellant. A solemn surrender of his crown took place in Parliament, which decreed that the deposed monarch should be placed in safe keeping, and on the record appears the name of John, Lord Cobham.

"Lord Cobham's whole life was an unbroken succession of services rendered to the State at one of the most critical periods of English domestic history, when the power of Parliament was rapidly developing and the Commons shewed themselves to be growing in strength. There was no matter of public importance, either at home or abroad, in which his advice as a councillor or as a diplomatist was not sought and given, and it is evident he must be placed among the most eminent statesmen of his time. He died 10 Jany., 1407-8, and must have reached a very advanced age, for at least seventy-four years had elapsed since his marriage contract. Allowing for extreme youth at that time, he could scarcely have been less than ninety-two. His wife also, who died in 1395, must have lived considerably more than seventy years." *

The outline of the career of a very remarkable man, who took his wife from beneath the roof tree of these old walls. He was also the Founder of the Chantry or College of Cobham in 1362, and was presumably buried in Cobham Church, where his effigy appears among the unequalled series of the brasses of his family therein found. He is represented in plate and chain armour, with basinet and camail; in his hands he supports a church. The inscription, as restored, runs thus:—

De terre fu fait et fourme et en Terre et a terre *suy retourne Johan de Cobham foundeur de ceste place qi fu iadis nomme* Mercy de malme eit la seinte Trinite.*

Beside him is the brass of his wife, Margaret Courtenay, in gown and mantle, with dog at her feet. The inscription records—

Sy gist dame Margarete de Cobeham jadys fille a noble Sr le Counte de Deuenschir feme le sire de Cobeham foundour *de ceste place qe* morust le secounde jor dil moys Dagust lan de grace MCCCLXXXV lalme de qy deux eyt mercy. Amen.*

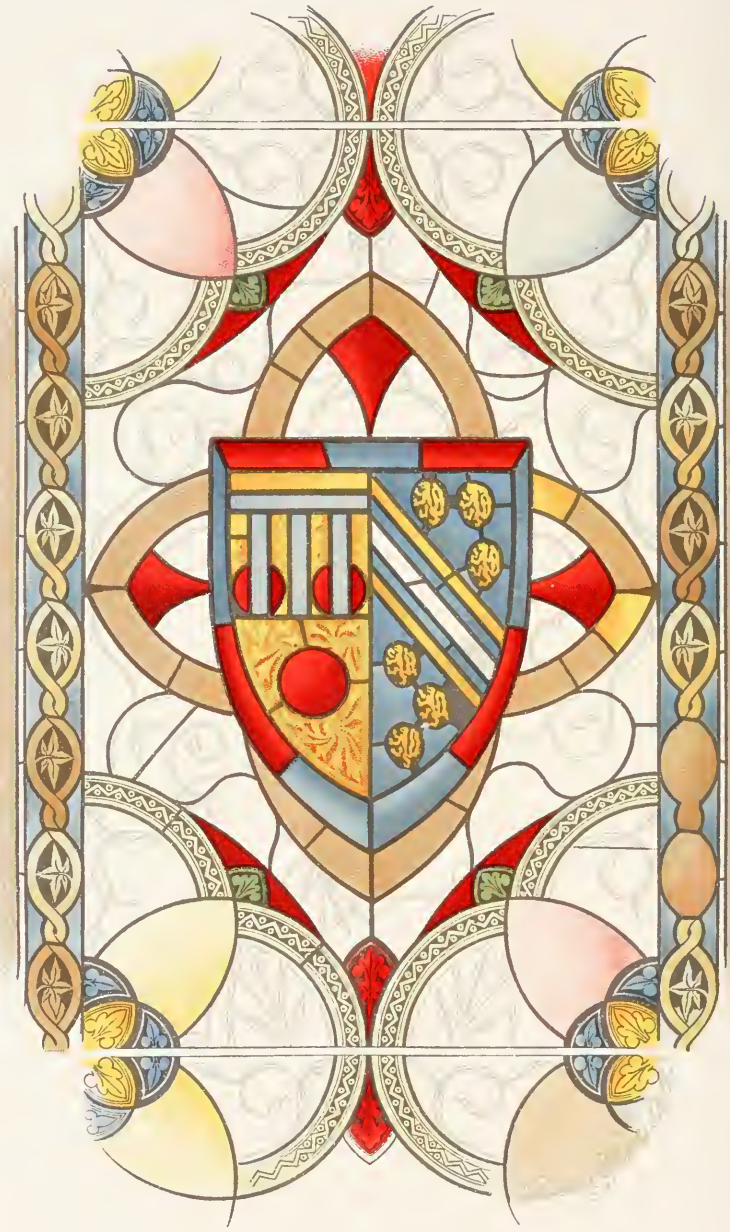
* Mr. J. G. Waller, in *Archæologia Cantiana*, 1877.

Both figures are under fine canopies. Arms: *Gules, on a chevron or, three lions rampant sable* (Cobham), and Cobham impaling Courtenay. Their only daughter, Joan, married Sir John de la Pole—a singularly allusive name in connection with the later owners of Colcombe, but with, we believe, no traced relationship. He was the son of Wm. de la Pole, an opulent merchant of Hull, from whom also descended, by another son, the Dukes of Suffolk. In their turn they were possessed of only one daughter, Joan, who had in all five husbands, the fourth being the unfortunate Sir John Oldcastle, burnt alive with such barbarity in 1416; but, undeterred by his dreadful fate, she married, lastly, Sir John Harpenden, who survived her. By these several spouses she had seven children, of whom again only one succeeded, a daughter, Joan, by her second husband, Sir Reginald Braybrooke. Thus for three generations the inextinguishable distaff carried on the Cobham succession. Joan Braybrooke, Lady of Cobham, was great-granddaughter of Margaret Courtenay, of Colcombe, and by a remarkable coincidence it was appointed to her in the choice of her single husband, to find him almost, if not quite, in Devonshire, and within a short distance of Colcombe. She married Sir Thomas Brook (born about 1391, died 1439), eldest son of Sir Thomas Brook, Knt., of Oldditch Court, Thorncombe, and Weycroft, Axminster, and Joan Hanap his wife. Their fine brasses are still to be found in Thorncombe Church. He wears his hair polled, and is clad in long gown guarded with fur. She appears in horned head-dress and mantle. Both wear the collar of S.S., and have dogs at their feet. On the ledger-line is—

> Here lyth sir Thomas Brook Knyghte the whiche dyed the XXIIJ day of Januere the yere of oure lorde M.CCCC.&XIX. and the fifte year of Kynge Harry the V. Also here lyth Dame Johan Brook the wyfe of the sayde Thomas the whiche dyed the X. day of Apryll The yere of oure lorde M.CCCC.&XXXVIJ. and the XV. yere of Kynge Harry the VJ. on whois soules god hane mercy & pite that for us dyed on the Rode tree. Ame'.

From this alliance descended the noble but unfortunate race of Brook, Lords Cobham, in their origin so strongly tinged with west-country blood, on the one side by a source from these ruins, and on the other from a locality within sight of the acclivity on which they stand.

> Know thou, wayfarer, that this earth, which seems
> So cold and passionless, has buried dreams
> Within her breast, that, touched by history's powers,
> Start into being thick as summer flowers.
> A silent people that in "antres vast"
> Of memory's fastness, in the darkling past
> Sit undisturbed, until some passing breath,
> Warm with life's interest, charms the ear of death,
> And swift those quenchless instincts of the soul,
> That live for aye, as changeless as the pole,
> Quiver again within the pulseless dust—
> Love's potent charm, faith's bright and simple trust,
> Pale suffering's meed, renown's commanding claim,
> Duty's resolve, or virtue's dauntless aim.



COURTENAY IMPALING BOHUN.

From a window in the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene,

Exeter Cathedral.

Vard, Litho., Belfast.

From the princely descendant of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured" Lancaster, of the Red Rose, our little annals take us next direct to a regal scion of the White Rose, Katharine, seventh daughter of King Edward IV. and wife of William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and their unfortunate son Henry, Marquis of Exeter.

This Earl, who died at Greenwich in 1511, and was buried on the south side of the high altar in old St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was held in high esteem by Henry VIII., his wife's nephew. We hear nothing of this grand couple as being at Colcombe during their mutual lives, but a most interesting record is left of an occasional residence there of the Princess-Countess during her widowhood, and when she was expecting a visit from her ill-fated son, the Marquis of Exeter.

In accordance with a custom adopted by other great personages about that time, this royal lady had kept for her a *Book of Household Expenses*, and from it we learn that during the summer of 1524 she was sojourning at Colcombe, and expecting her son, the Marquis. In one of the entries we read—"*Presented to my lady's grace by two Strobryges at Colcum, four sugar loovys, one to my Lady's grace to hyr chambre— . . . . . nil.*" The Strobryges or Strowbrydges were a family of considerable position in Colyton at that era, living at Streethayne and Howberhayne in the opposite valley.* We further read—"*Presented by my Lord of Newnham one fresh salmon to Colcum,*" and, in August, "*Presents of salmon from my Lords of Newnham and Fourde,*" and further, "*My Lord of Fourdes servant a boar and two swans.*"

These were the offerings of the Abbots of those Monasteries (both lying close to the River Axe) to the Countess. My Lord of Newenham must have been Abbot John Ellys, appointed in 1512, and died in 1525; he was the last but two that held that dignity.

My Lord of Fourde (Ford) was Abbot Thomas Chard, last of that dignity, and Suffragan to Oldham, Bishop of Exeter. Ford Abbey was specially under the patronage of the Courtenays, several of the earlier ones being buried there. My Lord of Ford (probably in consequence of this relationship) it was also that was specially deputed to bury his august patron at Tiverton church, on Friday, 5th November, 1527, at her magnificent obsequies, the most important, probably, ever celebrated in Devon, for she was a king's daughter, and which we shall refer to presently.

It is interesting and pleasant to note the compliments of these distinguished churchmen towards their neighbour and patron, for it was not always that such happy relations had existed between my Lord of Colcombe and my Lord of Ford as has been described.

Interesting and sad too to note the preparations and conviviality that warmed old Colcombe when the doomed Marquis came to his ancestral home on a visit to his widowed mother. Perhaps it may have been his first visit to the place. "*To Mr. Spek's servant for bringing a letter notifying my Lord Marquis's coming to Colcombe, 20d. To Machant for carriage of £100 to my lord, 20d. To Motton of*

* See pages 229–232.

Exeter, for cherries, strawberries, and his labour when my Lord Marquis was here, 2s. 6d. Expenses at Colcombe when my Lord Marquis was here, £3. 14s. 1½d." Succeeding entries account for "*red-deer,—gulls,—bucks,—tuns of beer,—malmsey,—barrels of wine from Mr. Speke to Colcombe,—six horse loads of fish to Colcomb,—points to Dick the Fool,—canvas for lining the doublet of Andrew of the Kitchen*"—probably the cook—shows a glorious picture of the sumptuous hospitality and jollity that reigned at Colcombe when the King's daughter was resident there and expected her only son and heir home in the year of grace 1524. And then it makes the heart ache to reflect that three years after, the Countess was in her grave—mercifully for her a peaceful one—and within a few years succeeding, this son, for whom such great preparations had been made, was wrapped in a bloody shroud on Tower Hill and consigned to an unknown grave—a pertinent picture of the vicissitudes of human life.

Device of Abbot Chard Ford Abbey

The Princess-Countess was a very great and proud lady, and as befitting her royal lineage she described herself on her seal as—

KATHERINA · COVNTISSA · DEVON · FILIA · SOROR · ET · AMIT' · REGVM.

the *Daughter, Sister, and Aunt of Kings*. When resident in the country she appears to have sojourned occasionally at both her Devonshire seats, Tiverton and Colcombe Castles.

She died at her Castle of Tiverton 15 November, 1527, and her obsequies were the most magnificent, probably, ever celebrated in the county.

My Lord of Ford, Abbot Thomas Chard and Bishop-Suffragan, was appointed to officiate at the interment. He was a remarkable man, and famed for his rebuilding the beautiful façade of the Abbey, still happily preserved to us, covered with fine sculpture, among which the armorial insignia of his patron, the Earl William Courtenay, husband to the Princess, and his own monogram and ensigns of office, have great prominence. "The body of the Princess," says Cleveland,

"was enbalmed, cered, leaded and covered with a pall of black velvet with a cross of white satin, and upon that another pall of cloth of gold, with a white cross of silver tissue, garnished with six escutcheons of her arms, and was attended day and night until Monday, December 2, when with a formal proceeding it was brought into the parish church of Tiverton, under a canopy of

black velvet, borne by six esquires, at each corner whereof a banner of a saint was borne by so many esquires. The bearers were all in black gowns and hoods, eight bannerols were carried by eight gentlemen, four on each side. The chief mourner was the Lady Carew, assisted by Sir Piers Edgcombe, her train borne up by a gentleman, followed by six gentlewomen.

The next day the company having again come into the church, the mass of requiem was sung, and the offertory being performed, Doctor Sarsley made a good sermon upon this text, *Manus Domini tetigit me—The hand of the Lord hath touched me;* which done, and divine service ended, and the Lord Suffragan (Abbot Chard) with all the abbots and prelates in their *pontificalibus*, having performed the office of burial, the body was let down into a vault under the hearse, at which time the officers (of her household) broke their staffs, and the whole company went back to Tiverton Castle to dinner."

HENRY COURTENAY, MARQUIS OF EXETER.

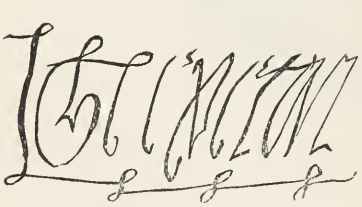
She was buried in a chantry on the north side of the chancel, and the Marquis, her son, placed a splendid monument with her effigies in alabaster over her grave; but both chapel and monument had utterly disappeared within a century afterward, and the only memorial now existent to this great lady is her grand escutcheon sculptured over the south porch, built by John Greenway, the merchant, and attached to his chantry.

Then came her unfortunate son Henry (called after his executioner?), created Marquis of Exeter 18 June, 1525, and afterwards so cruelly beheaded by his cousin, Henry VIII., on Tower Hill 9 Jany. 1539-40. There is no record of the place of his burial. He married, first, Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of John Grey, Viscount L'Isle, who, according to Burke, was first contracted to Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, who refused when of age to marry her; secondly, the Marquis married Gertrude, daughter of William Blount, Lord Montjoy, by whom he had two sons—Henry, who died young, and Edward, his successor. She narrowly escaped the sanguinary fate of her husband when the aged and high-minded Countess of Salisbury was executed with such barbarity. The manor of Great-Canford, near Poole in Dorset, was a Crown possession, and Henry VIII., in 1537, gave it to the Marquis and his wife Gertrude under certain knight's service. On his execution it was confiscated, and Edward VI. gave it to the Protector Somerset. A similar doom followed its new possessor; on his attainder it reverted to the Crown, and Queen Mary, in the first year of her reign, restored it in fee to the Marchioness. Here, it is probable, she eventually retired, and died in peace in 1558, and was buried in the minster at Wimborne, not far off. Her tomb is in the choir, of Purbeck marble, with traceried panels; around the verge of the table a portion of the brass fillet remains thus incribed:—

"—— Conjux quondam Henrici Courteney, Marchionis Exon, & Mater Edwardi Courteney nuper Co ———"

She made her will 27 Aug. 1557, and gave the manor to her nephew James, Lord Montjoy, whose son Charles was created Earl of Devon and K.G. 1603. Of the Marquis, the principal memento of him is found on the frieze of the Speke chantry in Exeter Cathedral. There are the arms of Courtenay impaling Blount, and over is the *eagle grasping the bundle of sticks*.

A portrait of the Marquis is in the possession of the present Earl of Devon at Powderham Castle, dated "1539. AN'O ÆTATIS 29"; and his only known autograph in that of Stephen I. Tucker, Esq., Somerset Herald—both of which, by their courtesy, are here produced.



Henry, Lord Courtenay, was at the Field of the Cloth of Gold with his namesake and almost equally unfortunate companion and neighbour, Henry, Lord Daubeney. These noble families were evidently on terms of friendship, if not of close intimacy, as the entry in the *Book of Household Expenses* confirms, relating to the *Minstrels* and the mending of his mother's *my Lady's instrument*.*

The Marquis had begun to rebuild Colcombe when the hand of

* See p. 205.

death stayed him. All his estates were of course forfeited, and the vindictive king disposed of a considerable portion of the Colyton property, one part having been bought for charitable uses by the feoffees and twenty men forming the Chamber of Colyton, and is still in their possession.

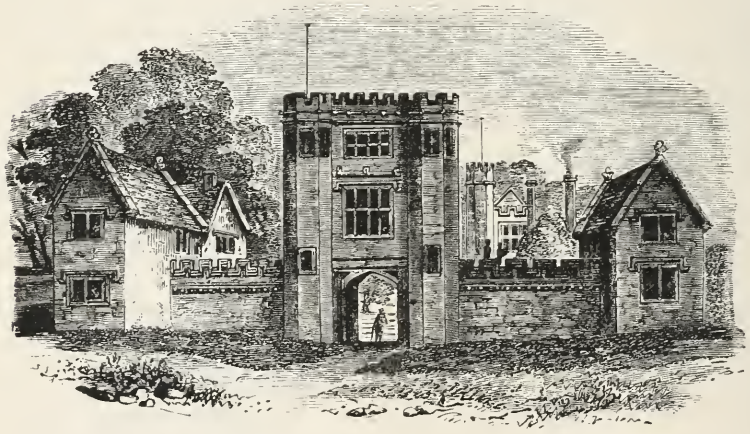
To endure for ever! Such were the consecrating words of the great Bishop Grandison in his ordination for the endowment of the free chantry of Colcombe. Alas for the words of man even in conjunction with that which is the anchor of his faith, cast in what he deems as stedfast and immoveable as his own unshaken belief. The good Bishop

Badges of Courtenay. Ford Abbey.

"dreamt not of a perishable home," or that a relentless confiscator's hand would ever appear or dare to desecrate that which had thus been set aside for ever to the Lord. But he who thirsted for the blood of his own kin and appropriated his possessions, was not likely to shrink from grasping the heritage of the Highest; and so one event rapidly followed the other. Between 1539 and 1553, when Colcombe was in possession of the Crown, Walter Erle, says Sir William Pole, "which had been servant unto Kinge Edw. 6, Queene Mary and Queen Elizabeth," purchased at the Dissolution of Religious Houses, the manor of Axmouth, and also the lands of the suppressed chantry at Colcombe, which the Erles subsequently sold to the Sampson family, whose descendants continue to hold it, and reside near; while the meadows are still known as the Chantry Fields, and the bridge that spans the river as the Chantry Bridge.

This is the Walter Erle mentioned in the Colyton church Register as "being of Colcombe, gentleman, and who was wedded to Marye Weeke," daughter and heir of Roger Weeke, of Bindon, Axmouth, in 1549, and three of their children are noticed as being baptized from Colcombe. This gentleman was resident there for a time, and subsequently migrated to Bindon, before Queen Mary restored, in 1553, all such lands as had not been alienated, together with the forfeited title, to the Marquis's son Edward, the last Earl of this descent.

He was a handsome and accomplished man, but lived a troublous life, and who seems born to be a prisoner, for from twelve years of age to the time of his death, he scarcely enjoyed two entire years of liberty.



OLD SHUTE GATEWAY.

Romance has enshrined his memory with the danger of something much nearer than high Court favour—even of having resisted the basilisk attractions of that steel-hearted Queen's hand; and being at last, at the interposition of Philip of Spain, Mary's husband, permitted to have some semblance of liberty, "he passed beyond the seas," and found, as he had hoped, a peaceful asylum at Padua, where, however, he soon after sickened and died—"not without suspicion of poison"—4 October, 1556, and was buried in St. Anthony's church there, where a monument is erected to his memory.

So passed away, with no child to represent him, the last noble owner of Colcombe, and the manor reverted to the four sisters of Edward Courtenay (created Earl of Devon and K.G. by Henry VII.), who had fought for that monarch at Bosworth, and died in 1509.

Of these four ladies, one moiety, descending by Maud, wife of John Arundel, of Talvern, containing Colcombe Castle, was purchased by

William Pole, Esq., of the Inner Temple; a gentleman of distinguished descent, who was residing at Shute, the antient inheritance of the Bonvilles, which he had acquired of Secretary Petre, to whom Queen Mary had given it, on the attainder of their last representative, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, beheaded 1554. Mr. Pole settled this moiety on his son William, the distinguished antiquary, who subsequently purchased the other three sisters' interests, and, to use his own words, "a goodly building was here intended by the last Erles, but altogether unfinished; and nowe the whole beinge reduced from all ye coheires into my possession, I have newe built the howse and made it the place of my residinge."

But a portion of the ruin now remaining must have been built by the Marquis, for on a label of one of the windows is the curious badge adopted by his father and mother and also borne by himself—the *eagle grasping the bundle of sticks*, the meaning of which has never been explained, and which is found also on the façade of Ford Abbey, the Speke chapel in Exeter Cathedral, at Tiverton church in the chancel arch, and also surmounting his mother's (the Princess-Countess) grand escutcheon over the door of the porch.

Sir Bernard and Lady Gertrude Drake. Musbury Church.

Intermediately, however, between the death of the last Earl, while the four heiresses possessed the Castle, and before it became the property of William Pole, Esq,, it was occupied occasionally, probably for convenience, by distinguished families living near.

In 1579, Lady Margaret Carew, widow of Sir Peter Carew, of Ottery-Mohun, was resident there. She was the daughter of Sir William Skipwyth, Knight, and married, first, in 1540, Gilbert, the second Lord Tailboys, and secondly, in 1547, Sir Peter Carew. While living at Colcombe, she took unto herself her third husband, Sir John Clifton, of Barrington Court, Somerset, which event, according to the church Register, was solemnized on the 20 July, 1579.

Then from the year 1583 to 1586, Colcombe was occupied by Bernard Drake, Esq., of Ashe, Musbury, and his wife, Gertrude daughter of Bartholomew Fortescue, Esq., of Fillegh, North Devon. This we learn also from the Register, as two of the servants of Mr. Barnard Drake, of Colcombe, occur as being buried in the years 1583-4, and a third of "Syr Barnard Drake, Knyget," in March, 1586. This was the year that proved fatal to the Knight himself, who died of the dreadful gaol fever, caught at the assizes held at Exeter, and got as far as Crediton, probably struggling to reach his wife's father's home at Fillegh, but succumbed to the disease, and was there buried 12 April,

1586. Strangely exact, only twelve days after his decease, 26 April, 1586, the Colyton Register informs us that

"*Thomas Tyldesly, borne in Carrol in the Isle of Axholme, in the Countye of Lyncolne, Gent, was wedded to Mary Drake, the daughter of Lady Garthruyd Drake, of Colcombe.*"

It is probable that Ashe House was being built or rebuilt just at this time, as previously, and indeed afterward, they are styled "of Trill."

William Pole, the father of the antiquary, by the purchase of Colcombe, thus became the local representative of the two noble families of Courtenay and Bonville. The father rebuilt the old mansion of the Bonvilles at Shute, and his son completed the old home of Courtenay at Colcombe. In Colyton church is the monument to his second (?) wife and mother of his children, which exhibits the effigy of a lady kneeling, with five sons in front and two daughters behind, also kneeling, erected by her son, the antiquary:—

> HERE LIETH THE BODY OF KATHERIN DAVGHTER OF ALEXANDER POPHAM, OF HVNTWORTHI IN THE COVNTI OF SOMERSET, ESQVIER, THE SISTER OF SIR JOHN POPHAM LO. CHIEF JVSTICE OF ENGLAND, LATELY THE WIEF OF WILLIAM POLE ESQVIER THE ELDER, VNTO WHOM SHEE BROVGHT FOORTH WILLIAM POLE, KNIGHT, AND DOROTHE THE WIEF FIRST OF THOMAS ERLE, ESQVIER, SECONDLY OF WALTER VAVGHAN, KNIGHT, WHICH WERE LIVEING: AND ALEXANDER, HVGH, RICHARD, ARTHVRE, AND AMY WHICH DIED YOVNGE: SHEE DIED THE 28 OCTOBER 1588, VNTO THE MEMORY OF WHOM, SR WILLIAM POLE KNIGH. HER SON, HATH SET THIS MONVMENT.

But his first venture—for we presume the entry in the Colyton Register refers to him*—was to Mrs. Thomasine Beaumont, a twice-widowed lady, daughter of a well-to-do merchant of Lyme-Regis, and probably well dowered. The recording scribe evidently had but little knowledge of the bridegroom, and it is probable the wedding was his first introduction to these parts. Mr. Pole's age would then be thirty-four, and two years after his admission to the Inner Temple, of which learned body he was Treasurer in 1564. The antiquary places his father among the "emynent men in the government of Devonshire," and also as being "learned in the lawes, a double reader in thinner Temple and Justice of Peace in Devon."

Mr. Pole was well identified by his parentage with the neighbourhood, but he finally settled at Shute, purchasing the inheritance of the Bonvilles, from whom also himself collaterally descended, holding the manor of Forde in Musbury at the time he added their larger patrimony to his possessions. At the death of William, Lord Bonville —beheaded after the battle of St. Alban's in 1461; his son and grandson having perished before him—on the decease of his nephew, John Bonville, without issue, all the inheritance came to his great-granddaughter Cecily, the girl heiress, for whom Edward IV. purveyed a convenient marriage to his step-son, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset. "After the death of Cicely," says the antiquary, "Thomas Grey,

See p. 230.

R. G. del.

HUGH COURTENAY, EARL OF DEVON, AND HIS COUNTESS MARGARET BOHUN.

Exeter Cathedral.

Marques of Dorset, her son, enjoyed it, and Henry, Duke of Suffolke, by whose attainder it fell to the Crown, and Queene Mary granted the same unto Sir W. Petre, her principall Secretary, from whom my father had the howse and park, and dwelled there during his lief and left it unto mee." Mr. Pole probably rebuilt the house, his initials, W. P., being on the spandrels of the turret doorway. His descendant, Sir John W. Pole, pulled down the larger portion of the old structure in 1787.

Mr. Pole died in 1587, and his son, the antiquary, erected the large monument to him in Colyton church, characteristically encrusted with all the armories of his race, and this long "pedigristic" epitaph:—

> Here lieth the body of William Pole late of Shute Esq. deceased, who maried Kateryn daught. of Alexander Poph'm of Huntworth, Esq. the said Wm. was sonne of Wm. & of Agnes daught. of John Drake of Ashe, wch Wm. was sonne of John and of Edith daught. of Rychard Tytherleigh of Tytherleigh wch John was sonne of John and of Jane his wife da. of Robert Code, of Cornwall which John was sonne of Arture and of Johan. da. & heire of John Pole, whiche Arture was second sonne of Sr. Wm Pole of Pole in Mirral in the County of Chester, Knight, & of his wife da. of Sr. William Manwaring of Pyber, he hath left behind only on sonne named William & on daught. named Dorothe maried to Thomas Erle of Charbrough Esquier, he died th xb of August Ao 1587, beinge of the age of lxxij yeares and bj dayes.

The genealogical shields on the tomb exhibit fourteen quarterings, three crests, motto—Pollet Virtvs, and date 1587.

Thus have we brought the history of the venerable ruin before us down to the period when we find the zealous and learned antiquary at home in his house here. In every way suitable to his tone of mind, and congenial to his antiquarian taste, must the associations connected with the place have been; nor could an apter site have been offered for his domicile than this old foundation of the Courtenays, the most celebrated family of our shire, and, to use the words of Mr. Davidson, "the stamp of whose almost princely authority may be extensively recognised throughout the county."

Here, then, is Colcombe; and these massive ruins before us are all that remain of the "howse" the antiquary "newe built."

The mansion appears to have been somewhat considerable in size, and of oblong shape. One end, apparently the kitchen, is still roofed over, and contains a chimney of enormous dimensions, and a high wall, covered with luxuriant ivy at one end, and exhibiting along its face Tudor windows and doorways, rears itself in massive outline over

the spectator. Within, all is ruinous and dismantled. Traces of the antient chantry were to be seen, and other outbuildings, until recently a fire has further destroyed much of what was left.

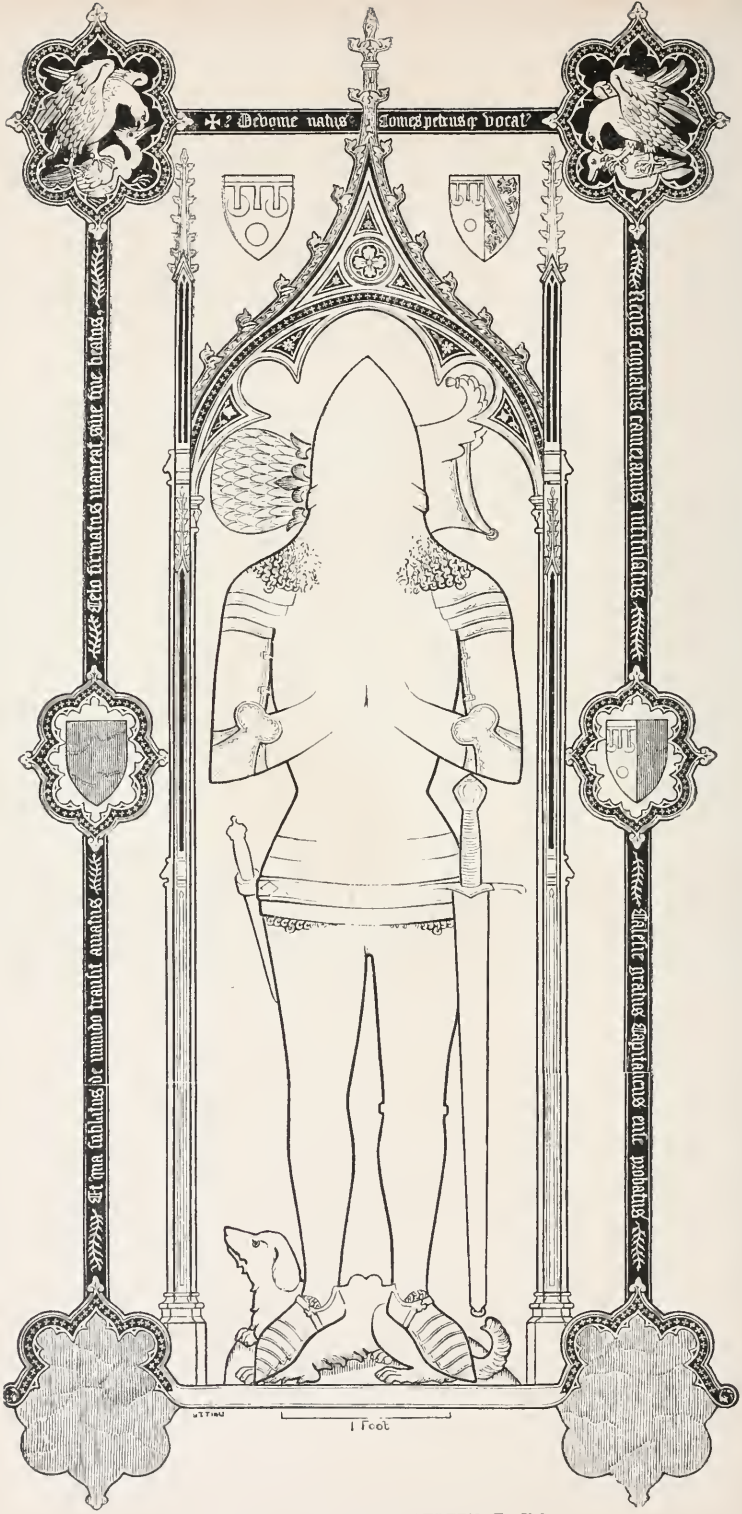
A curious arrangement will arrest the notice of the visitor in the little stream or river that runs *under* the house. This brook is a kind of leat or canal brought artificially, evidently, from the Umborne, about a mile above, along the side of the hill to Colcombe, where it passes under the house, and, flowing on, turns the manor mills a

COLCOMBE CASTLE.

quarter of a mile below. It is probable that Colcombe, as it now stands, was not the original position of the most antient house: foundations of a circular tower-shaped form are found in a field near the entrance gateway below the stream, and it is possible the water was conveyed thus for filling the old castle moat, irrigating the grange meadows, and driving the manorial mill.

As the antiquary rebuilt the house, how came it to be so soon a mass of ruins? Thereby hangs a tale full of strange presumptions, perhaps of revenge of some sort.

Thomas Erle, described as "*of Charborough*" on the monument of the antiquary's father in Colyton church, married Dorothy Pole, the sister of the antiquary. In his account of Bindon, Sir W. Pole speaks of his nephew Sir Walter Erle as living there in "his house with


✠? Deogne natus? Comes petrus? vocat?
Regis cognatus fauet regnus militatus
Valete prelus hospitalis aule probatus
Et ma fabilatus de mundo fraudi euadius
Vita fabilatus de mundo fraudi euadius
1 Foot

BRASS OF SIR PETER COURTENAY, K.G

Exeter Cathedral.

fayre demesnes thereunto belonging." He mentions him as being the son of Dorothy, the daughter of William Pole, of Shute, Esq., but does not say who his brother-in-law was.

There can be no doubt but this was the Thomas Erle, then of Charborough, and son of Walter Erle and Mary Weeke, of Colcombe; for in another place it is mentioned that Sir Walter Erle, of Axmouth, was the son of Thomas Erle; but the Shute Register supplies the missing link of evidence by the entry that on 24 Dec. 1581, "*Thomas Earle of Byndon Axmouth was wedded to Dorothy daughter of the Right Worshipful William Pole of Shute*," the antiquary's father.

This Sir Walter Erle, who was occasionally M.P. for Lyme-Regis, was knighted by James I. in 1616. In 1627 the sturdy knight resisted one of those forced loans which the unfortunate Charles I. exacted from his unwilling subjects, and was forthwith committed to the tender mercies of the Fleet prison, and the day of hearing put off; but being subsequently brought up upon a writ of *habeas corpus* in the King's Bench, as a matter of course, "upon solemn argument it was found for the King against him," and he was thereupon re-committed to jail, where he remained about twelve months.

Sir Walter did not forget this indignity when the proper time for retaliation presented itself, as we shall see. The troubles of Charles soon increased, and in 1642 Sir Walter, then resident at Axmouth, seized Lyme-Regis and garrisoned it for the Parliament. More of him in our visit to Axmouth.

Sir William Pole, the antiquary, had now been dead seven years, and his grandson, Sir William Pole, knight, resided at Colcombe. The Poles were Royalists, the Erles, Parliamentarians. But politics did not evaporate in words in those days.

Prince Maurice, marching westward in aid of the king, came from Beaminster to Colyton, fixing his quarters at Colcombe Castle, which he "garrisoned" for the king. From this he made an attack on Stedcombe, the property of Sir Walter Erle, which was "garrisoned" by him for the Parliament, and, after a strong fight, "in which they took five captains and sixteen other officers, 114 soldiers with all their arms, six colours, one piece of cannon, and two murtherers (a species of cannon), good store of ammunition, and one seditious lecturer," captured the house, and burnt it down. Afterwards, on the 25th July, 1644, in company with Lord Henry Percy, they "alarmed" the garrison at Lyme, and then retired back to their quarters, Percy's regiment returning to Colyton.

"The insulted garrison," says Mr. Davidson, "determined to requite the visit, and lost no time in despatching, on the same night, a party of 120 horse, commanded by Captains Pyne, Bragge, and Erle, who surprised the Royalists so effectually, that a major and other officers, 55 men, 100 stand of arms, 120 horses, and good pillage, fell into their hands, and the regiment was entirely dispersed." This was, no doubt, the date when the lordly domicile of Colcombe was destroyed. They had burnt Erle's house at Axmouth, and now Colcombe shared the same fate, Captain Erle joining in the fray. Some years ago a rusty cannon ball was found in the ruins.

"AGES ARE ITS DOWER."

List, stranger, list, and do not harshly tread
Within these roofless and deserted halls;
Thy footsteps mock the sounds which long have fled,
And echo strangely 'mid these crumbling walls.
Each noise that stirs, a past event recalls,
And wakens to new life some long-lost scene,
Which grows illusive on the sense, and falls
With deepest impress on the mind serene,
Lit to refulgence with a rich ideal sheen!

For 'tis a haunted place; heard ye not clear
The rustling sweep of female tread so light,
Flitting like airy spirit on your ear,
With tripping glee as if fraught with delight?
Methinks from yonder paneless casement's height
I see the light wind carelessly unbind
The glossy curling tresses, clustering bright
Around some fair girl's face; but, O, I find
'Tis Fancy's subtle gleam upon my teeming mind.

A firmer step; through the long passage dank
The hollow echoings seem louder grown,
Reverberating wildly, till they sank
Soft as the flowing riv'lets gurgling tone.
There in yon doorless aperture of stone
He seems to stand in state firm and erect;
But Time his mansion in decay hath strown,
And left us nought but grey walls to inspect,
As silent vestiges to muse o'er and reflect.

But now the setting sunbeam brightly gilds
Each broken battlement and mouldering tower,
While in each crannied nook the spider builds
His fortalice to every drooping flower;
And fairies hold their court in witching hour,
And featly dance around the moss-clad stones
Beneath the canopy of floral bower,
Led by the grasshopper's quick blithesome tones,
When midnight solitude the still air closely zones.

Here, where was resonant both joke and smile,
Where beauty mingled oft with worth and grace,
And jocund mirth did weary hours beguile,
The bat alone now finds a dwelling-place;
Nought but the ivy's cherishing embrace,
And weeds with wavy tuft, and lichens green,
Now linger near these walls, where many a race
Of chieftains, high and lordly, once were seen;
The only monuments that such as these have been.

Yet strong e'en in decay, these ruins still
Shall firmly stand, and Time's sure hand defy,
While at its base the swiftly-flowing rill
Shall, as of old, still gently murmur by;
And many a summer's breeze shall round it sigh,
And many a rude and blighting winter blast;
And generations oft shall rise and die;
But it, so void and waste, shall yet hold fast,
And to succeeding years with dim renown still last.

Characteristic details of the "plundering" of inoffensive inhabitants of Colyton by the contending forces during these forays is found in the accompt presented to the Feoffees by John Hewes, a reputable clothier of that town, who was also at the time entrusted by that body with funds "*for a Stock to set the poore people on worke*," in 1643-4, and for which he claimed, according to agreement providing for such case, a set off of sixty pounds. On Jan. 16, he relates, "*my shoope was broken upp, and my cloth caried away*," together with "*other from the tuckers house and a piece he had put to dryenge*." March 9, he continues," "*The second tyme the Towne was rowted by the Lyme men, the souldiers serchinge for men and arms as they pretended, found my cloth hid in a cocke-loft, and caried it away*," and to "*one Capt Wood I gave a sute cloth four yards and half to save the rest.*" These pillagers were Parliamentarians, and it probably occurred after the retaliatory visit of Capt. Pyne and a detachment of the Lyme garrison, who surprised the Royalist Colonel and his men in the midst of revelry, and took sixty of them prisoners, their horses and arms. A fortnight after came the Royalists on a similar errand, being "*Those that garensed Colcombe House, wostard and yearn from the spinstry, and sarge torne out of the racke worke.*" Again, on July 26, by "*Percys men when they came back after they were rowted.*" These also were Royalists, Lord Henry Percy's garrison at Colcombe probably on their return from "threatening" Lyme. That same evening the 120 horse from Lyme captured or dispersed them all at Colcombe, and destroyed the house.

Merciless exactions followed on the Royalists, and Sir William Pole was amerced to the Parliament as a delinquent in the sum of £2,855. Subsequently, when the Restoration came about, we find him petitioning for an indemnity of his losses occasioned by the garrison of Lyme having plundered his houses at Colyton and Colcombe. The damages were estimated at £10,000, the loss at Colcombe alone including half that sum! As the chances of reimbursement were small, it is inferred that the estimates were increased in like proportion; but history is silent as to what he got repaid to him.

Thus the glory departed from Colcombe, and the story has a strange appearance. Two cousins, ranged on differing sides of political controversy of the deadliest import, lived in stately mansions in a valley within sight of each other. From the one an armed force sallied forth and razed the fair proportions of the other to the ground; in a few days its compeer shared a similar fate at the hands, most probably, of its opponent. How many fine old country seats succumbed to the devastating hand of war at this troublous period of our nation's history, while those fierce struggles for political and religious power urged men's passions on to relentless animosity, though often previously tied to each other in social friendship, or, as in this case, by near relationship—changed by conflicting ideas of liberty into the sternest enmity and distrust.

Stedcombe was subsequently rebuilt by the Halletts, who purchased it of the Erles; but Colcombe still lies dismantled.

Of the distinguished individual, the remains of whose residence we

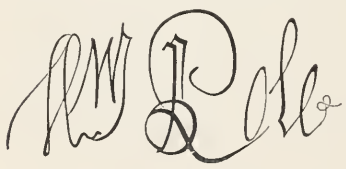
have been exploring, or of his merits as the correct and indefatigable antiquary of our county, it is only a work of supererogation to speak in praise. To his large and careful *Collections* every succeeding man employed in investigating any portion of the history of Devon has to make continual application for information, the which, but for its having been safely chronicled there, would for many years gone by, have sunk beneath the reach of memory. It is not intended to enter here into any extended biographical notice of his life, an excellent memoir of which may be found in the always useful Prince. According to the Colyton Register,

> "*William Pole sonne of William Pole was chrystened the xxvii daye of Auguste*,—1561."

The antiquary was the seventh in direct succession of the Devonshire descent of Pole. He appears to have studied first at Exeter College, and then entered the Inner Temple, being elected in 1578. Returning to Devonshire, he was Sheriff of the county for the years 1602-3; but a sad trial awaited him in 1605, when he lost his wife through an accident. She is buried in Colyton church, where is her statue, kneeling, habited in a black gown, ruff, and cap, with her four sons ranged in front and her five daughters behind. Below is this inscription:—

> HEERE LYETH YE BODY OF MARY LATE WYEF OF SR. WM. POLE OF SHUTE KNIG: BEINGE YE ELDEST DAUGHTER AND ON OF YE FOURE HEIRES OF SR. WM. PERIHAM OF FOLFORD KNG: LO: CHIEF BARON OF YE KINGE MAIESTIES EXCHEQVER SHEE LEFT BEHIND HER 4 SONES AND FIVE DAVGHTERS VNTO HER SAIDE HUSBAND VIZ.—JOHN, PERIHAM, WILL:, AND FRANNCIS, SONES,—AND MARY, KATHERINE, ELIZABETH, ANN, AND ELIONER, DAVGHTERS—SHEE BROUGHT VNTO HIM ALSO 2 OTHER SONES, VIZ WIL: HER FIRSTE CHILD AND ARTHURE BEINGE ONE OF YE 3 SONES WICH SHE BROUGHT AT ONE BIRTH, AND PERISHED BY AN VNFORTVNATE FALL, SHE DYED YE 2ND OF MAY IN YE YEARE OF OUR LORD, 1605, BEING THEN OF THE AGE OF 38 AND ON MONTH, AND MARRIED VNTO HER HVSBAND 22 YEARS AND TENN MONTHS.

A young wife when married—only fifteen years old; and a melancholy fate for so fruitful a mother, still in the prime of life. In the year following his wife's death, the antiquary received the honour of knighthood from the hand of King James I., at Whitehall, on the 15th February, 1606.



It is probable Sir W. Pole pursued with unremitting industry his favorite investigation during the larger portion of his life—forty or fifty years at least; for it appears he was busily transcribing and collecting in 1599. The result of this labour shewed itself at his death

in the completion of several "vast manuscript volumes in folio, big as Church bibles," some portions of which were unfortunately lost during the troublous period of the Civil Wars. A valuable selection from the above recited abundant storehouse was printed by his descendant, Sir J. W. de la Pole, Bart., in 1791, and we believe the original MSS. are now deposited in the British Museum.

SIR WILLIAM POLE, KNT., THE ANTIQUARY

Calmly and industriously pursuing his favourite investigations amid the eventful times that overhung his native land, he peacefully passed the latter years of his life, and died before the rough storm broke that uprooted so many of its cherished traditions.

"He was," says Prince, "endowed with excellent parts, and adorned with great accomplishments; and, as what enamels and adds loveliness to all the other, beautified with a very civil, courteous, and obliging carriage and disposition, which indeed is the true gentility. He was learned also; not only in the laws, but in other polite matters; he was very laborious in the study of antiquities—especially those of his own county—and a great lover of that venerable employment;

insomuch he thereby became as the first so the best antiquary (for certainty and judgment) that we ever had; it being plain that with this gentleman's labours most of those who wrote since on this argument have adorned their works. But at length death (that *ultima Linea rerum*) came and added a period to the last line of his life; though not until he had lived to a very great age. He lies interred in the parish church of Colliton, under a flat stone, whose inscription is obliterated by time."

There is an original picture of the antiquary in Shute House. The countenance has a grave, thoughtful expression, and the whole portrait a striking Cromwellian contour and massiveness. The date of his burial is thus described in the Colyton Register:—

"*Sir William Pole, Knight, was buried the X daye of Marche*, 1635."

But according to a certificate from the College of Arms, appended to his published *Collections*, he is said to have died on the 9th of February preceding, at his house of Colcombe, in the 74th year of his age.

From the appearance of the pavement in the Pole aisle of the church, there does not appear to have been any memorial, either by flat stone or otherwise, to this celebrated antiquary. Strange irony of fate: he who had laboured so industriously to preserve the history of others that aforetime flourished in his native county, and who also so carefully commemorated his own family, himself rests without symbol or word to mark his sepulchre. But it matters little, his memory is well assured.

Sir W. Pole married, secondly, the widow of Roger How, a merchant of London. Of his numerous issue, the worthy antiquary lived to see many of them allied to representatives of some of our most honoured county families.

But one of the most interesting memories of these old walls is yet to come; in its results perhaps more important than any that have preceded them—that is, the setting forth of two of the antiquary's children among the earliest of the Pilgrim Fathers to colonize that now magnificent empire, speaking the tongue of these its first founders, and destined, ere many generations shall have arisen, to be foremost among the nations of the earth. The call of a larger liberty had found echoes round the Royalist's hearthstone.

In the Funeral Certificate from the College of Arms we find—

"The Right Worshipful *Sir William Pole, Knt.*, departed out of this transitory life the 9th day of February 1635, in the 74th year of his age, at his house called Colcombe, in the Parish of Coliton, and County of Devon, and was buried in the Isle on the west side of the Chancel of the said Parish Church, being the burial place belonging to his family."

Then, after describing three of his surviving sons, we come to the fourth—

"*William*, aged about 43 years, and now in New England."

And then of his daughters, classed as the ninth in succession as to his children, but older than her brother, is

"*Elizabeth*, third daughter, aged about 50 years, now in New England."

In the Shute Register it is stated that Elizabeth Pole was baptized there 25 August, 1588, and her brother William is entered as the first of the three sons which his mother brought at one birth, the others being named Arthur and Francis, and they were baptized on the 4th December, 1593. In 1615, "William Pole, of Collyton," was admitted at the Inner Temple.

From a work called "*The Ministry of Taunton, United States*," * we get the following interesting account of this devoted brother and sister :—

"Mrs. Pool died in the town which her enterprise had founded, in 1654. She was buried near her house, a few roods south of the eastern extremity of Main Street, Taunton, U.S. Her remains were removed to the burial place on the Plain in 1771, where, slightly elevated above the surface of the ground, may be seen a simple slab bearing the following inscription, written by the Hon. Robert Trent Paine, one of the immortal signers of the Declaration of American Independence :—

'Here rest the remains of
Miss Elizabeth Pool,
a native of old England,
of good Family, Friends, and Prospects,
all which she left in the Prime of her Life
to enjoy the Religion of her Conscience
in this distant wilderness;
A great Proprietor in the Township
of Taunton;
A chief Promoter of its Settlement
and its Incorporation, 1639–1640,
about which time she Settled near this spot,
and having employed the opportunity
of her Virgin state
in Piety, Liberality,
and Sanctity of manners,
Died, May 21.—A. D. 1654;—Aged LXV.
To whose memory
this Monument is gratefully erected
by her next of kin,
John Borland Esq;—
A. D.—1771.'"

The ladies of Taunton have erected a costlier monument to the memory of this remarkable woman at the entrance of the delightful rural cemetery called Mount Pleasant, which adorns the town. It bears the following inscription :—

The females of Taunton
have erected this Monument
in honour of
Elizabeth Pool,
Foundress
of the Town of Taunton
in 1637.
Born before the Settlement of America,
in England, 1589;—
Died at Taunton
May 21.—1654.

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* "*Boston, U.S.—Jewett & Co.—1853*"; and obligingly communicated by Mr. E. Sloper, of Taunton, Somerset, England.

She is described on the town seal as purchasing the land of Cohanner the Indian.

William Pool was brother of Elizabeth Pool, and afterwards removed (from Taunton, U.S.) to Dorchester, U.S., where he distinguished himself as a man of education and piety.

In the Annals of Dorchester, U.S., by James Blake, which published MSS. constitutes number two of the *Collections of the Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society*, under date of 1674, we find the following entry:—

"This year died Mr. William Pole, of whom ye Records thus speak:—'Mr. William Pole, that Sage, Reve'd, Pious man of God, departed this life Febr'y 24th, 1674. He was Clerk of ye Writs and Register of Births Deaths and Marriages at Dorchester about 10 years,—and often Schoolmaster of Dorchester. Upon his tomb it is thus written:—

"The Epitaph of William Pole, which he himself made while he was yet living, in Remembrance of his own Death, and left it to be Engraven on his Tomb, so that being Dead he might warn Posterity.

"Or a Resemblance of a Dead man bespeaking ye Reader.

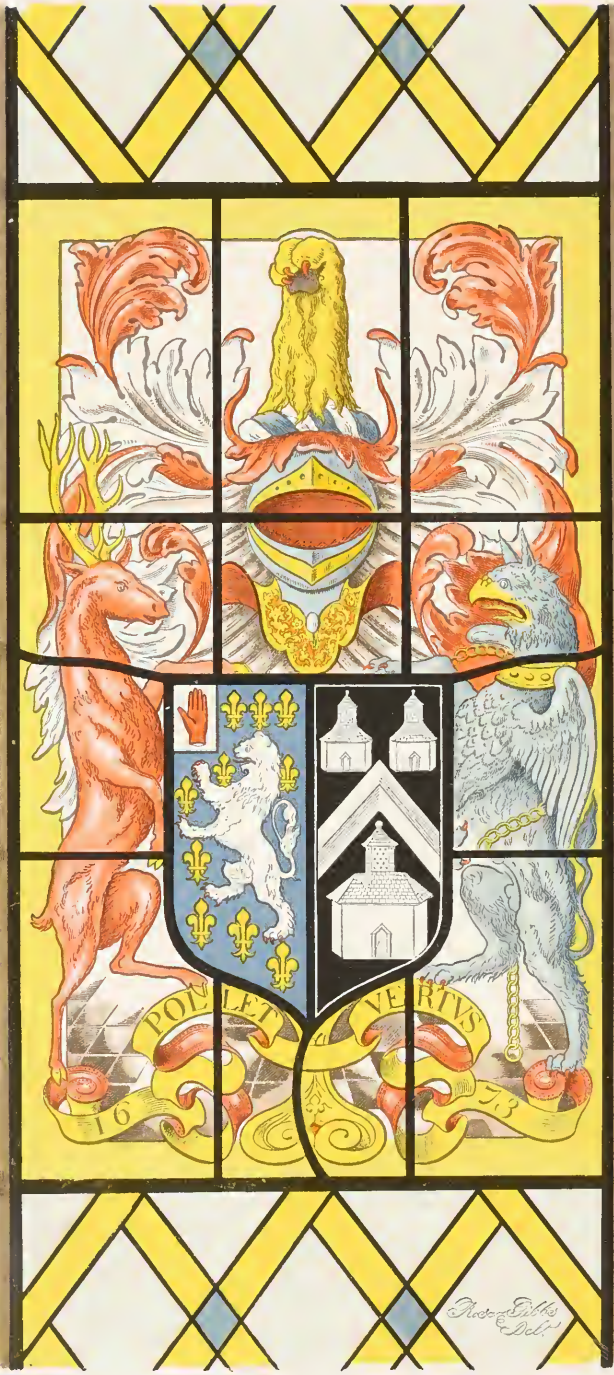
"Ho Passenger 'tis worth thy Pains to stay,
And take a Dead man's Lesson by ye Way.
I was what now thou art,—and thou shalt be
What I am now,—what odds 'twixt me and thee!
Now go thy way,—but stay,—take one word more,
Thy Staff for ought thou know'st stands next ye Door.
Death is ye Door,—ye Door of Heaven or Hell,
Be warn'd,—be arm'd,—Believe,—Repent,—Farewell!"

He died Feb. 24th, 1674, aged 81 years. He is described as one of the first purchasers of land at Taunton, U.S. (about 1637), and in the same work it is stated his son John came into the possessions of his aunt Elizabeth Pool. He was made a freeman of Plymouth 4th Dec. 1638.

What could have been the constraining inducement that prompted these two young people—this fair Puritan and her brother—thus to bid adieu to a comfortable, almost a wealthy, and probably a refined home, and, leaving all its tender and heart-binding ties behind, seek an unknown one in a distant wilderness? Deep religious convictions, without doubt; self-denying, devoted, and chivalrous; the desire to enter into the glorious liberty of His service, unchallenged and unfettered by their fellow man; that only true service of perfect freedom, that thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things—even the love that never faileth!

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!"



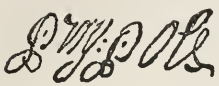
POLE IMPALING SHAPCOTE.

FROM A WINDOW IN SHUTE CHURCH.

Periam Pole (so called after his mother), third son of the antiquary, migrated to Ireland. "His last descendant, William Pole, Esq., of Ballyfinn, devised his estate to the Hon. William Wesley, brother to the Earl of Mornington, who has since taken the name and arms of Pole by Act of Parliament." His marriage is thus recorded in the Colyton Register:—

"*1618.—Peryam, son of Sir William Pole, knt., to Mrs. Dorothy Hippesley, of Stippleton, 1 Jany.*"

She was the daughter of "John Hippisley, Esq., of Camley, in the county of Somerset." He had a son named Periam; and from a letter dated Feb. 1661, superscribed, "*My Cos. Periam Pole's letter from Ireland*," and directed, "*For Sir Courtenay Pole, Barrownet, at ye Parliament house at Westminster, being a member of ye Honourable House of Comones, London; I pray with care, D.D.D.*"—we are enabled to append his autograph.



To the antiquary, as owner of Colcombe, succeeded his son John, who during his father's lifetime was knighted, and subsequently created a Baronet by Charles I., 12 Sep. 1628. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of his father's second wife, who was the widow of Roger How, of London, merchant. He died in 1658, and a very handsome tomb with their effigies—Sir John in full armour, with ruff; his lady in cap and fardingale—is in Colyton church; on it is this inscription beneath the figures:—

HIC JACET ELIZABETHA VXOR JOHIS POLE BARONETTI,
& VNICA ROG. HOW MERCATORIS LONDINENSIS FILIA,
OBIIT 16 DIE APRILIS 1628,
TRES FILIOS TOTIDEMQ. FILIAS VIVENTS RELIQVIT
DVOBVS INSVPER & FILIOS & FILIA DEFVNCTIS.

Above, on the canopy:—

Seu mater, seu nata fuit, seu nupta requiris,
Omnes et felix omnibu' vita fuit
Et natis pia mater erat, pia filia matri,
Sponsa virum redamans, et redamato viro
Hac unâ amissâ nobis tria damna sequuntur
His tribus amissis, perdidit illa nihil.

Quam rapit a Polo mors importuna caduco
Rursus ad æthereum transtulit illa Polum.

In Memoriam matris suæ posuit hoc
Guliel. Pole primo-genitus.

The effigies recline addorsed and raised on the elbow. The knight's armour is elaborately ornamented in relief, and he holds in his hand a book. The lady wears a point-lace collar, and supports a scull. The canopy and tomb are enriched with a profusion of emblematic devices, crests, and armorial bearings; Pole impaling How:—*Argent, a fess indented between three wolves' heads sable, langued gules.*

This affectionate son William, however, never lived to be the owner of Colcombe, although he was probably resident there when it was destroyed during the Civil war. He received the honour of knighthood, but died during his father's lifetime, and was buried at Colyton 20 Jan. 1647–8. He married Grace, daughter of Sir Thomas Trenchard. She predeceased him ten years, was buried at Charminster, and in that church is her monument with effigy of a lady kneeling, and this inscription :—

SIT SACRUM HONORATÆ MEMORIÆ, GRATIÆ
FILIÆ SECUNDO-GENITÆ THOMÆ TRENCHARD MILITIS
ET NUPER CHARISSIMÆ UXORIS GULIELM. POLE ARMIGERI,
FILII PRIMO-GENITI JOHANNIS POLE, BARONETTI,
CUJUS OSSA INTRA HOC MARMOREUM REQUIESCUNT,
DUM ANIMA BEATA IN CŒLIS TRIUMPHAT,
ET AMATA MEMORIA IN TERRIS REDOLET.
OBIIT, NULLA PROLE SUPERSTITE,
9 NO DIE FEBRUARII AN'O DOM. 1638.
DUO FILIOLI JOHANNES ET GULIELMUS
IMMATURA MORTE SURREPTI,
COLLITONII IN COMITATU DEVON SEPULTI.

The memorial to these little boys, and cenotaph to their mother, occurs as a plain wooden tablet, still remaining in Colyton church. Its touching inscription deserves record, as being doubtless the composition of this amiable man, who was himself called away at the early age of thirty-four.

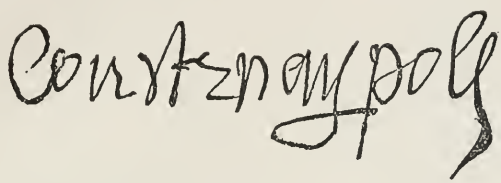
1639.
TO THE PIOUS AND BELOVED MEMORY OF MRS. GRACE POLE,
THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS TRENCHARD KNIGHT,
& LATE WIFE OF WM. POLE ESQR,
WHOSE BODY LIES INTERED IN THE CHURCH OF CHARMINSTER
IN THE COUNTY OF DORSET,
WHILE HER SOUL LIVES IN THE FELICITIES OF HEAVEN,
AND HER HONOURED MEMORY IN THE REGISTER OF FAME.

MEMORIÆ JOHANNIS ET GULIELMI FILIORUM
GULIELMI POLE ARMIGERI, ET GRATIÆ UXORIS EJUS.

HERE LIE TWO INFANTS WHOM THE ALMIGHTY SENT
AS BLESSINGS TO THEIR FRIENDS, BUT TO PREVENT
THEIR SIN, IN LOVE RECALL'D THEM BACK AGAIN
UNTO HIMSELF; THIS TABLET DOTH RETAIN
THEIR SPOTLESS MEMORIES, BENEATH THEIR DUST
RESTS TILL THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST.

Arms: Pole, *Azure, semée of fleurs-de-lys or, a lion rampant argent*, with crest and motto, impaling Trenchard—*Per pale, paly of six argent and sable, azure.* Crest: *a Demi-arm habited azure, the hand grasping a dagger.* Motto: NOSCE TEIPSUM. Their fine old seat is at Wolveton, near Dorchester.

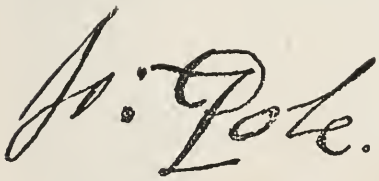
Following the first baronet, as the next inheritor of Colcombe—then a ruin—came his second son, Sir Courtenay Pole—a singularly felicitous name in connection with the old place, as it combined the names of its former and present possessors. This prefix he doubtless received from his aunt Mary, the seventh daughter of the antiquary, who was married to Francis Courtenay, Esq., second son of Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham. Sir Courtenay married Urith, daughter of



Thomas Shapcote, Esq., and died in 1695. Three fine stained-glass escutcheons in Shute church, placed there in 1673, memorialize this baronet; the first Pole impaling Shapcote; the second, the family shield numerously quartered; the third, Robarts impaling Pole. Penelope, second daughter of Sir Courtenay, married the Hon. Francis Robarts, second son of Lord Radnor. In the floor of the nave is her gravestone, the upper portion cut away. The following is the remnant of inscription remaining:—

> ——— THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF SR COVRTENAY POLE BARTT, THE WIFE OF THE HONOBLE FRANCIS ROBERTS OF LANVDRICK IN CORNWALL, ESQ. SHE DIED ——— IN THE LORD RADNORS HOVSE THE SECOND OF JVLY AND WAS INTERRED HEERE THE 31 DAY OF THE SAME MONETH 1680.

Sir Courtenay was succeeded by his son Sir John, who married Anne daughter of Sir William Morice, one of the Secretaries of State to Charles II. He died in 1707.



One more memory of the past owners of Colcombe remains to be told—pleasant and piquant—a bit of earthly romance of not altogether uncommon character, and happening in the stirring, intriguing days of Queen Anne, wherein we find (as it should be) the Court of Nature displaying stronger charms to her son than the artificial attractions that surround the earthly potentate.

The then possessor of these storied walls was Sir William, son of Sir John Pole, Bart., the fourth of that honour and also in descent from the antiquary. He sat for many years in the Parliaments of King William and Queen Anne, and in 1712 was chosen one of the knights of the shire for his native county. In 1714 he was constituted Master of the Household to her Majesty Queen Anne, "*of ever glorious memory.*"

Tradition speaks of him as having been one of the gallants of that era of rapier and ruffle; but although a prominent official of the Court, and busied in the atmosphere of Royalty itself, a rustic Hebe, the daughter of one of his tenants, carried away captive the courtier's hand and heart.

He died in 1741, and a very fine statue of white marble in full court dress, with the rod of office in his hand, and sculptured by Sir Henry Cheere at a cost of £300, was placed in Shute church to his memory by his executor, Sir John Trevelyan, Bart., of Nettlecombe, who had married his sister Urith.

A word here in recognition of the delightful, homely, redolent-of-country-flowers, and, of course, uncommon name, Urith—almost unchanged south-country Saxon, signifying a *wreath* or *garland*. How much better to associate the growing maiden's life with such pure allusion rather than the empty, pretentious, meaningless prefixes culled usually from penny romances and sickly questionable novels now so prevalent, with which modern mothers delight to distinguish their daughters, and generally in grotesque contrast to the characteristics of the child, mental and physical.

Colcombe still continues the inheritance of the Poles, and is now in the possession of Sir William Edmund Pole, the ninth baronet, of whose family an almost complete series of portraits, from the antiquary downward, is found in Shute House.

Our biographical details are concluded. Having looked well over the ruins and explored the dark recesses of the building in the rear, which was apparently the antient chapel, now tenanted by the inevitable cider hogsheads, we direct our steps into the orchard adjoining, and here the terraces and slopes are plainly traceable of the olden plesaunce garden, on one of the little grassy plateaux of which an immense number of the sweet-scented, pheasant-eye narcissus are in full blow—doubtless a relic of its former attractions, embalmed and perpetuated by the kindly hand of Nature, long after

"The glories of *our* birth and state"

have perished as a dream.

Here we enter on a large upland meadow called Well-Close, so termed from an antient well found in its centre, and intended probably to supply the mansion with pure water. The well itself consists of an arched recess in the side of the hill, about two hundred yards from the house; in front is an elliptic arch containing foliage and shields in the spandrels, with iron hooks by the side, where originally a door was placed. A fine spring of water rises inside, and flows down a channel in the meadow to the house below. Over the well there used to rise (alas! they are gone) a number of wild cherry trees, which formed with the old archway a very picturesque object during blossom-time.

From this acclivity by the old well a comprehensive and delightful view of the vale of Coly is obtained, and its merging into the valley of the Axe, which finally loses itself into the blue sea beyond—all within the picture. Immediately below is the antient town of Colyton, clustering

SIR WILLIAM POLE, Bart., A.D. 1741.

SHUTE CHURCH.

R.G., DEL.

around its unique church tower, within which is a famed peal of bells, here, when rung, heard to the greatest advantage. The largest of the ring is inscribed with the name of a late resident of Colcombe, a model English yeoman, and for near forty years the respected churchwarden of the parish—another pleasantly-recurring memory of the old place. It was recast during his term of office, in 1837, by the Messrs. Mears, of London, and is considered a very fine bell. Around the crown is placed this summary of its mission:—

SUM VITÆ MORTIS TEMPORIS ATQUE TUBA

I am the trumpet of life, death, and time. Its predecessor had, however, a still greater reputation, and was dated 1711, a year previous to the noble tenor of the Pilton peal, pronounced by Mr. Ellacombe to be the finest he had ever listened to. The Pilton bell was cast by Abraham Rudhall, of Gloucester, in 1712, and both it and the Colyton tenor are almost exactly alike in size and weight—four feet five inches and three-quarters in diameter, and rather over twenty-six hundredweight—the key, E flat, considered the most musical pitch for a peal. Tradition still lingers over the sonorous and searching tone of the old Colyton bell and the almost fabulous distance it could be heard. Strongly presumptive, if not actual evidence, points to the Gloucester founder as having been its fabricator also. Of its Pilton compeer we have a very pleasing remembrance of listening to the peal one sunny Sabbath May morning while walking to Braunton, and hearing the musical throb of its matchless tone follow nearly all the way, and long after its lesser companions had lapsed into silence—an incident that afterward resolved itself into this echo on

THE GREAT BELL OF PILTON.

Sweet bell, how grand this peaceful sabbath morn
  Thy full note pulses through the sunlit air,
As if from heaven's bright battlements 'twere borne,
  From angel hands, ringing the soul to prayer.
Type of eternal joy, each note so rare,
  Changeless in beauty, from exhaustless store
Speaks to the soul an earthly earnest fair
  Of those glad tones that swell for evermore.
The mist curls upward from the river's brim,
  And hides thy ærie with its silvery gloom,
Yet through the lurid fastness gleaming dim,
  Unchallenged comes thy deep melodious boom;
With sparkling round thy sister voices call,
Then die—love's sacrifice—to make thee all.

The short branch railroad to Seaton runs through the meadow below the ruins, and during the removal of the turf and soil in its construction, a massive plain gold ring was discovered just below the surface, inscribed within with the posy, "*I esteeme vertue more then gould.*" Apparently a gift or troth-plight ring rather than the charmed wedding circlet, the royal ore altogether unalloyed, and when lifted from its sylvan sepulchre, where it had rested perhaps three centuries,

was as bright and unstained as when it dropped unnoticed from the finger of its erstwhile possessor. Lost probably by some fair denizen of the Castle on a stroll through the pleasant meadows; missed, and doubtless with heart-aching repentance, albeit unsuccessfully again sought carefully with tears. Tender thoughts cluster around the relic with vain imaginings; the golden circle speaks not beyond the suggestive inscription; its possessor of *to-day* owns only one of life's

EMPTY SHELLS.

The shell forsaken on the sandy waste,
  Reft of the fairy life that once it bore,
Though doomed no freshening wave again to taste,
  Yet will sea-voices haunt it evermore;
So, empty shells with beauty's impress planned,
  Sheened o'er with pearl and roseate tincture meet,
Lie thickly strewn on Time's forgotten strand,
  'Gainst which the waves of Life eternal beat:
There, as a spectre in a desert land,
  Doth questing Memory her lost treasures seek,
And one by one she takes them in her hand,
  Lifts them with sense soul-searching to her cheek,
And as Love's deathless whisper thrills her ears,
She makes their lustre fadeless with her tears.

With the relation of this golden incident—a memorial of the palmier-dayed courtesies and amenities of Colcombe—our notice of the old house and its owners draws to a close, and, aptly allusive, the termination of our day's wandering seems likely to be fraught with as stormy a finish as that which in days of yore befell the once fair proportions of the ruined edifice before us; for the fierce warmth of the bright sunshine has changed into a sultry oppressive atmosphere, and the god of day, with a sort of angry glance, is retreating behind the opposite hill, enveloped in a kind of incandescent haze, the lurid glow from which penetrates the surrounding cloud-gloom, and exhibits the almost sure presage of a coming thunderstorm.

Bidding a hasty adieu to our host, we hurry away down the lane toward the quaint little town of Colyton, for the gathering darkness increases rapidly, while a large pile of clouds in the eastern horizon is anon at quick intervals suffused through with intense electric bursts. Quick, friend, to thy heels! for the large drops are whistling through the boughs overhead, and every one of them smites through to the skin. But halt!—we cannot outrun the wings of the storm, and forthwith we dart in under the friendly shelter of a hedgerow pollard, whose massive crown is well garnished with a number of thick foliaged boughs, and wait in dry security the termination of the elemental warfare. Two or three vivid flashes of lightning, succeeded by as many rattling peals of thunder, a smart skirmish of hail, subsiding into a steady parting shower, and we emerge from our place of refuge in peace.

And now our steps loiter, as the beautiful, sweet, reviving odour rises from the reeking landscape, filling the air with its pleasant freshness. The birds are all silent, but the faithful votive lyrist of eve

is in full tune at our feet. Happy insect, think we, as we muse awhile in quiet enjoyment, and string upon the thread of our thoughts these desultory rhymes on the almost envied destiny of

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Sing on, gay reveller, thy joyous lay,
For all are voiceless now; no song but thine
Bids welcome to the evening's chastened ray,
Nor hails the advent of her sway divine;
But thou her chosen chorister shalt be,
Deep hidden 'neath the close-wove hedgerow's shade,
To hymn her gentle praise incessantly
From every covert dell and o'ergrown glade.

The day is fled, the broad sunlight is gone—
His setting smile lurks in yon streak so pale—
And silently, unnoticed, one by one,
The golden points pierce through the azure veil;
The breeze is whispering through the bending corn,
Attuning a soft chorus to thy song;
I feel its freshness to my warm cheek borne,
Flushed now with thought's gay, ceaseless, roving throng.

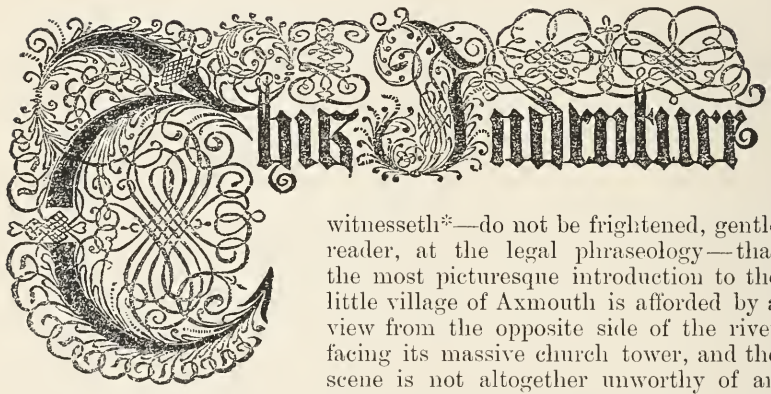
Who taught thee thus to sing, thou joyous one,
So merrily at this dark lonely hour?
Or art thou, now the busy day is done,
Singing thyself to sleep in some sweet flower?—
Deep mist-hung shadows fill the shady glen,
The weary leaves are bathed with dewy sheen,
The spider shakes them from his filmy den,
And hides again beneath his covert green.

That ceaseless song—a jocund heart is thine
That pours its spirit forth with constant glee,
When the pale glowworm's lamp doth glimmering shine,
And fays rejoice in festive revelry:
The timid hare steals from her sedgy seat,
And o'er the level mead is gambolling free;
The beetle hums away on pinion fleet,
Each wakened by thy song of liberty.

For all is calm—the storm hath passed away—
No trace is left to mark the blast's rude power;
The rain-drops shiver on the trembling spray,
And chase each other down the drooping flower;
The bird is slumbering in the tangled bush,
Leaving to thee the echo of his strain;
And far and wide, amid the deepening hush,
Thy clear "good night" is heard to ring again.

But night is come, and I must haste away,
Yet still thou singest on untiringly.
Where'er an unknown fate dooms me to stray,
When skies are dark, I'll strive to think on thee,
And catch the spirit of thy merry song;
Methinks I hear its cheerful accents still,
Faint on the night wind's sigh borne slow along,
Blended with murmuring trickle of the rill.

AXMOUTH AND BINDON.



witnesseth*—do not be frightened, gentle reader, at the legal phraseology—that the most picturesque introduction to the little village of Axmouth is afforded by a view from the opposite side of the river facing its massive church tower, and the scene is not altogether unworthy of an artist's study. The tide is now in; and the river, amplified in size for a long distance, has the appearance of an inland lake, and is still and glassy as a mirror. On our left, a pair of graceful dazzling white swans are leisurely sailing across; on the right, a large boat full of gaily-dressed holiday folks is slowly drifting up the mid stream, the boatmen leisurely resting on their oars. Before us is Axmouth village. A wall or jetty runs out into the water; beside it two or three boats are moored, and behind them, at right angles from the river, stretches away the broad open village street, skirted with various-shaped cottages, the swing sign of the village inn, and a few trees. On the right, apparently on a slight rising ground, and close to the street, rises the really handsome church tower, which is vividly reflected again in the river at its foot, while behind the whole, rampart-crowned, rises the grand hill of Hochsdun, forming a massive background. A group of children are at play on the opposite marge; a stray villager or two are moving about the street; and a heavily-laden timber carriage, drawn by a long string of horses, is creeping steadily along the road leading to the harbour that runs along the other shore of the river.

* Fac-simile of heading of parish apprentice indenture dated 1714.

This, to the best of our recollection, was the appearance of Axmouth village on a beautiful warm afternoon in early September, as we stepped into our friend's boat and gently ferried ourselves across.

On the opposite shore—and we land from our little craft close by the group of children, who cease their play to look at the strangers. Just six of them are they altogether; one, a young strong girl ten summers old, carrying a great curly-pated boy almost as big as herself, whom she was trying to soothe of his fears at our appearance—a dislike he took no pains to conceal, and would not be comforted, as he clasped his sister tightly round the neck, anon turning his head to catch a furtive glance of us, and then burying his face under the curtain of her white tilt bonnet; a second, younger, sat down on the shingle with her arm thrown over the neck of a small wiry-haired terrier, whose erect ears, sparkling eyes, and ruffled coat, betokened him as suspiciously inclined as his baby playmate; and three boys, the elder of whom had the object of their amusement dangling by his side—an impromptu ship fashioned of a long piece of wood, with a regiment of stiff feathers stuck in it for masts and sails, which he sailed over the shallow tide secured by a long piece of pack-thread for a cable, to insure the safe return of the errant craft back to land again, a piece of nautical venture that evidently awakened the greatest admiration in his companions.

"Well, my little maid," said we, addressing the young nurse, "do you know who keeps the key of the church?"

"'Iss, sir."

"Well, if I give you this," shewing her the larger of our current bronze medallions, "will you go and ask them to let us inside?"

"'Iss, sir—please, sir," said she, holding out one hand for the coin, letting her great child-burthen slide down on his feet with the other, and making a curtsey all in one movement, while at the same instant they all trotted away, the dog busily barking in front, and the ship owner and his companions bringing up the rear.

Axmouth, from its appearance, like most settlements on the estuaries of rivers, bespeaks its being a place of great antiquity—a surmise further confirmed by an inspection of its church, which, thanks to the intelligence and nimbleness of our little messenger, we enter by the western door in the tower. The arcade separating the south aisle from the nave immediately arrests the attention, with its massive circular pillars, characteristic capitals, and pointed arches above; carrying the mind back to the dawn of that beautiful style, then slowly superseding the Norman, and which reigned so triumphantly for nearly three centuries. A glance into what was once the north porch —now used as a vestry—and a turn of the head reveals to us a fine Norman arch, richly moulded and in comparatively excellent preservation. The south aisle, although very late in style—narrow, with a lean-to roof—has a very curious feature; its builders, presumably, threw heavy circular arches connecting the pillars of the arcade to the outer wall, for what purpose seems puzzling, unless they be, which appears scarcely probable, the remains of work of much earlier date. Some portions of its open oak roof and ornaments look as fresh and

clean as if they had just left the carver's hand, and remains of wall painting, still bright, exist under the dense coats of whitewash.

We proceed up to the chancel, and note on the north side of the communion table the early effigy of a priest lying under a cusped and pierced canopy. Beneath almost innumerable layers of whitewash (which of late have been partially removed) is his proportions in Purbeck marble. He wears chasuble, alb, and stole, is tonsured, the hands placidly crossed upon the breast, and with maniple on the arm. His head reclines on a square cushion, and his feet rest on a dog. He was probably one of the early vicars of Axmouth—a monk, possibly, from the Priory of Loders, near Bridport, in which house, as a cell of the abbey of Montbourg, in Normandy, the patronage of the living was vested; and we find the Priors sometimes inducted themselves, preferring the pleasanter sphere of the country priest's vocation to the austerities and gloom of conventual life. A curious legend is attached to this figure, and that is, he left a certain piece of ground called "Dog-acre Orchard" (and still known in the parish by that name) for charitable purposes, as an indemnity for having a favourite dog buried at his feet; the legend further affirming that the animal on which the priest's feet repose is the semblance of that faithful creature. Whether such was ever the case we know not; but with regard to the dog at this effigy's feet, that animal was generally chosen for the priest in this particular as an emblem of fidelity. The tomb beneath this figure was opened and examined some years since, when a skeleton was discovered; the feet were encased in leather boots laced up in front, and which remained very perfect, but no bones of a dog were visible. We pass out into a small side chapel, probably erected as a mortuary one by some late members of the family possessing Bindon. On the floor are a large number of flat stones inscribed to the antient dwellers in Axmouth: one to Hercules Pyne, a barrister of the Inner Temple, admitted 1566, with the allusive armory of *three pine cones;* many to the family of Mallock, now of Cockington in South Devon, who long held possessions in the parish, some exhibiting their escutcheons deeply cut on the stone, with the arm and hand grasping the significant *mallet* as a crest; Seaward, to a former vicar the Rev. Edward Rowe, 1706, "*his onely wife,*" and "*their first borne son;*" and another, dated 1658, but almost obliterated, tells us that below is laid at rest Elizabeth Wright, *piissimæ matronæ*—woman's most coveted and dignified appellation, and before whose loving and sanctified title all other honours sink to insignificance.

After leaving the church, our way takes us up the village street, and we admire the fine clear stream of water that flows through it, similar to one that runs through the opposite village of Beer; and as we arrive at its upper extremity, where our path turns off to the right, we halt for a time to examine an old oriel, flanked by a tall well-shouldered chimney springing from the ground, and built of alternate courses of white freestone and of black flint, squared and worked to an ornamental pattern between. This was a favourite method of design employed by the old architects of our country homes in the century ranging between 1550 and 1650. Occasionally the black flint

squares were chequered with white cubes and became "dice-work" as it was locally termed. Very picturesque are these substantial old chimnies, standing high above the thatched eaves; and how they have withstood the buffets of time compared with our modern brick shells, that are continually falling to pieces and being rebuilt. Secure and fire-proof also, rising like towers; the fire-hearth below, the size of a small room, with the great oak clavel-piece and comfortable chimney corners. On one of its upper faces was usually inscribed the initials of the original owner and builder and date of its erection, together with, occasionally, as in the example before us, the emblem of his worldly employment, and a motto. On this we find—

A G E W G
GOD GIVETH ALL
1570

and below a symbol, apparently intended for a merchant's mark. On the south face is a sun-dial.

These initials are probably those of Anthony Giffard, a scion of the Halsbury stock, of North Devon, who married Elizabeth, one of the four daughters and coheiresses of Roger Wyke, the last of that name who was possessor of Bindon, and whose portion of the manor was acquired by Erle.

The old merchant, when he built his residence anew, was not disposed to be ashamed of his trade, nor to disown the pious sentiment set above "of Whom come both riches and honour," as well as a righteous reminder to the wayfarer's eye passing along the street. Where do we find examples of such instructive and warning remembrance set up now on chimney, cornice, or mantel of our modern houses? To be ashamed and hide alike our vocation and religious sentiment seems to be the unreal effort of the present day, and an object of the greatest solicitude in our grotesque strivings after fashion and gentility, the longings for a "pedigree," and the honours of a "descent," supplemented by the assumption of a "coat of arms," all furnished to order by some advertising die-sinker or quack herald. Our old country mansions were crowded generally with the pictured stories of Holy Writ, set forth in the carved panel of bedstead, cup or table-board, or cunningly-worked tapestry, while texts culled from the sacred volume displayed themselves on cornice, mantel, porch, or chimney; and can we doubt but that these solemn reminders of our holy faith, that thus met the dweller's eye so continually, must have exercised a wholesomely encouraging or restraining influence on his character and movements. Soon after the Reformation, it was ordered that appropriate texts of scripture should be "set up" or displayed on the walls of our parish churches, and examples of this excellent practice may yet be seen in those still free from the restorations of modern days. From the church it spread to the home of the worshipper, as we find exemplified in many of the old houses of a contemporary date left remaining. The chimney before us exhibits it, and there is a notable example on the cornice of an upper room in an

old farm house at Hampton, Shute. Listen to the old moralist, who chose the following weighty axioms to meet his fresh-wakened eyes morning by morning, and remind him of life's golden mean in his daily round :—

KEPE BAKE THIE TONGVE AT MEATE AND MEALE.

HEE THAT STOPPETH HIS EARE AT THE CRYENGE OF THE PORE,
HE SHAL ALSO CRIE AND NOT BE HARDE.*

Another was discovered recently over the fire-place of a bed chamber in an antient house at Colyton, formerly the residence of a family named Vye. There the words are—

WHO SO FEARETH THE LORD SHAL PROSPERE,
AND IN THE DAIE OF HIS ENDE HE SHAL BE BLESSED. †
E.V.—M.V.—1610.

On a piece of old paneling, still preserved in Colyton church, originally part of the Poor-Box, with slits for coin to be dropped through, is the following :—

This is the chest for ye poure, and he that hath pitie
upon them lendeth unto the Lorde. Prv' 19.

Fragments of similar examples are found in the neighbourhood, but they are being gradually destroyed as the old houses are repaired or rebuilt. Even from our modern churches, too, the practice has disappeared, except in very few instances, and the "godly scripture," that manly and plain reminder that all who run may read, has given place to tortuous mysticisms and obscure symbolism, too often the truthful emblems of the visionary views of faith inculcated therein.

"How all things glow with life and thought
Where'er our faithful fathers trod!
The very ground with speech is fraught,
The air is eloquent with God."

But not only thus in the erection of their homes did these old fathers of our race display on their dwellings and household stuff such apt allusions to their faith—they inscribed them also on mug and platter, the humble delft and pewter, or more costly silver, and engrafted their sacred imageries and stories on the valuable ornaments that adorned their persons. Specially was the old time-keeper of the household made the wholesome mentor of those who gazed on it from day to day, of the brevity of this mortal span, the necessity of improving the shining hour, and the irrevocable doom of each as their passing knell was struck by the splendid "ear-piercing" bell. Either it was the figure of old Time measuredly mowing the seconds down with ceaseless stroke, or a ship in full sail, picturing with its gentle noiseless swing the imperceptible but surely hastening voyage of life, or anon the

* Proverbs xxi. 13. † Ecclesiasticus i. 13.

representation of our first parents with the serpent continually coiling between them, bidding the gazer take heed and beware of the perpetual temptations that infest his daily path. To these were sometimes added a trite motto to enforce the symbolled lesson; and we well remember an occasion where such a reminder from an old clock face was ineffaceably printed on our memory, when the dreaded loss of a few seconds—happily averted—might have been the cause of a result no after-effort could probably have retrieved: a life-long lesson. The words were

"CARPE DIEM."

Adjourneying once, my footsteps winged with haste,
I sought an old apothecary's store;
"Thy need," said he, "I quick supply, nor waste
The passing moment that comes never more."
His lips scarce closed, another voice replied—
Spake a past hour in sweet and searching tone;
Too late! thought whispered, as my glance descried
The words on that relentless face there shewn,
Like Argus eyes that looketh every way
Between two moving wrinkles long and lithe;
And on his brow, swinging with silent sway,
Time, as an imagery, plied his scythe.
From vanished hours oft rings with echoing shock
The "*Carpe diem*" of that wizard clock.

Another custom, too (now disused, alas!) was surpassingly beautiful. When the old bridegroom of three centuries since, in doublet and trunk hose, *pique-devant* beard and ruff, wedded his modest and pretty bride, grandly arrayed in lace cap and stomacher, brocaded kirtle and farthingale, and placed on her trembling finger the massive circlet of gold that tokened their two hearts made that day one—there, within its charmèd zone, hidden from the glance of all intruding eyes, was the devout or loving "posy" cunningly engraved, that had ever allusion to the eternity and holiness of the compact and its Founder. How many of these olden troth-plights are treasured in families now as heir-looms, with their quaint old godly couplets. Here is an example or two from some preserved in the neighbourhood:—

In Christ and thee my joye shall bee.

Fulfilled have we God's decree.

God did foresee we should agree.

Within my breast thy heart doth rest.

Even up to our grandmother's time almost this beautiful custom lingered on, but modern "enlightenment" has eschewed it, and correspondingly reduced the grand proportions of these olden golden hoops, which were worthy alike of the occasion and its object, to the slender circlets of to-day's use, whose attenuated dimensions preclude the possibility of receiving the posy if wished, and often wear out and require renewal if the good housewife be a busy mistress of many years standing.

A long digression, you will say, gentle reader. Undoubtedly so, we reply; but the subject was inviting, thus looking under the tinsel of our modern notions of things, and gossiping awhile on the circumstances of the old chimney's inscription.

We pursue our way, but not being exactly certain of our proper route, we lift the latch of a cottage door to get information, and immediately are confronted with a venerable dame some seventy summers off, in a frilled night-cap, with a large pair of circular brass goggles athwart her nose, and in the tremulous treble of age she minutely affords us the requisite particulars, assuring us that "'tis a good stap out there, tho' she didden think much o' it once; but, there! can't expect two vorenoons in one day;" and so thanking our venerable informant, we again proceed, following the course of the little brook by the road-side, which seems a sort of paradise for the village ducks that swarm along its rippling precincts, and—strange difference of feathered destiny—overhead a bevy of those dusky roysterers of the sky are in full flight, anon sweeping round the old gables and chimnies, and then soaring far away in the bright ether. A feeling very akin to envy intrudes upon the mind as we watch them, and we promptly decide, if wings could be obtained by the asking, of all the fowls that fly, the pair we should desire to possess would be such as those owned by

THE SWIFT.

Bird of the lightning born,
  Heaven's dominion,
Seems, in thy rushing scorn,
  Formed for thy pinion.

Wings like a scimitar,
  Cleaving the light,
Scarce the skies' limit far
  Bounds thy bold flight.

Fearless thy way is led,
  Nothing deterring,
As from a strong hand sped,
  Arrow unerring.

Now gliding on so fleet,
  Rapidly nearing;
Now with far twinkling beat,
  Upward careering;

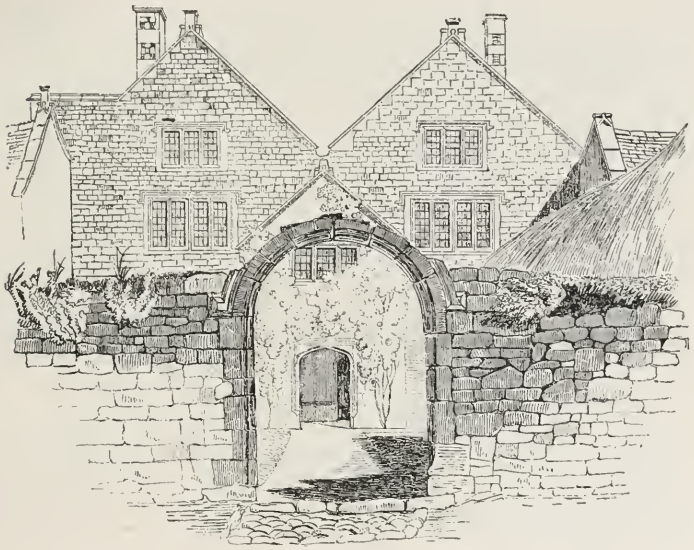
Now with impulsive dash,
  Wheeling and curving;
Now like the lightning flash,
  Instantly swerving.

Power in that wing so rare,
  Is with grace wed,
Reft of which, Beauty were
  E'en herself dead.

Gentle and strong, O bird,
  Eagle-like dove,
Thee, to its far depths stirred,
  Doth my heart love.

Continuing our way, we halt for a moment to look at Steps House, a long old building standing picturesquely on the side of the hill, once a residence of importance, but now converted into a row of cottages and all its olden architectural features obliterated. From this we wind slowly up the Combe, passing a venerable farm-house or two on our left by the way, and then, turning into a gateway on our right, the path leads us to Bindon, the old manor house of the parish.

Singularly interesting to the visitor is this antient domicile of Bindon, a good representative of the numerous residences erected during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the parochial squires of our county. Though somewhat dilapidated, the venerable hand of



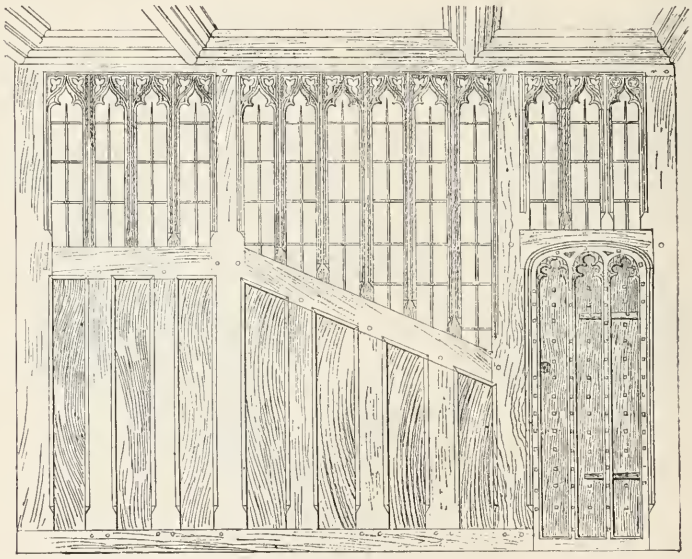
BINDON.

Time has dealt tenderly with it, and it still displays a green old age, "frosty, but kindly." Of the usual semi-quadrangular form, the left wing exhibits a good elliptic arched doorway, and the adjoining main gateway an equally fine circular one, shewing the well-known amalgam of the expiring Gothic and its advancing rival the pseudo-classic. Effective gables, numerous strong stone-mullioned windows, and compact masonry, conspire to give the appearance of stability and picturesque outline to this old seat of the Wykes and Erles. An invitation from the courteous proprietor to look inside is offered and appreciated. The old building (which appears to have been founded by the Wykes and enlarged by the Erles) is composed of a large number of rooms, stairways, and

"Passages that lead to nothing."

But one special feature is left—almost unique in its way in this neighbourhood—and that is the chapel or oratory upstairs, and which we take to be the one that Roger Wyke obtained license from Bishop Edmund Lacy on the 16th July, 1425, to "have a chapel within his Manor House of Bindon, in the Parish of Axmouth," as is stated in that prelate's register.

Having advanced up the main stairway to the first floor, on the left is a massive oak screen, close at the base, and with longitudinal trefoil-headed open compartments over. At one end of this, in a pointed



SCREEN AND DOORWAY OF ORATORY.*

arch, a door with a carved traceried head opens to the apartment within. Facing the doorway, in the centre of the opposite wall, is a late window with ramified head, now plastered up, but which was originally filled with stained glass. In the eastern jamb of this window, about six feet from the floor, is a large niche richly canopied with tabernacle work; but no patron saint remains, nor can we recover to whom the chapel was dedicated. Below the niche is a small piscina with foliated enrichments. There are no remains of an altar (or *prie dieu*), but its place was probably against the east wall, as the window fronts the south. On the seat of another window near we observed three carved stone shields *à bouche*, discovered during some repairs,

* From drawings by E. Ashworth, Esq.

which exhibit the coat-armour of the Wykes:—*A chevron ermine, between three birds (barnacle geese)*, and Wyke impaling Hody—*a fesse indented within, between two barrulets, a mullet for difference*, and Hody impaling Wyke.

An old and very deep well is found in the adjoining courtyard, from which the water is drawn by the aid of a large wheel; and on an eminence just above the house is the old manorial barn, a large structure of careful race masonry, with long crenelated openings. Tradition speaks of a small massive building that once existed at the rear of the house, and which was employed as a cell or jail for refractory parishioners or other offenders; but we do not learn the lords of the manor were invested with any peculiar legal jurisdiction, and the legend is probably a myth.

"Bindon," says Pole, "was sometyme the dwellinge of Nicholas Bach, and by him sold in King Henry IV tyme unto Roger Wike a younger sonne out of the house of Cocktree (in North Tawton) it contynewed in yt famyly divers discents, and the last of them Richard Wike left it unto his fowre daughters, Elizabeth wief of Antony Giffard,—Alis wief of Hugh Barry,—wief of Mark Hays, and Mary, wief of Walter Erle which bought Giffard's part."

This Roger Wyke, the first of that name, owner of Bindon, was the second son of William Wyke, of Cocktree. It is probable he was buried in the parish church of Trent, Somerset, in which parish he held a third part of the manor by right of his wife Joan, daughter and heiress of Thomas Chasteleyn, of Dinnington, by his wife Emma, daughter of John de Cantelo, of Chilton-Cantelo.

An interesting domestic circumstance is left on record concerning this early mistress of Bindon. In 36 Edward III. this lady made proof of her age to be put in possession of her property, and the jurors found that she was of full age and her mother's heir, that she was born at Dinnington and baptized in the church of St. Nicholas there. One of the witnesses states that "he well remembers on the day of the baptism of the said Joan going with Thomas Chasteleyn her father to Donyat Park, and killing two deer there with bows and arrows, and that the said Thomas Chasteleyn gave him the skin of one of the deer to make a waistcoat in remembrance of his daughter's age." So these little homely incidents survive and crop up like daisies, lighting the waste of time, when many a larger and more important circumstance is forgotten for ever. Joan Wyke survived her first husband and married secondly John Manyngford, or Modyford, of an adjoining parish to Trent, a name now debased to the later English of Mudford.

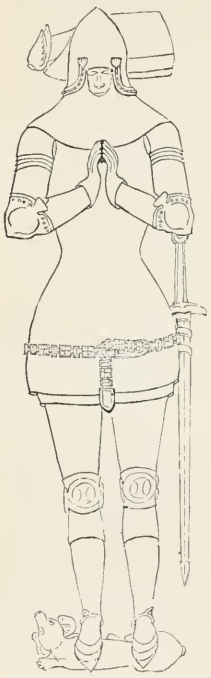
The presumed effigy of her husband, Roger Wyke, is found in Trent church. He is clad in bascinet, camail, surcoat, arms and legs in plate armour, rich baudric, and sword. The feet rest on a dog, and the head reclines on a tilting helmet, on which, for a crest, is the body of a large bird with wings closed (barnacle goose)—the head is destroyed. The costume and appointments of the armour refer to late in the fourteenth or early in the fifteenth century.

To Roger succeeded his son John, whose son John married Joan, sister and heiress of Robert Cammyl, of Shapwick and also of Char-

borough, Dorset, who brought that property to her husband; and their son Richard, styled both of Bindon and Charborough, who married a daughter of Somaster, was the father of the four distaffs.

But of these four fair daughters, Mary seems to have been the most favoured, and destined to be the future mistress of Bindon. Let us see how this came about.

During the interval that existed at Colcombe Castle, Colyton, the antient seat of the Courtenays, between the beheading of its unfortunate possessor, the Marquis of Exeter, by his cousin Henry VIII., and until it was restored to the three heiresses of that distinguished family by Queen Mary, and by them sold to the antiquary, Sir W. Pole, who made it his residence, the mansion appears to have been occupied by various persons, and among them, in the year 1549, by a gentleman of good lineage, Walter Erle by name, who had probably migrated from the adjoining county of Somerset, and came and dwelled therein.



Effigy in Trent Church

Presumably he was a bachelor, and also identified with the neighbourhood, having by grant or purchase acquired the manor of Axmouth of the Crown. This property was within sight of Colcombe, looking down the beautiful valley of the Coly toward the blue sea, just on the nearer side of Haven Cliff. But there were other attractions in the distance also. Under the shadow of the rampart-crowned Hochsdun runs up the little valley or combe, as it is called, of Axmouth; and high up at its further extremity, among the foliage, a grey dot shewed Bindon, the habitation of Richard Wyke, a gentleman of estate, not only owning considerable property in lands around, but large possessions also in the neighbouring county of Dorset.

The owner of Bindon had no son to carry on his name and lineage, but four daughters were born unto him, joint heiresses to his ample estate. Doubtless, Mr. Erle was not an unwelcome visitor beneath squire Wyke's roof, the end thereof being that one of this quaternion of distaffs, Mary by name, had smitten the heart of the resident at Colcombe. Let the Colyton church Register complete the love story by telling us: "*22 October, 1549;—Walter Erle of Colcombe, gentleman was wedded to Mary Weeke one of the daughters and heyre of ——— Weeke, of Bindon.*" Whence came the bridegroom? "The Erles," says Hutchins, "were a very antient and knightly family. The first occurs 35 Henry III. (1251)—Henry de Erle, lord of Newton, co. Somerset; they were afterwards styled of North-Petherton, and seem afterwards to have removed to Culhampton (Colyton), c. Devon.

They held the manor of Parva-Somerton, or *Somerton-Erleigh*, temp. Edward II., by grand sergeantry of being the King's Chamberlain; and 45 Edward III. (1372), by service of pouring water on the King's hands on Easter or Christmas day."

Such was the coming of Walter Erle, and it appears that, following the antecedents of his family, himself had been attached to several Courts, and was Groom of the Privy Chamber to Edward VI. "Axmouth," says Pole, "belonged to the Abbey of Syon. And after the surrender and suppression of religious howses, by King Henry 8, Walter Erle, who had been servant to King Edward 6,—Queene Mary, and Queene Elizabeth, did purchase this manor, and Sr Walter his grandsonne by his sonne Thomas, ys nowe Lord thereof." During his residence at Colcombe, three of his children were born—Honor in 1555, John in 1556, and Bridget in 1558. There were two others—Thomas, who succeeded him, and Mary. He died in 1581, and was buried at East Morden.

Thomas, his son, "harked back" to the valley of the Coly for a wife, and according to the Shute Register, "*Thomas Earle of Byndon Axmouth was married to Dorothy daughter of ye Right Woell William Pole of Shute, 24 Decr, 1581*"—sister to the antiquary. By her he had six children—Walter, his heir; Christopher, of Sturminster-Marshall, sometime M.P. and Recorder of Lyme-Regis, who died in 1634; Elizabeth, married to Sir Richard Strode, of Newenham, near Plympton, as his second wife; John, Thomas, and Dorothy, who died young.

"In East-Morden church," says Hutchins, "under the east window of the chancel, is a monument of free stone, having under a circular pediment the figure of a gentleman in complete armour, kneeling on one knee, his hands erected. Behind him are two youths and a young lady between them in the dress of that age. On the wall, in two compartments, are two brass plates with the following inscription in Roman capitals:—

HERE LIETHE BURIED THE BODYE OF
THOMAS EARLE THE SONE OF WALTAR EARLE
WHOE DEPARTED THE 16 DAYE OF MARCHE
IN THE YEARE OF OVR LORD GOD 1597.

HIS SONES WERE 4 HIS DAVGHTERS 2
OF WHOME JOHN THOMAS DORITHE AR DESECID
AND REMAYNETH NOW LEVYNGE WALTAR CHRYSTOPHER AND ELIZABETH.

Near this on the south side of the chancel is an altar tomb, on which are several blank escutcheons, but no inscription. Tradition says it was for Thomas Erle before mentioned."

Since Hutchins made his notes the church has been re-built, the monuments dismantled, and the altar tomb has entirely disappeared. The kneeling effigy and the three children are placed on separate pedestals before the piers of the tower arch, and in front the brass plates are inserted. The kneeling knight is a figure of immense size, very disproportionate, and uncouthly sculptured. The legs and some other portions appear to have been recently restored.

Sir Walter, his son, was knighted by James I. at Thetford on 4 May, 1616, represented Lyme-Regis in Parliament in 1628 and 1640, and was one of the managers in 1641 against the Earl of Strafford at his trial. He was a zealous and stirring military commander in the service of the Parliament, whose cause he warmly espoused; and his warlike exploits at the siege of Lyme-Regis, and as the "old Sir Watt" of the *Mercurius Rusticus* at the memorable siege of Corfe-Castle, when it was so bravely defended by Lady Bankes, may be read on the pages of contemporary historians. He was appointed Governor of Dorchester. Equally energetic as an engineer at home, he carried out

THOMAS ERLE, 1597. EAST MORDEN CHURCH.

the work his father had begun in his endeavour to construct a harbour —unsuccessfully, as it turned out—at the mouth of the Axe. See further concerning the martial doings of this sturdy knight in our description of Colcombe.

"It should appear," says Pole, "that in auncient tymes, that their bine an haven and shelter for shippes in this place, for besides that it is a fayre bay, defended with high hilles on both sides, Seaton reacheth home unto this mouth of Ax, and ancors and other relicts of shippinge, hath bin found a good space higher upp in the land, and tradition holdeth yeat the memorie thereof. At this place the river of Ax unladeth his waters into the sea. And it appeareth that heere hath bine a haven, by old woorks and piles, which have appeared by the endevors of Thomas Erle, Esq. to have made a haven theire, and Sr Walter his sonne, which continued his father's labors and cost; but it fayled, and their labors and charges were lost."

To which Risdon continues, "in this place divers works have been attempted, for the repairing of the old decayed haven; but of late years with better success than formerly, by Thomas Erle, Esq., lord of the land, who, when he had brought the same to some likelihood, was taken away by death, leaving his labours to the unruly ocean, which together with unkind neighbours (by carrying away the stones of that work) made a great ruin of the attempt. But now the lord thereof his son hath not only repaired the first ruins, but proceedeth on with purpose to bring to pass that which before him his father intended, as well for the general good of the kingdom as particularly for these parts."

"*Proceedeth on with purpose.*" What a strength and determination this phrase of the old historian conveys, and how well it beseems the character of the stern and sturdy Puritan to whom he applies it. Who can measure the greatness of success this quality has been the parent of? Does not its root reside in the Preacher's words, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"?

"Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
That bloom their hour and fade."

Nature had set *her* purpose before the old engineer by throwing up that "mighty barre and rygge of pible stones," reclaiming from the embrace of Neptune the smiling valley of the Axe, where erstwhile his salt waves had surged up many a mile, but now leaving only the very "smaul gut" for Master Erle to exercise *his* purpose on, and by careful stratagem once more invite the briny-locked giant, with mild and gentle advance, to come within and help him.

Sir Walter married Anne, the daughter and heir of Francis Dymock, of Erdington, Warwick, by whom he had three children—Thomas, his son and heir; and two daughters—Honor, married to John Giffard, of Brightley, North Devon, and Anne, to Norton, of Hants. His wife died in 1653, and was buried at Axmouth, where, in the Bindon chantry, is a large heavy classic monument bearing this quaint inscription:—

HERE LYE THE BODYES OF
DAME ANNE ERLE, WIFE OF SIR WALTER ERLE,
AND OF THOMAS THEIR ONLY SONNE AND HEIRE;
TWO RARE PATTERNS, THE ONE FOR HER PIETIE,
THE OTHER FOR HIS WISDOME AND ABYLITYES;
SHE WAS HEIRE TO FRANCIS DYMMOCK OF ERDINGTON,
IN THE COUNTY OF WARWICK, ESQVIRE;
THE SONNE DYED JVNE THE 1ST, 1650;
THE MOTHER THE 26TH OF JANV'RY, 1653.

Sir Walter appears to have died at his other seat of Charborough, near Poole, and was buried in the adjoining church of East Morden in 1665.

Thomas, his son, married Susannah, fourth daughter of Viscount Saye and Sele. He left two sons—Thomas; Walter, married to Ann, daughter of Thomas Trenchard; and two daughters. He predeceased his father, dying in 1650, was buried at Axmouth, and is commemorated with his mother on the monument there.

Thomas Erle, Esq., married Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir William Wyndham, Bart., of Orchard-Wyndham, Somerset, and left an only daughter and heir (who died in 1728), married to Sir Edward Erneley, of Maddington, Wilts, Bart. Mr. Erle commanded in Ireland and Flanders, in the wars of King William and Queen Anne; in 1714 he was made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, Governor of Portsmouth and Southsea Castle; and in 1716, General of Foot, and was Privy Counsellor to Queen Anne and George I.

He was buried in the church of Charborough, a very small and antient edifice.

"On a large blue stone," says Hutchins, "is inscribed *Ostium Sepulchri*, which is the entrance into a vault made by General Erle, in which he, his lady, Sir Edward Erneley and lady, Henry Drax Esq and his lady, and others of those families are interred. On enlarging this vault in 1752, were found (two feet under the floor) 22 pots of a reddish earth, 11 inches by 9, like butter pots, all empty. They are supposed to have been deposited here in the civil wars, by Sir Walter Erle, to conceal his money, plate, and valuables. Under these pots were found the bones of eleven skeletons. The public papers mentioned 19 jars full of gold coin, and one half full of medals, which was not true."

It is curious there should have been exactly 22 pots and 11 skeletons; probably the discovery of a Roman or British burial place. General Erle died in 1720, and the Bindon estate descended to Henry Drax, who had married his granddaughter, Elizabeth Erneley, whose representatives afterward alienated it to other hands.

Thus endeth the history of the olden possessors of Bindon, and as our onward footsteps leave the old manse behind, their memories seem to melt again into the mists of Time as their venerable house itself is lost in the grey distance.

Our path now leads us through a fine level meadow on the plateau of the hill, at present tenanted with a numerous flock of handsome horned sheep; and from thence across an arable field or two of goodly dimensions which slope gently down toward the sea, whose smiling expanse is now in full sight. But where is the landslip? for no indication of it is visible, although we are certain we must be close on its locality. While we are walking and wondering, all at once the ground falls a little more rapidly, and before we have time to express our surprise, we find ourselves breathless and shuddering on the brink of a precipice some two hundred feet deep—sheer down—and the vast chasm of the landslip is before us.

Strikingly wonderful is this first view of the great, deep, white, jagged curvilinear crater, broken and serrated on either side into beetling recesses and jutting promontories; while at the bottom a comparatively broad level portion, which fell back from the receding mass, runs along between the cliff-like edges of the rent, slightly undulating, with here and there huge sugar-loaf shaped portions thrust up through the surface to considerable altitude, while at their base between, clusters of scrub and brushwood are growing, and above, the luxurious wild ivy clambering. In front is the bulk of the landslip proper, some hundred and fifty acres in extent, which leans off detached from the main land toward the sea, traversed and seamed by numerous gaping fissures and abruptly-broken surfaces.

On the left, or Dowlands side, the chasm widens and the ground slopes gradually toward the sea, but torn and divided into huge boulders and *débris*; the tall, white, craggy cliffs over are here very fine, and beneath them, for a considerable distance onward, there are indications of lesser landslips or disruptions of the cliffs having taken place in former years, but comparatively handfuls in bulk to the one we are now contemplating. On our right, the jaws of the vast crevice narrows abruptly, and tall pinnacles of white rock shoot up at intervals, with great picturesque effect. The whole scene forms a wondrous panorama of wild grandeur—this great battle-field of Nature—where, leagued with his sparkling Nereids, the powerfully insidious hand of Neptune has undermined and sought to possess himself of the spoils of Titan. The visitor accustomed to the more smiling and peaceful aspects of Nature would do well to witness this scene of energy and desolation; it will not be easily forgotten.

Having gazed with a kind of unsatisfied pleasure and wonder on the tumultuously-incidented scene below, we seat ourselves down awhile on a most inviting green hillock just at our rear, while our eyes seek repose for a season on the calm and shining ocean laid out in vast amplitude before us, bounded on the one side by the receding range of South Devon cliff-land, on the other by the long wedge-shaped promontory of Portland, with, on our left and nearly in the centre of the bay, the kingly form of

THE GOLDEN-CAP.

Shaped like th'eternal pyramid that stands
  Above the desert's limitless expanse,
Upreared, great Golden-Cap, by Nature's hands,
  Thou lookest o'er the boundless tide's advance;
The restless waves crowd on with ceaseless curve,
  And prostrate spread their strength around thy feet;
The fierce west wind his raging course doth swerve,
  As round thy brow his mighty pinions beat;
Or 'neath the calm smile of serener skies
  The rest of grandeur clothes thee as a spell;
Loved of the sun, with first kiss of his rise,
  And lingering blush that glows his last farewell;
Or when night's shadows on thy broad skirts lie,
And gathering star-points gleam thy crown on high.

We descend to the interior of the chasm—this raid into the bowels of the earth, as it were. The great immensity of this stupendous piece of Nature's engineering bursts at once upon the sight, and the puny works of man seem comparatively like dust upon the balance. Endless picturesque combinations charm the eye, especially toward the western termination of the chasm, and the towering altitude of its cliff-like sides gives the scene a grand and almost awful import; while the roughened surfaces, although somewhat worn and denuded of their original ruggedness, are still very wild and imposing, We thread our way carefully along over the huge ledges and by the boulder-shaped masses—the *disjecta membra* of the wonderful convulsion—catching sight occasionally of a small pair of long ears poised erect for a moment, and then a small grey body, followed by a second or third companion that seem to rise out of the earth, then speeding swiftly away to their place of refuge, "the stony rocks for the conies."

Wending on our way thus, we find ourselves at last down by the rippling shore, where we are again glad to rest awhile, for the walk is sufficiently fatiguing. There is not much other than ordinary to be observed here now, beyond the additional protuberance of the large bulk of the shattered cliff thrust forward into the sea. When the landslip first occurred, a large mound or reef of beach was thrown up outside, near a mile long, inside which, at each extremity, was formed a considerable sized lake of salt water, but this gradually subsided into the ocean again. Various theories were propounded at the time of its descent, some alarmists asserting that nothing less than an earthquake could have caused such a severance; but eminent geologists who visited the spot came to the conclusion, which common sense would at once endorse, that beneath the visible strata of chalk, flint, and sandstone, there exists a bed of loose sand, well known as "fox-mould," that the land springs washing down and out through this on the one hand (as the fox-mould rests on the impermeable lias, which prevents the descent of the water further), and the fret of the tide beneath on the other, culminated, in the course of time, in the enormous slip of the superincumbent mass forward into the sea.

An almost unexampled field of research and investigation was displayed to the scrutiny of the geologist; specimens of the ammonite, belemnite, and other fossils occurring in the lias formation, were exhumed in great profusion, and eagerly appropriated by the crowds of savans and other ordinary visitors, who thronged to the scene of desolation in immense numbers from all parts of the kingdom on hearing of this extraordinary occurrence.

The exact period of the descent was on the night succeeding Christmas day, 1839, and it continued gradually sinking or subsiding during the whole of the next day. There was no noise of any kind except from portions of the detached soil falling down. An eye witness who was present on the morning following the descent, and while the mass was still settling, describes the scene as being of a very awful description; to see the vast and apparently bottomless cracks extending and the mass of land moving, while, as if to shroud this vast con-

vulsion in still further mystery, there was a dense fog setting in from the sea, enveloping everything except

HIS FOOTSTEP.

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."—*Psalm lxxvii. 19.*

Who may compare with Thee, Thou wondrous power,
Benign to bind the mourner's breaking heart,
Or strong to rend, at the lone midnight hour,
Alike unseen, these sundered cliffs apart?
Who know the errand of Thy viewless hand,
Or stay the bidding of Thy great command?

The tiny works of man, like ant-heaps raised
On this green meadow or yon plough-share's trace,
Speak of his finite purpose; here, amazed,
We bow where strength Infinite hath a place;
Thy unknown footstep, that doth grandly bide,
Graven for ever on the earth and tide.

Thou who dost poise the planet in the air—
Rend cliff and scar—bid the fierce whirlwind rush—
The vast waves whelm—the gleaming lightnings tear—
Or gentlest reign, as now, when eve's soft hush
With roseate tints soothes the bright bier of day,
Ere purple languors cradle its decay.

As we regained the crest of the chasm on our return, we were fortunate to witness a most splendid and imposing sunset. The gloaming of evening had set in, and covered the wide expanse of sea and land before us with that indefinable grey neutral tint, so soft and pleasing, and which clothes sea, hill, valley, cliff, cape, and cloudland alike with slightly-differing depths of the same colour. In the west the long promontory of the Start receded back till its furthermost point was lost in the distance; on the undulating hill-line a long bank of dim cloud seemed to rest, and in its centre, tempered of his golden day-blaze, the large crimson glowing disc of the sun was slowly sinking, traversed across with two or three narrow cloud streaks, semblancing in some wise a huge embodiment of the planet Mars, banded with the belts of Jupiter. Immediately over uprose a soft halo of light, which extended itself high into the calm sky, embodying and blending indescribably every shade of crimson, yellow, pale green, and violet in imperceptible gradation of tint. With majestic splendour the burning rim insensibly lessened and finally disappeared, drawing the attendant corona of glory after it. Our steps were rapidly conveying us homeward while we were watching the sublime heavenly pageant, and as we turned for an instant to look our last at the calm serene expanse now fast settling into shadow, ere we descended into the lane, the tall signal-post of the coastguard watchmen on Haven Cliff was faintly reflecting the last trace of day, and, as if to bid us a last adieu, a gull with broad white wings broke through the gloom, and, after balancing himself an instant over the beetling headland, dropped measuredly down to his cliffy home. Chastened thoughts crowd on

the heart as we watch the retreating glance of those bright pinions, and remember one that delighted to sing of them, and who, after drinking his full meed of sorrow in this life—too oft the poet's portion—is now laid at rest in the little churchyard in the valley below.

GLAMOURIE.

I stood upon a lone high peak
  That rose above an endless strand;
Behind, far as the eye could seek,
  Stretched back the gloaming of a land;
Before me lay a boundless sea,
Gleaming in vast immensity.

Above, the silent stars hung bright,
  But reached like fiery shafts below,
And clear Empyrean forms of light
  Seemed in their radiant glance to glow,
Love's many a vanished, sundered prize
Transfigured to angelic guise.

And as they glanced, a glory sweet
  Sheened o'er the shadowy landscape vast,
Which seemed to gather at my feet,
  And in a grand review sweep past—
Vistas of sunny joys and scenes
Where life's sad shadow intervenes,

'Till blent the sky and earth in one,
  A gorgeous kingdom of delight,
In which I, stranger, seemed alone,
  Yet reigned a king in grandest might,
For none beside myself might see,
Nor mingle with its pageantry.

And through the scene soft echoes went,
  That rose and fell as distant bells,
As of a thousand voices blent
  In murmurous cadence of farewells;
Now faith's clear note as clarion blown,
Now lulled, love's tender deathless tone.

Entranced, my satiate sight grows dim,
  The bright forms fade to stars again,
The landscape darkens, and a rim
  Of pearly light sweeps o'er the main,
A shadowy sail creeps on its track,
And I am to the world come back.

Our wanderings, gentle reader, have come to their conclusion. We set off on our pleasant peregrinations on a bright sunny morning from the opposite bank of the sweet river before us, then dressed by the morning sun with ten thousand glittering flashes; and after making a delightful circuit through the adjacent neighbourhood, lingering among its endless natural beauties by woodland, mead, hill-top, and river—invoking from the Past a new acquaintanceship with the mighty names whose fame has floated onward upon the stream of Time to the Present, and halting and meditating among the crumbling vestiges of former human activities, as we conjured afresh their olden histories—so have

we wandered, until now we stand at our journey's end, on the opposite brink of the gentle river, when the evening shadows have wrapped its silent flow in chastened gloom; but bright star-sparkles are striking deep into its glassy bosom beneath us, and the last traces of daylight reflected from over the distant hill are quivering faintly on its farther marge—its lingering adieu and silent promise of a coming morrow.

Strange but apt symbol of that longer and more eventful wandering of life, which thou, gentle reader, in company with ourselves, are adjourneying; may its round be as pleasant and its finish as calm and hopeful.

"The present hour repeats upon its strings
Echoes of some vague dream we have forgot;
Dim voices whisper half-remembered things,
And when we pause to listen, answer not."

We reach the harbour, are quietly ferried across, and again the healing spirit of the muse comes to our rescue, as the flight of those ghost-like wings recurs to the eye of memory, evoking from her lyre a sympathetic echo and adieu. Here is its burthen of inspiration:—

THE GULL.

O solitary gull, that sweepest round
Yon beetling crag, surf-gnawed by endless seas,
Now lessening slow toward the horizon's bound,
Like snowflake balanced on the winter breeze;
I watch with musings deep your measured flight,
And follow on imagination's pinions light.

Thy bright full eye looks o'er the pulsing waste,
Where dark lines eddying chase the sunbeam's flash,
Or scan clear depths, where quivering glance and haste
Pearl-coated forms quick as the lightning's dash,
Or view eve's iris splendours slow decay,
Where the lone shadowy sail moves on her way.

So I, like thee, far o'er the sea of thought,
Fly circling oft around life's rugged rock,
Gaze down its charmèd depths with bright forms fraught,
Or stretch away where Fancy's marvels mock
This dull earth-haunting round, that evermore
Bears leaden impress of its wearying shore.

NOTES.

Bishop Peter Quivil *(page 13)*.—Was consecrated Bishop of Exeter 29 December, 1281, presided over the See eleven years, and died 18 October, 1292. The inscription on his gravestone is

Petra tegit Petru' nihil officiat sibi tetru'.

The Yonges *(pages 84-88)*.—In another account the Judge Yonge (from whom the family at Great House are said to descend) is named Thomas, described as a Serjeant-at-Law, Justice of the King's Bench, and of Bassingbourne, Berks, temp. Edward IV. Walter Yonge, who died in 1562, purchased lands of Sir Peter Carew at Stedcombe and Buckland-Trill, Axmouth, Devon; his son, John, was the first resident at Axminster. He married Joan, daughter of John Coriton, and his son, John, was the first settled at Colyton, and presumably built, or begun, the Great House. His wife was Alice Stere, or Starre, probably of Beer. Margaret, his sister, married Hercules Pyne, of Hay, Axmouth; his gravestone is in the church there. Sir Walter Yonge, Bart., who died in 1731, married first, Gertrude, daughter of Sir William Morice, of Werrington, Devon, Bart., she died 1678; and secondly, Gwen, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Williams, of Penrhyn, Carnarvonshire, Bart., by Frances, daughter of Sir John Glynne, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The arms of Yonge impaling Morice, *Gules, a lion rampant regardant, or*, are on an old hatchment in Colyton Church.

The Pomegranate and Arms *(pages 107-9)*.—Although this badge is with probability assigned to Katharine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII., the initials K.P. may, perhaps, with greater likelihood, represent King Philip of Spain, with, originally, but now destroyed, a companion medallion for his wife, Queen Mary—*a double rose, per pale gules and argent, royally ensigned*. The unmamed impalements with Huyshe may represent Hautville and Maube.

John Fry, of Feniton *(page 144)*.—Joan, daughter of Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, K.G., (grandson of John of Gaunt and Katharine Swinford) married, first, the Lord Houth of Ireland, and afterwards Sir Richard Fry, Knt. (Burke). The monument calls him John. She would be niece to the Countess Margaret Courtenay, of Colcombe. Richard Frye made his will 20 June, 1504, desires to be buried in the cemetery of the Friars Minor at Stanford, and devises all his property to Dame Joan, his wife, who proved the will at Lambeth, 19 October, same year. The testator does not describe himself as of any place or rank. Henry VIII. granted, 27 July, 1509, to Joan, Lady Howeth, late wife of Richard Fry, Esq., and one of the daughters of Eleanor, late Duchess of Somerset, the manors of Grafton, &c., in Worcestershire, for her life. She must have died before 1519, as in that year the king re-granted them to Sir William Tyler, Knt.

The Foundress of Wadham *(page 169)*.—Weever in his *Funeral Monuments* gives the following inscription as then existing in Engerston (Ingatestone) Church, Essex:—

Hic jacet Gertrudis filia Johannis Terrel de Warley equitis aurati, et conjux prenobilis viri Gulielmi Petre equitis aurati, quæ obiit 28 Maii 1541.

This was the mother of the Foundress, and first wife of Sir William Petre. He died 13 Jany. 1574, and is buried in the same church, where is a large monument to his memory, with effigies of himself and Ann Brown, his second wife.—(Prince.)

Sir Giles Daubeney, ob. 1445 *(page 178)*.—In his will he bequeathed "*to Alice his wife, a ring with a diamond, and to William his son, two Salers (salvers?) guilt, all his Armour, and two of his best Horses; and his son, a dozen silver vessels.*" (Dugdale.)

Marshal des Cordes *(page 189)*.—Philip Crèvecœur, Seigneur d' Esquerdes, in early life served in the army of Charles of Burgundy. After his death Lewis XI. appointed him Governor of Picardy, and in 1483 made him Marshal of France. Died at Lyons in 1494.

Lord Daubeney *(page 202)*.—There is a remarkable relation in Cleaveland's *History of the Family of Courtenay*, page 287, as to a legitimacy suit in the family of Beaumont of Gittisham, near Honiton, and the price paid to Lord Daubeney for influencing the decision thereon.

John Bourchier, first Earl of Bath *(page 205)*.—His will, "which bears date 20 Oct. 1535, and was proved 11 June, 1541, expressly directs his body to be buried in the parish church of Bampton, Devon, in the church there where his father lies buried, and that a tomb or stone of marble be made and set over his grave where his body shall be buried, with his picture arms and cognizance, and the day and year engraven and fixed on the same tomb within a year after his decease." After bequests for obituary services in the church, he gives "to the Lady Elizabeth his wife all such jewels, hangings and beddings, with what thereunto belongs, which were of her own proper goods and chattels at the time of her marriage to him. To his son John, all his harness and arms, bows, bills, and all other weapons defensive at Nether-Stowey, &c., &c. At the Earl's death John his heir was then 40 years of age, and was son by his father's first wife Cecilia, daughter to Giles, Lord Daubeney, and heir to Henry, Earl of Bridgewater. His second wife, Elizabeth, was daughter of Sir Henry Wentworth, and relict of Sir Thomas Windham, and of Sir George Darcie, and she administered to the Earl's will." (Oliver). His first wife, Cecilia Daubeney, died in 1539.

Serjeant Prideaux *(page 293)*.—He was Knight for the Shire of Devon, 1st Mary; died 29 Sep. 1558; bought Nutwell, in Woodbury, and settled there. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas, who died 25 April, 1605, and his grandson Sir Thomas Prideaux, Knt., who deceased in 1640. Both were buried at Woodbury. Sir Thomas' second son, Amias, disposed of Nutwell. In Woodbury Church, on the north side of the altar, is a high tomb, and on it two recumbent effigies—the knight in armour and ruff, the lady in long gown and ruff. No arms or inscription, but conjectured to represent Sir Thomas (or his father) and wife.

Thomas Hunt *(page 310)*.—He was buried in St. Petrock's Church, Exeter. "Alderman Thomas Hunt," says Mr. Robert Dymond, "Mayor of Exeter 1517, 1537, and part of 1523, appears to have been a tailor, as we meet with some entries in the churchwardens' accounts of payments made to him for making or repairing the vestments, but he is elsewhere described as a baker. He was the founder of a family which four generations later was entitled to have their arms enrolled at the Heralds' Visitation in 1620. The inscription is on a border along the four sides of the stone:—

Here lieth Maister Thomas Hunt late Mayor of this Citie of Exceter. who departed the xv daye of Maye, a.d. mvxlviij. whose soule god pardon.

William Hurst *(page 295)*.—"He," continues the same authority, "was a shipowner and merchant, and five times Mayor of Exeter, first elected Governor of the Company of Merchant Venturers, was certainly the most distinguished citizen of his day. His kind features, painted in the year of his death, at the age of 96, are presented to us in a portrait hanging in the Guildhall Council Chamber. Westcote's pedigree of him shews he was of good and antient lineage and well connected. He was a member of the Corporation and Warden of St. Petrock's as early as 1512. As a good Catholic his feelings must have been put to a severe strain when, as Mayor,

he had to act on the Commission under Edward VI. for dismantling the church of its rood-loft, its four richly-furnished altars, its images, vestments, and plate, some of them being his own gifts. Yet his loyalty never wavered, either on this occasion, nor on that more trying one when the peasantry of Devon and Cornwall, under the instigation of their priests, rose in insurrection to demand a return to the old religion, and the city was subjected to all the horrors of siege. On the accession of Queen Mary, William Hurst was the first to contribute to the cost of a new rood-loft, which in the course of a few years was finally 'plucked down' under the rule of Elizabeth. Anxious, no doubt, to secure some relic of the state of things to which he was attached, we find that in the third year of that Queen's reign he purchased of the wardens two of the discarded stone 'images.'" Sergeant Prideaux's description of "olde Mr. Hurste, as being knowen to be of a good Catheolike faythe," is, therefore, a correct one. The grave-stone records:—

Millielmus Hurst ar: quinquies Maior Exon: obiit 26 martij 1568.

Hugh de Courtenay, Earl of Devon *(page 335)*.—Concerning this Earl, Cleaveland says, "his father settled on him in marriage his seat of Colecombe, with the Manour thereof," where he probably lived until his father's decease in 1340; and, it may be, occasionally afterward, although the principal seat of the family was now transferred to Tiverton Castle, Colcombe being apparently reserved as a residence for the eldest son. The acquittance given for his daughter Margaret's maintenance is dated from Colcombe, fifteen years after his father's death, and she probably sojourned there. In 14 Edward III., same year that his father died, and dated also from Colcombe, he confirmed to the burgesses of Colyford divers liberties:—

"*Sciant præsentes et futuri quod nos Hugo de Courtenay, Junior, filius Domini Hugonis de Courtenay, Comitis Devon, dedimus, concessimus, et hac præsenti Charta nostra confirmavimus omnibus Burgensibus nostris de Culliford et Hæridibus eorum assignatis omnes libertates subscriptas, &c. In cujus rei testimonium huic præsenti Cartæ meæ Sigillum nostrum apposuimus; His testibus Domino Rogero Jeco et aliis. Datum apud Collecomb, die Lunæ post Festum Sancti Johannis ante Portam Latinum, anno regni Regis Edwardi tertii, a Conquestu quarto decimo.*"

The above, from Cleaveland, quoting from Sir Peter Ball. By this Charter the burgesses of the village hold their annual fair, and elect their mayor, who looks after the water supply brought into the place for the use of the inhabitants. The Earl died at his Castle of Tiverton "upon Saturday next preceding the Invention of the Holy Cross, the last year of Edward III., 1377"; and by his will, dated 4 Aug. 1375, directs that "*X pounds be offered and placed on the high altar of Colyton Church,*" equal to his gift to Ford Abbey, being his largest religious bequests. To Margaret (de Cobham) his daughter, "*my great primer and XX. pounds.*" He was one of the original Knights of the Garter. Margaret de Bohun, his wife, survived her husband fifteen years. Both were buried in Exeter Cathedral.

Antient Stained Glass in Exeter Cathedral *(page 335)*.—Bishop Bitton, who succeeded Bishop Quivil in the episcopacy in 1292 and died in 1307, vigorously carried on the building of the Cathedral begun by his predecessor. He also glazed the eight windows, four on each side which form the presbytery, or eastern part of the choir, and others in the clerestory. The Chapter possesses a bill taken from the accounts of 1301, shewing that the work was performed by one Master Walter, and a skilled and tasteful workman was he. The earlier portion of the glass was imported direct from Rouen, and we believe landed at Seaton, the cost being about a shilling a foot superficial. Afterwards an even cheaper method was adopted, and Master Walter himself was had over to paint the glass on the spot. Two of these windows fortunately remain in good preservation, one in St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel, and the other in St. Gabriel's. The patterns on both are very elegant and refined. Apparently some years after their completion,

a series of shields was inserted in the upper portions of the lights, in both windows. In St. Gabriel's are Bishop Grandison's and his alliances. Those in St. Mary Magdalen's, Courtenay, representing Earl Hugh and Margaret Bohun (the subject of our illustration), his eldest son impaling Brian, &c. The window in St. Gabriel's Chapel has been carefully restored by Mr. F. Drake, of Exeter, and exhibits all its pristine completeness and beauty.

Sir Peter Courtenay, K.G. *(page 336).*—Was the sixth son of Hugh Courtenay and Margaret Bohun, and, says Cleaveland, "famous for his valour, and great skill in feats of arms, and for his merit highly advanced; was made King's Standard-Bearer, Governour of Windsor Castle, Governour of Calais, Lord-Chamberlain to the King, one of his Privy Council, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter." He died unmarried in 1409, and was buried in the nave of the Cathedral by the side of his father and mother. A fine brass was laid down to his memory (now removed to the south choir aisle), and around it is the well known 'jingling' epitaph. He was brother to Margaret de Cobham.

John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset *(page 337).*—Directly opposite the tomb of the Marchioness of Exeter, in Wimborne-Minster, is the fine tomb and recumbent effigies in alabaster of John Beaufort, third Earl and first Duke of Somerset, K.G. (second son of John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, eldest son of John of Gaunt and Katharine Swinford) and his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir John Beauchamp, of Bletso. Their daughter Margaret was the mother of Henry VII. Their bodies, completely wound in cere-cloth, rest in wedge-shaped coffins within the tomb. He was brother to Margaret Beaufort (wife of Thomas Courtenay, of Colcombe, Earl of Devon), whose tomb is conjectured to be that found in Colyton Church. He died 27 May, 1444.

Mr. Speke *(pages 343-4).*—This gentleman, whose courtesies find record in the *Book of Household Expenses* of the Princess-Countess while at Colcombe, was probably John, son of Sir John Speke, Knt., Sheriff of Devon, 8 Henry VIII., 1517, who married Joan, niece and heir of Sir Thomas Beauchamp, of Whitelackington, Somerset, who founded and was buried in the chantry of St. George, in the north choir aisle of the cathedral, 1518, and wherein is his tomb and effigy in armour. This John, his son, married a daughter of — Somaster, of Nether-Ex. He probably completed the chantry. Over the effigy are the arms of Courtenay, Speke, Bishops Fox and Oldham. At the west end, four shields—1, *Three bars, between ten church bells, 4, 3, 2, 1;* 2, Speke; 3, Speke impaling, *A castle between five fleurs-de-lys* (Somaster); 4, Speke. On the frieze outside are the arms of Courtenay, Speke, Bishops Oldham and Veysey, Speke impaling Somaster with *herison* crest, and Courtenay and De Redvers quarterly impaling France and England quarterly (not Blount as in the text); over it *the eagle and bundle of sticks*, &c. Great friendship evidently existed between the families of Courtenay and Speke.

Henry, Marquis of Exeter *(page 346).*—Like Henry, Lord Daubeney, he was at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. "The Earl of Devonshire," says Cleaveland, "charged his spear, and the French king likewise charged his to meet the Earl, and they ran so hard together that both their spears broke, and so they maintained their courses nobly." He also entered with great zest into the pageants afterward, at Greenwich, in 1523, when the Emperor Charles V. came to England, and the same year was appointed chief of the noble men sent to welcome Christian, King of Denmark, and his Queen, to England. In 1532, when Henry crossed over from Dover to Calais to meet the French King, he nominated him Heir Apparent to the Throne.

Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter *(page 346).*—She rests in a wedge-shaped coffin, which is sarcophagused within the tomb in the presbytery of Wimborne-Minster. As observed during the late restoration of the edifice, when the lid of the tomb was raised, the body had been wound in cere-cloth to the shoulders; the upper portion was in good preservation, the features discernible, and a profusion of light-coloured hair.

The Manor of Great-Canford, near Wimborne-Minster *(page 346)*.—John, Duke of Somerset, sepulchred in the choir of the Minster, acquired this manor of his uncle Henry, Cardinal Beaufort, and it descended to his grandson Henry, Duke of Somerset, attainted and beheaded 1463, when it returned to the Crown. Edward IV. bestowed it on his brother George Plantagenet, K.G., Duke of Clarence, who also perished prematurely, unfriended by the donor, in 1477. It then passed to his unfortunate son Edward, Earl of Warwick, last male of the Plantagenets, so cruelly executed in 1499 by Henry VII., when it again became a royal possession. Henry VIII. gave it to his cousin Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, who also died on the scaffold, and once more it reverted to the Crown. Edward VI. added it to his uncle the Duke of Somerset's possessions, and when the Protector's headless body was laid in the Tower Chapel, it again became the property of the boy-King. Queen Mary restored it to the widowed Marchioness, who held the blood-stained possession until her death, when she bequeathed it to her nephew James, Lord Montjoy (Hutchins). A striking relation of the perils that appear to follow the gifts of Kings. The royal Psalmist hath told us "It is better to trust in the Lord than put confidence in Princes."

The Earldom of Devon *(page 346)*.—This antient dignity and the Barony of Okehampton, the birthright of the head of the noble family of Courtenay, it is interesting to observe how futile has been the desire to bestow them on any other name. After the death of the three sons of Earl Thomas and Margaret Beaufort, who successively perished in the wars of the Roses, causing the extinction of that branch; Edward IV. (whose seventh daughter subsequently married a Courtenay, and became a Countess of Devon) on 7 May, 1469, raised Sir Humphry Stafford, of Southwick, to the Earldom of Devon, and gave him also a considerable portion of the confiscated possessions, formerly belonging to the three deceased Earls. A few weeks only elapsed and Earl Humphry was accused, either of treachery or cowardice, "for being sent," says Burke, "with eight hundred archers to assist the Earl of Pembroke in suppressing the northern rebellion under Sir John Conyers, he deserted the Earl's banner, owing to some personal slight, and caused the total defeat of that nobleman and his army." His royal patron was not slow to avenge this misconduct, and immediately despatched orders to the Sheriffs of Somerset and Devon to apprehend him. He was taken at Brent and conveyed to Bridgewater, where he was at once executed 17 Aug. 1469, and his mutilated body sepulchred under one of the great arches of the central tower of the Abbey Church of Glastonbury. "In derision he was called *The Earl of three months' standing, and no more*" (Cleaveland). Henry VII., 26 Oct. 1485, restored the Earldom to Sir Edward Courtenay, the next head of the house, and the succession, closely allied to Royalty, continued to Edward, second of that name Earl of Devon, and last male heir of this descent, who died at Padua, 4 Oct. 1556. On 21 July, 1603, James I. created Charles Blount, Lord Montjoy, Earl of Devonshire, and K.G. He was the great nephew of Gertrude Blount, wife of Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter; but he held the dignity three years only, and dying without male issue 3 April, 1606, the title again became extinct. Twenty years after, another person desirous of assuming the older honour of Baron of Okehampton, appeared, John Mohun, of Boconnoc, who was collaterally descended from Courtenay, and 15 April, 1628, he was created Baron of Okehampton. This creation survived for four generations, and then was disastrously extinguished 15 Nov. 1712. During the whole of this interval from 1556 onward, there flourished at Powderham, an unbroken succession descending from Sir Philip, fifth son of Earl Hugh Courtenay and Margaret Bohun, and to them the antient titles should have reverted. In 1644 a baronetcy was offered to the illustrious descendant of Plantagenet and Courtenay, but the owner of Powderham, "thought greater of right did belong to him, never took out his patent, and therefore he is not put in the catalogue of Baronets," and did not demean himself to accept it. On 6 May, 1762, George III. raised his descendant, William Courtenay, the then head of the house, to the dignity of a Viscount, and in the reign of that King's son William IV., the antient Earldom was once more restored to the family, with whom may it long continue and perpetuate one of the most interesting traditions of the county.

William and Elizabeth Pole *(page 359)*.—The towns of Taunton, Dorchester, &c., U.S., founded by these and the other early settlers, now greatly outstrip in size the older communities in the mother country, after whom they are named. Pool, or Poole, is the ordinary pronunciation of the name in the neighbourhood of Shute, and was so adopted by the late Baronet. A very interesting narrative has yet to be written embodying the local history of the migration of these early settlers, who appear to have left in considerable numbers from the south-east coast of Devon, and take rank among the most important founders of the great American Republic. William Hooke, a vicar of Axmouth, at that date, was among them, and became the first minister of Taunton, U.S., subsequently moving to Newhaven. Doubtless, a sympathetic pen will be engaged on it in due time. At present the trans-Atlantic descendants of these old Devonians are with great devotion busily tracing their ancestry back to the parent stock in the old country. In this we wish them all success, as every single completion will help to form valuable materials for its construction. The constellation of our local West Country names that is reflected on the firmament of the eastern shore of North America, tells us how carefully the brave hearts and eager devoted spirits colonizing the distant wilderness, sought to perpetuate and surround themselves with traditions and associations that should ever remind them of their old home.

"IF I FORGET THEE!"

New homes in a new world, but not
New names to know them by,
Old memories consecrate the spot,
Old ties that cannot be forgot,
Old love that will not die.

Reaching to earth's most distant space,
Tracking the sea's blue deeps,
With power no change may e'er efface,
Love's golden foot-prints leave their trace
And bright the pathway keeps.

And though Life's circle small expands,
And girts the furthest shore
Of ocean's verge on foreign lands,
A tired pilgrim still it stands,—
Finds but one home, "not made with hands,"
Within the heart's low door.

Mrs. Mary Courtenay *(page 363)*.—Mary, eldest daughter of Sir William Pole, married first Nicholas Hurst, of Oxton, Esq.—great grandson of Mayor William Hurst of Sir Peter Carew's days. He died 23 June, 1604, and on 7 Nov. 1606, she was again married at Shute Church to Francis, second son of Sir William Courtenay of Powderham, who he eventually succeeded in the estate. She died before her second husband, leaving no issue by either. William Hurst, the father of Nicholas, purchased Oxton of Sir Ralph Horsey of Clifton-Maubank.

Mary Pole? *(page 363)*.—"In St. Mary Major's Church, Exeter," says Polwhele, "we have this curious epitaph on the south wall":—

Made ripe for heaven by God's rich grace,
And called hence to that blest place,
Removed shee is from parent's sight,
Yet lives above with saints in light.

Prepare, O blessed Lord, my soul,
On thee I rest, on thee I role,
Longing to be where saints above
Eternally enjoy thy love.

Departed this Life, 1676.

And he continues, as seemingly a pendant to the above, a further inscription to other names of the same date, but with, apparently, no relationship. The

question has been asked to whose memory was this tender acrostic there placed? Evidently for a child, or young woman, and surmise would direct us to seek for a member of the Shute family to identify it with, but as yet unsuccessfully. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the elder sons of the Poles appear to have occasionally resided in Exeter, and the record of the baptisms of some of their children occurs in the Registers of the city churches. Sir Courtenay Pole had a daughter, Mary, born 1651, but who died in 1655, according to the Colyton Register, and was buried there. From the same source we learn his son Courtenay was born at Exeter in 1654, and baptized at St. Martin's, but survived only two years, and was buried at Colyton. The Register of St. Mary Major may throw some light on the difficulty of identification.

The Poet of the Beach *(page 386)*.—This was the Rev. John B. Smith, who between 1831-7 dwelled at Seaton, and followed the profession of schoolmaster and private tutor. He was also minister of the Unitarian congregation assembling at George's Chapel, Colyton. During his residence at Seaton he published *The Solitary Sea-gull, a Poem*, 1834; *Seaton Beach, a Poem*, 1835. He also wrote *The Fall of the Southdown Cliffs, a Descriptive Poem*, and *Shute Park, a Poem*, but we are not certain if they were printed: a copy of *Shute Park* exists in MSS. On page 32 of *Seaton Beach* there is an allusion to a reading party of Oxford students, then on a tour, who sojourned a short time at Seaton, and made the acquaintance of the poet. The passage contains a remarkable prediction as to the possible if not probable future of the young scholars, which in two instances literally came to pass, each afterwards rising to the highest honours in their respective professions. One (Archibald Campbell Tait) became Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other (Roundell Palmer) Lord High Chancellor, and Earl of Selborne—a fulfilment duly remembered by these eminent personages on arriving at their distinguished positions. Mr. Smith, who was a man of much refinement and an excellent scholar, died 10 April, 1837, aged 48. He was buried in Seaton churchyard, and a lady of the place, who appreciated his talents, and was desirous the poet should not be forgotten, caused a tombstone to be erected to his memory, but

> "Alas for the rarity
> Of Christian charity,"

it was afterwards most ungenerously removed by a succeeding incumbent.

In Memoriam.—It is with much regret we record the deaths of the Rev. F. Brown, F.S.A. *(page 57)*, and Stephen I. Tucker, Esq., Somerset Herald, *(page 346)*; also of Mr. William Newbery, the artist of the Axe valley; which have occurred during the printing of this work.

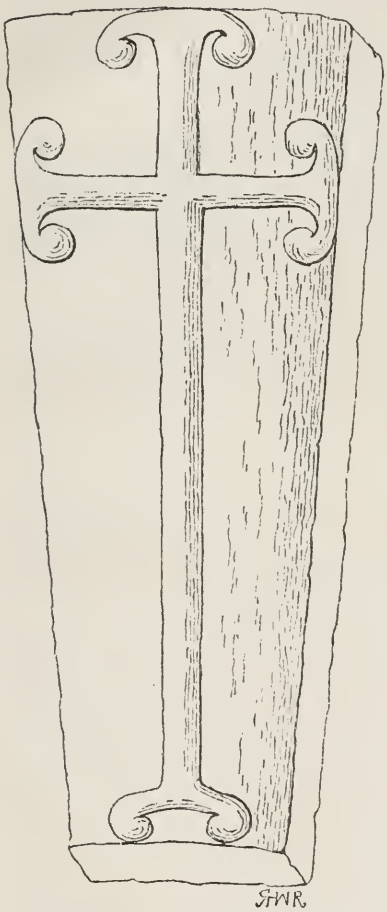
W. N.—6 March, 1887.

Strong son of Nature, cradled in her lap,
Circled with thousand visions of her love,
Thy spirit's earthly haunt, ere death's swift hap
Its "braid ethereal" from the flesh unrove.
Armed with the key of Beauty in thy hand,
Thou roamedst through her palaces unstayed,
Where she waits to be wooed, and sweet doth stand
In all her subtle harmonies arrayed,
Chaste, gorgeous, coy; or reverent by her side,
Follow her magic footsteps as they fly
O'er hill and vale, stream, sea, and cloudland wide,
Her quickening glances mirrored on thine eye,
Then with rare union to thy pencil wed,
Alone by her true love interpreted.

Vale!

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Just as the foregoing pages were completed, the following interesting particulars became available.



COWICK PRIORY *(page 336)*.—The antient stone coffin, of which the accompanying engraving represents the lid, was found in August, 1887, in the meadow below Cowick farmhouse. Discovered in the foundation of the south aisle of the chancel of a church, apparently of considerable size, and a number of other interments exist near it. Conjectured to be the site of the Chapel of St. Michæl belonging to the Priory, and parochial burial ground in use before the consecration of the Church of St. Thomas in 1412. The coffin contained an almost perfect skeleton, and its date may be assigned to be toward the close of the thirteenth century.

The Priory and Conventual Church of St. Andrew, Dr. Oliver says, "stood in the parish of St. Thomas, between the river and the Okehampton road, on the low grounds near Exe bridge, and exposed to the inundations of the river."

In the Priory Church, probably the choir, were interred Hugh de Courtenay in 1291, and Eleanor De Spencer, his widow, said to have been brought from London to be laid beside him, in 1328. Intermediately, 13 Oct. 1300, Bishop Bitton approved of an indulgence of forty days, for prayers recited "*pro anima Domini Hugonis de Cortenay quondam militis cujus corpus in Prioratu Sancti Andree de Couwyck Exoniensis humatum*," and for his children, John, Alice, and Robert, buried at Colyton. On 23 Dec. 1340, the body of Hugh de Courtenay, first Earl of Devon of that name, after a funeral service first performed in the Cathedral, at which Bishop Grandison preached the sermon, was interred in the choir of the Conventual Church: and his wife, Agnes St. John, is also said to have been buried here. It is worthy of note that the Priory Church was dedicated to the same saint as that of the Parish Church of Colyton, St. Andrew.

William and Elizabeth Pole, and the Rev. William Hook *(page 360)*.—Through the kindness of Mr. F. O. Conant, of Portland, Maine, U.S., himself lineally descended from one of these early settlers from East Devon, we are in receipt, among other interesting literature, of copies of Emery's *Ministry of Taunton, U.S.*, together with Blake's *Annals of Dorchester, U.S.* From this we gather that the tract of land purchased by Elizabeth Pole, and described in the preceding text as "the land of Cohanner the Indian," should be more correctly designated as "the territory of the Indian Cohannet," called "the Tetiquet purchase," so termed because bought of the Tetiquet tribes living on Taunton river. A confirmatory deed, bearing date 20 July, 1689, states that Mrs. Elizabeth Pole did for, and in behalf of, the town of Taunton, purchase the lands of Tetiquet in 1637. This purchase included (the sites of) the present towns of Taunton, Raynham, and Berkley. Her brother, William, was associated with her. From the same source (the original signature being found in the Town Records of Dorchester) we are able to include his autograph.

Speaking of Elizabeth Pole, Emery continues—"The same year, 1637, whilst Hooker and Stone, the ministers of Newtown, in the Massachusetts colony, which was fast filling up, are on their way with their whole church and congregation to Hartford, a distance of a hundred miles, through a trackless wilderness, with 'no guide but their compass, no covering but the heavens,' driving before them one hundred and sixty cattle, and subsisting on the milk of cows; whilst Davenport, Eaton, and their company, finding no room in Salem, Charlestown, Boston, or Cambridge, are preparing to follow and lay the foundation of New-Haven; Dorchester, likewise, has some choice spirits, whose eye is turned towards Cohannet.

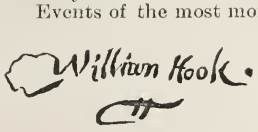
"What renders this latter movement the more remarkable is the fact that a *woman* led the way—'*dux foemina facti*.' Winthrop calls her 'a gentlewoman—an antient maid—one Miss Poole.' He says—'She went late thither, and endured much hardship, and lost much cattle.' Mr. Savage, in a note on Winthrop, remarks—'She was probably encouraged in her perilous undertaking by the Rev. William Hook, who was the spiritual guide of the new settlement.' That it was 'perilous,' and required no common nerve to undertake it, will so appear, if you consider that the nearest settlement on the east was Plymouth, at a distance of twenty-six miles, and in the intervening forests the Nemasket and Tetiquet tribes claimed dominion; that on the west was nothing but the feeble settlement of Roger Williams at Providence; while the numerous, powerful, and barbarous Narragansetts roamed free, ready at any moment to devour; that on the north, between Dorchester and Cohannet, were yet other tribes, as the Punkapoques and Neponsets, which completely shut them in from other colonists, and left them at the mercy of merciless men, accustomed to deeds of blood. She was indeed a lion-hearted lady, who not only left England, where, with ample means at her command, she might have enjoyed a whole lifetime of dignified ease at her own quiet fireside in (? near) the town of Taunton, Somersetshire, England; but when arrived hither, courted not the quietest, safest spot—nay, penetrated the dark, untrodden wilderness, and planted a *new* church, miles from any human habitation. Mr. Baylies has ascribed the true motive to the 'virgin mother' of the town, when he says—'It was the ardent love of religion, an enthusiastic desire of planting another church in the American wilderness, which impelled this pious Puritan lady to encounter all the dangers and all the hardships of forming a settlement in the midst of the Indians.' She was not alone in her feeling. The same sentiment led to the settlement of other towns in the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies, and the settlement of New-Haven and Hartford.

"In the absence of church records, the loss of which we may well deplore, there is room for conjecture only as to the number and names of the church which, in 1637, Elizabeth Pool, under the direction of the Great Head of the Church, planted in this wilderness place. On the 4 Dec. 1638, the list of *freemen* of Taunton consisted of Mr. William Pool and twenty-three others. These, doubtless, belonged to the original church of Taunton, and if there were as

many women, it certainly was a goodly company to covenant together on the banks of the Tetiquet. The precise spot where they built their first meeting-house, its size, and outward and inward aspect, who of us can tell? There is room here, also, for conjecture. We may suppose it to have been just where its venerable successor of the third generation stood. We can readily conceive of it as a plain unadorned structure, a mere 'log hut' of the most moderate dimensions; yet within its walls might have been seen gathered every sabbath, in all weathers, no mean men, listening to the teachings of two of its most eminent divines, one of whom was the *first Taunton minister*."

This was the Rev. William Hook, sometime vicar of the neighbouring parish of Axmouth. The circumstance is suggestive. The squire of Axmouth at that date was Sir Walter Erle, the stirring local military commander under the Commonwealth, and he was first cousin to William and Elizabeth Pole, Sir Walter's father, Thomas Erle, having married their aunt, Dorothy Pole, only sister of the Antiquary.

Mr. Hook, says Mr. Emery, "was a native of Southampton, the son of a gentleman, born in 1601, admitted to the degree of B.A., Trinity College, Oxford, in 1620, and M.A. in 1623. He received orders in the Church of England, and became Vicar of Axmouth, where he remained several years. His non-conformity subjected him, no less than others, to serious embarrassments, which suggested the idea of emigrating to a more propitious land. In what year Hook reached New England we do not know; but we first hear of him in the 'Tetiquet purchase.' He remained at Taunton not far from seven years, and then was invited and removed to New-Haven, where he remained not far from twelve years."



Events of the most momentous character had taken place in England since Hook had left its shores, and of peculiar importance to him. "His wife was a sister of Edward Whalley, who was one of the Judges in the trial of Charles I. She departed for England in 1654, and in 1656 Mr. Hook himself followed. His return under the circumstances was not surprising. He may have felt that, in the providence of God, the time had come when he could do most for the infant settlement of New England by his presence in the mother country. The Protector was, by marriage, his cousin; his brother-in-law. Whalley, was one of the eight military lords under whom the Protector had divided the realm. It is to be supposed such a near relative and intimate friend of Cromwell hoped to exert no little influence in the Commonwealth of England. On his return, he is at once admitted into the Protector's family, as domestic chaplain, and honoured with his fullest confidence. Mr. Hook not only officiated as chaplain at Whitehall, but was also charged with 'the Mastership of the Hospital called the Savoy, in the City of Westminster.'"

At Cromwell's death, Hook appears to have withdrawn himself quietly from public life, and, continues his biographer, "doubtless he more than once wished himself back again to this wilder, but freer and happier, western world." Strangely enough the regicides, Whalley and Goffe (Hook's brother-in-law and nephew), found refuge from the wrath of the King in the very town where the twelve years' ministry of William Hook had prepared the way for them. They fled, and got safely to New-Haven. The old pastor himself remained in England, "led a comparatively retired life, and was at length permitted to die a peaceful death, in or near London, 21 March, 1678, at the advanced age of seventy-seven." His body rests "in the sleeping-place on the north side of the New Artillery Garden, in the cemetery of Bunhill Fields."

Three remarkable personages, that left these valleys during the most searching era of English character, with the full faith they would find the larger liberty they desired in that distant and unknown land. If their names form only a comparatively forgotten memory here, in that new and larger England which they helped to found, exist the inextinguishable traditions and ineffaceable memorials of their devotedness of purpose, which leaves its record for all time.

Sir Peter Courtenay *(page 391)*.—Although recorded by Cleaveland, Beltz, and others, as having died unmarried in 1409, it has been conclusively proved

that Sir Peter married Margaret, widow of Sir John St. Loe, Kt., and daughter of John de Clyvedon. Sir Peter died 2 Feb. 1404, and Margaret, his wife, 5 Jan. 1411–12—she was buried with her first husband in Bath Abbey Church.—(Mr. W. B. Greenfield, in *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, for August, 1887.)

The Freemason's Tomb *(page 118)*.—A further examination of this singular monumental opening discloses some curious features. The architectural presentments of the south wall of the Chancel, its masonry, cornice of corbel heads, small round-headed window, priest's door, &c., point to late Norman or very early lancet, coeval, probably, with the tower, and the sepulchral arch seems apparently to have been a portion of the original structure. But the table of the tomb looks like a later insertion, and certainly the stone under it is that which contained the initials, &c., being of white freestone. Directly above the arch the masonry has been disturbed, and the square-headed window over is of very late sixteenth century perpendicular type. The arch appears like a Founder's tomb, though outside, and it may be it was made available as a monument for the old craftsman also, whose other memorial is on the wall just inside, and himself, doubtless, at rest below.

CORRIGENDA.

Page	21—Text	line	9,	for	whimpled	read	wimpled.
„	32—Poetry	„	12,	„	black-flashing	„	back-flashing.
„	37—Text	„	40,	„	piscinas	„	piscinæ.
„	43— „	„	18,	„	1611	„	1644-5.
„	49— „	„	21,	„	of	„	to.
„	51— „	„	20,	„	Lymington	„	Limington.
„	86— „	„	26,	„	by side, by side	„	by side.
„	88— „	„	12,	„	current	„	courant.
„	94—Poetry	„	6,	„	is	„	in.
„	153—Text	„	21,	„	three bucks' heads	„	two.
„	164—Inscription	„	3,	„	tamer	„	tamen.
„	„ „	„	7,	„	illie	„	illis?
„	„ „	„	8,	„	spission	„	spissior.
„	179—Text	„	26,	„	(chief and gemells argent)	„	chief and gemells or?
„	„ Inscription	„	4,	„	propricietur	„	propicietur.
„	183—Text	„	29,	„	obdormovit	„	obdormivit.
„	222— „	„	17,	„	cracking	„	crackling.
„	241— „	„	25,	„	Thomas	„	Richard.
„	244—Poetry	„	10,	„	silent	„	silver.
„	252— „	„	1,	„	keep	„	keeps.
„	253—Text	„	14,	„	phraze	„	phrase.
„	359—Quotation	„	5,	„	Trent	„	Treat.

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